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A DAY AT LAGUERRE'S.

By the Author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," etc.



IT is the most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements. As you rush by in one of the innumerable trains that pass it daily you may catch glimpses of tall trees trailing their branches in the still stream,—hardly a dozen yards wide,—of flocks of white ducks paddling together, and of queer punts drawn up on the shelving shore or tied to soggy, patched-up landing-stairs.

If the sunshines, you can see, now and then, between the trees, a figure kneeling at the water's edge, bending over a pile of clothes,

washing, her head bound with a red handkerchief.

If you are quick, the miniature river will open just before you round the curve, disclosing in the distance groups of willows, and a rickety foot-bridge perched up on poles to keep it dry. All this you see in a flash.

But you must stop at the old-fashioned station, within ten minutes of the Harlem River, cross the road, round an old garden bound with a fence and bursting with flowers, and so pass on through a bare field to the water's edge, before you catch sight of the cozy little houses lining the banks, with garden fences cutting into the water, arbors covered with tangled vines, and boats crossing back and forth.

I have a love for the out-of-the-way places of the earth when they bristle all over with

the quaint and the old and the odd, and are moldy with the picturesque. But here is an in-the-way place, all sunshine and shimmer, with never a fringe of mold upon it, and yet you lose your heart at a glance. It is as charming in its boat life as an old Holland canal; it is as delightful in its shore life as the Seine; and it is as picturesque and entrancing in its sylvan beauty as the most exquisite of English streams.

The thousands of work-a-day souls who pass this spot daily in their whirl out and in the great city may catch all these glimpses of shade and sunlight over the edges of their journals, and any one of them living near the city's center, with a stout pair of legs in his knickerbockers and the breath of the morning in his heart, can reach it afoot any day before breakfast; and yet not one in a hundred knows that this ideal nook exists.

Even this small percentage would be apt to tell of the delights of Devonshire and of the charm of the upper Thames, with its tall rushes and low-thatched houses and quaint bridges, as if the picturesque ended there; forgetting that right here at home there wanders many a stream with its breast all silver that the trees courtesy to as it sings through meadows waist-high in lush grass, as exquisite a picture as can be found this beautiful world over.

So, this being an old tramping-ground of mine, I have left the station with its noise and dust behind me this lovely morning in June, have stopped long enough to twist a bunch of sweet peas through the garden fence, and am standing on the bank waiting for some sign of life at Madame Laguerre's. I discover that there is no boat on my side of the stream. But that is of no moment. On the other side, within a biscuit's toss, so narrow is it, there

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are two boats; and on the landing-wharf, which is only a few planks wide, supporting a tumbledown flight of steps leading to a vine-covered terrace above, rest the oars.

I lay my traps down on the bank and begin at the top of my voice:

"Madame Laguerre! Madame Laguerre! Send Lucette with the boat."

For a long time there is no response. A young girl drawing water a short distance below, hearing my cries, says she will come; and some children above, who know me, begin paddling over. I decline them all. Experience tells me it is better to wait for madame.

In a few minutes she pushes aside the leaves, peers through, and calls out:

"Ah! it is that horrible painter. Go away! I have nothing for you. You are hungry again that you come?"

"Very, madame. Where is Lucette?"

"Lucette! Lucette! It is always Lucette.

Madame, her mother, begins again:

"Do you know that it is Saturday that you come again to bother? Now it will be a file, of course, with mushrooms and tomato salad; and there are no mushrooms, and no tomatoes, and nothing. You are horrible. Then, when I get it ready, you say you will come at three. 'Yes, madame; at three,'—mimicking me,—'sure, very sure.' But it is four, five, o'clock—and then everything is burned up waiting. Ah! I know you."

This goes on always, and has for years. Presently she softens, for she is the most tender-hearted of women, and would do anything in the world to please me.

"But, then, you will be tired, and of course you must have something. I remember now there is a chicken. How will the chicken do? Oh, the chicken it is lovely, *charmant*. And some peace—fresh. Monsieur picked them himself this morning. And some Roquefort,



BOAT LIFE ON THE BRONX.

Luc-e-t-t-e!" This in a shrill key. "It is the painter. Come quick."

I have known Lucette for years, even when she was a barefooted little tangle-hair, peeping at me with her great brown eyes from beneath her ragged straw hat. She wears high-heeled slippers now, and sometimes on Sundays dainty silk stockings, and her hair is braided down her back, little French Marguerite that she is, and her hat is never ragged any more, nor her hair tangled. Her eyes, though, are still the same velvety, half-drooping eyes, always opening and shutting and never still.

As she springs into the boat and pulls towards me I note how round and trim she is, and before we have landed at Madame Laguerre's feet I have counted up Lucette's birthdays,—those that I know myself,—and find to my surprise that she must be eighteen. We have always been the best of friends, Lucette and I, ever since she looked over my shoulder years ago and watched me dot in the outlines of her boat, with her dog Mustif sitting demurely in the bow.

with an olive. Ah! You leave it to me; but at three—no later—not one minute. *Sacré! Vous êtes le diable!*"

As we walk under the arbor and by the great trees, towards the cottage, Lucette following with the oars, I inquire after monsieur, and find that he is in the city, and very well and very busy, and will return at sundown. He has a shop of his own in the upper part where he makes *passé-partouts*. Here, at his home, madame maintains a simple restaurant for tramps like me.

These delightful people are old friends of mine, François Laguerre and his wife and their only child Lucette. They have lived here for nearly a quarter of a century. He is a straight, silver-haired old Frenchman of sixty, who left Paris, between two suns, nearly forty years ago, with a gendarme close at his heels, a red cockade under his coat, and an intense hatred in his heart for that "little nobody," Napoleon III. His wife is a few years his junior, short and stout, and thoroughly French down to the very

toes of her felt slippers. She is devoted to François and Lucette, the best of cooks, and, in spite of her scoldings, good nature itself.

As soon as she hears me calling there arise before her the visions of many delightful dinners prepared for me by her own hand and ready to the minute—all spoiled by my belated sketches. So she begins to scold before I am out of the boat, or in it, for that matter.

Across the fence next to Laguerre's lives a *cofrère*, a brother exile, Monsieur Marmosette, who also has a shop in the city, where he carves fine ivories. Monsieur Marmosette has only one son. He too is named François, after his father's old friend. Farther down on both sides of the narrow stream front the cottages of other friends, all Frenchmen; and near the propped-up bridge an Italian who knew Garibaldi burrows in a low, slanting cabin, which is covered with vines. I remember a dish of *spaghetti* under those vines, and a flask of Chianti from its cellar, all cobwebs and plaited straw, that left a taste of Venice in my mouth for days.

As there is only the great bridge above, which helps the country road across the little stream, and the little foot-bridge below, and as there is no path or road,—all the houses fronting the water,—the Bronx here is really the only highway, and so everybody must needs keep a boat. This is why the stream is crowded in the warm afternoons with all sorts of water crafts loaded with whole families, even to the babies, taking the air, or crossing from bank to bank in their daily pursuits.

There is a quality which one never sees in nature until she has been rough-handled by man and has outlived the hard usage. It is the picturesque. In the deep recesses of the primeval forest, along the mountain-slope, and away up the tumbling brook, nature may be majestic, beautiful, and even sublime; but she is never picturesque. This quality comes only after the ax and the saw have let the sunlight into the dense tangle and have scattered the falling timber, or the round of the water-wheel has divided the rush of the brook. It is so here. Some hundred years ago, along this quiet, silvery stream were encamped the troops of old "Put," and, later, the estates of the Dykemans, Van Cortlands, Beekmans, and others stretched on each side as far west as the Harlem River and as far north as Yonkers. The willows that now fringe these banks were saplings then; and they and the great butter-nuts were only spared because their arching limbs shaded the cattle knee-deep along the shelving banks.

Then came the long interval that succeeds that deadly conversion of the once sweet farming lands, redolent with clover, into that barren

waste—suburban property. The struggle that had lasted since the days when the pioneer's ax first rang through the stillness of the forest was nearly over; nature saw her chance, took courage, and began that regeneration which is exclusively her own. The weeds ran riot; tall grasses shot up into the sunlight, concealing the once well-trimmed banks; and great tangles of underbrush and alders made lusty efforts



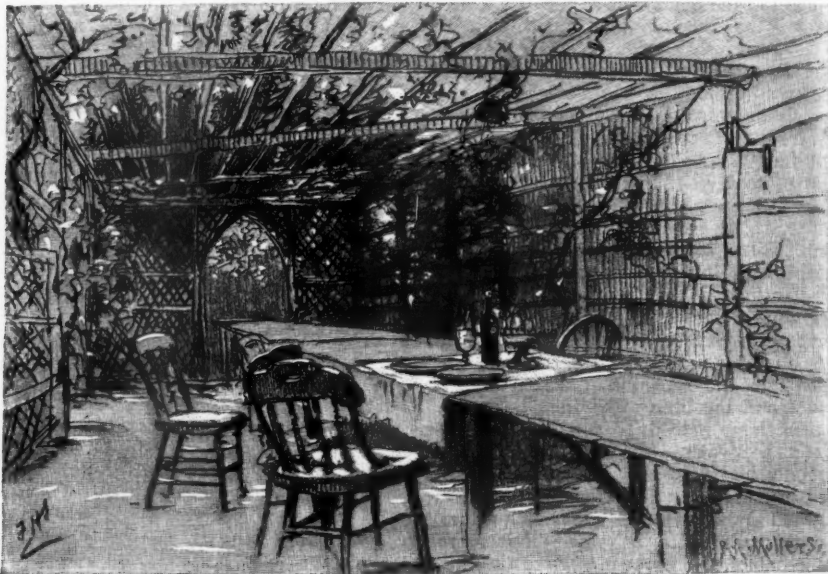
THE LANDING.

to hide the traces of man's unceasing cruelty. Lastly came this little group of poor people from the Seine and the Marne and lent a helping hand, bringing with them something of their old life at home,—their boats, rude landings, patched-up water-stairs, fences, arbors, and vine-covered cottages,—unconsciously completing the picture and adding the one thing needful—a human touch. So nature, having outlived the wrongs of a hundred years, has here with busy fingers so woven a web of weed, moss, trailing vine, and low-branching tree that there is seen a newer and more entrancing quality in her beauty, which, for want of a better term, we call the picturesque.

But madame is calling that the big boat

must be bailed out; that if I am ever coming back to dinner it is absolutely necessary that I should go away. This boat is not of extraordinary size. It is called the big boat from the fact that it has one more seat than the one in which Lucette rowed me over; and not being much in use except on Sunday, is generally

race, and the other spreading itself softly around the roots of leaning willows, oozing through beds of water-plants, and creeping under masses of wild grapes and underbrush. Below this is a broad pasture fringed with another and larger growth of willows. Here the weeds are breast-high, and in early autumn they burst into pur-



THE DINING ROOM.

half-full of water. Lucette insists on doing the bailing. She has very often performed this service, and I have always considered it as included in the curious scrawl of a bill which madame gravely presents at the end of each of my days here, beginning in small printed type with "François Laguerre, Restaurant Français," and ending with, "Coffee 10 cents."

But this time I resist, remarking that she will hurt her hands and soil her shoes, and that it is all right as it is.

To this François the younger, who is leaning over the fence, agrees, telling Lucette to wait until he gets a pail.

Lucette catches his eye, colors a little, and says she will fetch it.

There is a break in the palings through which they both disappear, but I am half-way out on the stream, with my traps and umbrella on the seat in front and my coat and waistcoat tucked under the bow, before they return.

For half a mile down-stream there is barely a current. Then comes a break of a dozen yards just below the perched-up bridge, and the stream divides, one part rushing like a mill-

ple asters, and white immortelles, and golden-rod, and flaming sumac.

If a painter had a lifetime to spare, and loved this sort of material,—the willows, hillsides, and winding stream,—he would grow old and weary before he could paint it all; and yet no two of his compositions need be alike. I have tied my boat under these same willows for ten years back, and I have not yet exhausted one corner of this neglected pasture.

There may be those who go a-fishing and enjoy it. The arranging and selecting of flies, the joining of rods, the prospective comfort in high water-boots, the creel with the leather strap,—every crease in it a reminder of some day without care or fret,—all this may bring the flush to the cheek and the eager kindling of the eye, and a certain sort of rest and happiness may come with it; but—they have never gone a-sketching! Hauled up on the wet bank in the long grass is your boat, with the frayed end of the painter tied around some willow that offers a helping root. Within a stone's throw, under a great branching of gnarled trees, is a nook where the curious sun, peeping at you

through the interlaced leaves, will stencil Japanese shadows on your white umbrella. Then the trap is unstrapped, the stool opened, the easel put up, and you set your palette. The critical eye with which you look over your brush-case and the care with which you try each feather point upon your thumb-nail are but an index of your enjoyment.

Now you are ready. You loosen your cravat, hang your coat to some rustic peg in the creviced bark of the tree behind you, seize a bit of charcoal from your bag, sweep your eye around, and dash in a few guiding strokes. Above is a turquoise sky filled with crisp white clouds; behind you the great trunks of the many-branched willows; and away off, under the hot sun, the yellow-green of the wasted pasture, dotted with patches of rock and weeds, and hemmed in by the low hills that slope to the curving stream.

It is high noon. There is a stillness in the air that impresses you, broken only by the low murmur of the brook behind and the ceaseless song of the grasshopper among the weeds in front. A tired bumblebee hums past, rolls lazily over a clover blossom at your feet, and has his midday luncheon. Under the maples near the river's bend stands a group of horses, their heads touching. In the brook below are the patient cattle, with patches of sunlight gilding and bronzing their backs and sides. Every now and then a breath of cool air starts out from some shaded retreat, plays around your forehead, and passes on. All nature rests. It is her noontime.

But you work on: an enthusiasm has taken possession of you; the paints mix too slowly; you use your thumb, smearing and blending with a bit of rag—anything for the effect. One moment you are glued to your seat, your eye riveted on your canvas, the next, you are up and backing away, taking it in as a whole, then pouncing down upon it quickly, belaboring it with your brush. Soon the trees take shape; the sky forms become definite; the meadow lies flat and loses itself in the fringe of willows.

When all of this begins to grow upon your once blank canvas, and some lucky pat matches the exact tone of blue-gray haze or shimmer of leaf, or some accidental blending of color delights you with its truth, a tingling goes down your backbone, and a rush surges through your veins that stirs you as nothing else in your whole life will ever do. The reaction comes the next day when, in the cold light of your studio, you see how far short you have come and how crude and false is your best touch compared with the glory of the landscape in your mind and heart. But the thrill that it gave you will linger forever.

But I hear a voice behind me calling out:

"Monsieur, mama says that dinner will be ready in half an hour. Please do not be late."

It is Lucette. She and François have come down in the other boat—the one with the little seat. They have moved so noiselessly that I have not even heard them. The sketch is nearly finished; and so, remembering the good madame, and the Roquefort, and the olives, and the many times I have kept her waiting, I wash my brushes at once, throw my traps into the boat, and pull back through the winding turn, François taking the mill-race, and in the swiftest part springing to the bank and towing Lucette, who sits in the stern, her white skirts tucked around her dainty slippers.

"*Sacré!* He is here. *C'est merveilleux!* Why did you come?"

"Because you sent for me, madame, and I am hungry."

"*Mon Dieu!* He is hungry, and no chicken!"

It is true. The chicken was served that morning to another tramp for breakfast, and madame had forgotten all about it, and had ransacked the settlement for its mate. She was too honest a cook to chase another into the frying-pan.

But there was a filet with mushrooms, and a most surprising salad of chicory fresh from the garden, and the pease were certain, and the Roquefort and the olives beyond question. All this she tells me as I walk past the table covered with a snow-white cloth and spread under the grape-vines overlooking the stream, with the trees standing against the sky, their long shadows wrinkling down into the water.

I enter the summer kitchen built out into the garden, which also covers the old well, let down the bucket, and then, taking the clean crash towel from its hook, place the basin on the bench in the sunlight, and plunge my head into the cool water. Madame regards me curiously, her arms akimbo, re-hangs the towel, and asks:

"Well, what about the wine? The same?"

"Yes; but I will get it myself."

The cellar is underneath the larger house. Outside is an old-fashioned, sloping double door. These doors are always open, and a cool smell of damp straw flavored with vinegar from a leaky keg greets you as you descend into its recesses. On the hard earthen floor rest eight or ten great casks. The walls are lined with bottles large and small, loaded on shelves to which little white cards are attached giving the vintage and brand. In one corner, under the small window, you will find dozens of boxes of French delicacies—truffles, pease, mushrooms, *pâté de foie gras*, mustard, and the like, and behind them rows of olive oil and olives. I carefully draw out a bottle from the row on the last shelf nearest the corner, mount

the steps, and place it on the table. Madame examines the cork, and puts down the bottle, remarking:

"Château Lamonte, '62! Monsieur has told you."

There may be ways of dining more delicious than out in the open air under the vines in the cool of the afternoon, with Lucette, in her whitest of aprons, flitting about, and madame garnishing the dishes each in turn, and there may be better bottles of honest red wine to be found up and down this world of care than "Château Lamonte, '62," but I have not yet discovered them.

Lucette serves the coffee in a little cup, and

mustache are silver-white now, and his figure, erect and muscular, shows no signs of breaking down. If you met him on the boulevard you would look for the decoration on his lapel, remarking to yourself, "Some retired officer on half pay." If you met him at the railway station opposite you would say, "A French professor returning to his school."

Both of these surmises are partly wrong, and both partly right.

When it is quite dark he joins me under the leaves, bringing a second bottle of '62, a little better corked he thinks, and the talk drifts into his early life.

"What year was that, monsieur?" I asked.



UNDER THE WILLOWS.

leaves the Roquefort and the cigarettes on the table just as the sun is sinking behind the hill skirting the railroad. While I am blowing rings through the grape leaves over my head a quick noise is heard across the stream. Lucette runs past me through the garden, picking up her oars as she goes.

"*Oui, mon père.* I am coming."

It is monsieur from his day's work in the city.

"Who is here?" I hear him say as he mounts the terrace steps. "Oh, the painter—good!"

"Ah, *mon ami*. So you must see the willows once more. Have you not tired of them yet?" Then, seating himself, "I hope madame has taken good care of you. What, the '62? Ah, I remember I told you."

Monsieur Laguerre has a history. One can see by the deep lines in his forehead and by the firm set of his eyes and mouth that it has been an eventful one. His hair and closely trimmed

"In 1849. I was a young fellow just grown. I had learned my trade in Rheims, and I had come down to Paris to make my bread. Two years later came the little affair of December 2. That 'nobody,' Louis, had dissolved the National Assembly and the Council of State, and had issued his address to the army. Paris was in a ferment. By the help of his soldiers and police he had silenced every voice in Paris except his own. He had suppressed all the journals, and locked up everybody who had opposed him. Victor Hugo was in exile, Louis Blanc in London, Changarnier and Cavaignac in prison. At the moment I was working in a little shop near the Porte St. Martin decorating lacquer-work. We workmen all belonged to a secret society which met nightly in a back room over a wine-shop near the Rue Royale. We had but one thought—how to upset the little devil at the Élysée. Among my comrades was a big fellow from my own

city, one Cambier. He was the leader. On the ground floor of the shop was built a huge oven where the lacquer was baked. At night this was made hot with charcoal and allowed to cool off in the morning ready for the finished work of the previous day. It was Cambier's duty to attend to this oven.

"One night just after all but he and two others had left the shop a strange man was discovered in a closet where the men kept their working-clothes. He was seized, brought to the light, and instantly recognized as a member of the secret police. What happened I do not know, but the next morning his body was found in the oven.

"At daylight the next morning I was aroused from my bed, and, looking up, saw Chapot, an inspector of police, standing over me. He had known me from a boy, and was a friend of my father's.

"François, there is trouble at the shop. A police agent has been murdered. Cambier is under arrest. I know what you have been doing, but I also know that in this you have had no hand. Here are one hundred francs. Leave Paris in an hour."

"I put the money in my pocket, tied my clothes in a bundle, and that night was on my way to Havre, and the next week set sail for here."

"And what became of Cambier?" I asked.

"I have never heard from that day to this, so I think they must have snuffed him out."

Then he drifted into his early life here—the weary tramping of the streets day after day, the half-starving result, the language and the people unknown. Suddenly, somewhere in the lower part of the city, he espied a card tacked outside of a window bearing this inscription, "Decorator wanted." A man inside was painting one of the old-fashioned iron tea-trays common in those days. Monsieur took off his hat, pointed to the card, then to himself, seized the brush, and before the man could protest had covered the bottom with morning-glories so pink and fresh that his troubles ended on the spot. The first week he earned

six dollars; but then this was to be paid at the end of it. For these six days he subsisted on one meal a day. This he ate at a restaurant where at night he washed dishes. When Saturday came, and the money was counted out in his hand, he thrust it into his pocket, left the shop, and sat down on a doorstep outside to think.

"And, *mon ami*, what did I do first?"

"Got something to eat?"

"Never. I paid for a bath, had my hair cut and my face shaved, bought a shirt and a collar, and then went back to the restaurant where I had washed dishes the night before, and the head waiter served me. After that it was easy; the next week it was ten dollars; then in a few years I had a place of my own; then came madame and Lucette—and here we are."

The twilight had faded into a velvet blue, sprinkled with stars. The lantern which madame had hung against the arbor shed a yellow light, throwing into clear relief the sharply cut features of monsieur. Up and down the silent stream drifted here and there a phantom boat, the gleam of its bow light sinking below and following like a firefly. From some came no sound but the muffled, splash of the oars. From others floated stray bits of song and laughter. Far up the stream I heard the distant whistle of the down train.

"It is mine, monsieur. Will you cross with me, and bring back the boat?"

Monsieur unhooked the lantern, and I followed through the garden and down the terrace steps.

At the water's edge was a small bench holding two figures.

Monsieur turned his lantern, and the light fell upon the faces of Lucette and young François.

When the bow grated on the opposite bank I shook his hand, and said, in parting, pointing to the lovers:

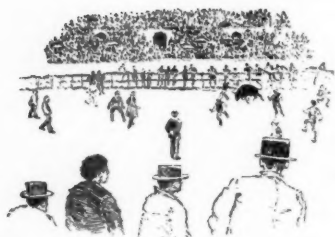
"The same old story, monsieur?"

"Yes; and always new. You must come to the church."

F. Hopkinson Smith.



PROVENÇAL BULL-FIGHTS.



A TRY FOR THE COCARDE.

"POOH!" said the publisher, who had seen it, "it 's nothing at all. They just turn the bull loose in the arena. Then they turn the populace loose. First the bull chases the populace, then the populace chases the bull. It 's nothing much. Nobody gets hurt."

"Oh, eet vill be no grand t'ings; ze common people, ze paysuns, le — le — le — ze — ze — ze — ze people run after ze bull," said the landlady's daughter in the English as she spoke it.

Now when I hear that anything belongs only to the people, I know that it is always worth looking up and nearly always worth seeing. The walls of Arles were placarded with great red posters proclaiming that never, never before had the historic walls of the arena seen such beautiful bulls; never, never had the fair Arlésiennes and the brave Arlésiens heard such horrid bellowings, grasped the unequal *cocarde*, or red rosette, struggled with the fierce beasts, and won the magnificent prize and the applause of the people.

Regard, noble Arlésiens! The five pure-blooded Spanish bulls and one cow! 500 francs of prizes of *cocordes* await you, and of the utmost honesty of the administration does not all the world know the renown? Descend then into the glorious arena stained with the blood of Christian martyrs, renowned through all the ages, and to-day the home of the *courses* of your beautiful Provence! Struggle with the fierce bull of Spain! Win the prize of 500 francs, the approbation of your fellow-citizens, and the smile of fair ladies!

(Signed) THE DIRECTION.

Wait for the small bills!

I could scarcely wait. I consulted Daudet, Miss Preston, "Les Courses aux Taureaux," Mistral, the daily papers, and at last I found a book, "Une Course," devoted to the subject.

What did they say?

Daudet? Nothing, except that "every year we have the *ferrade*." Miss Preston? "There was a giddy little sham bull-fight going on in

the place, but we did not stay to see it." "Les Courses aux Taureaux"? It was a bald description of a bull-fight, transported to Paris and held in the Hippodrome, eminently proper and therefore characterless. Mistral? Because these things are the common things of his country he gives no description of them. All facts are unreliable when you want information. "Une Course," of which I believe I was the first person to buy a copy, and I hope I may be the last, was an account of a Spanish bull-fight and the three years it took a certain individual to see it, and all told in the most stupid manner.

But now came the small bills.

Descend, descend, brave Arlésiens! But parents must guard their infants; on no account must the little ones strive against the pure bloods of Spain. Nevertheless, the direction does not hold itself accountable for the accidents. And it is most expressively forbidden to insult the bulls, or to throw small sticks and stones at them. *Especially important*: it is absolutely forbidden to attack the bulls with the big pins. But, gentlemen, all this is free — a free fight in effect. But all the same, while remembering the terrible horns, think of the value of the prize, unheard of until to-day, bestowed by a generous direction to excite your zeal and audacity. Come then, ladies and gentlemen, after you have witnessed the grand procession through the streets of your beautiful city, remembering 500 francs in prizes.

Gentlemen, one franc; ladies, 50 centimes; soldiers and children, 30 centimes.

This was Friday night. Saturday noon, in the middle of this beautiful placard, appeared a small, white, and therefore official, bill.

Arrested. Owing to the fact that the direction is determined, contrary to the desires of the mayor, to introduce, for the benefit of the city, the pure bloods of Spain into Arles, therefore Mr. Jack — in — Office, the mayor, prohibits, and the fight is interdicted.

"Aha! they make the war among themselves," said the people.

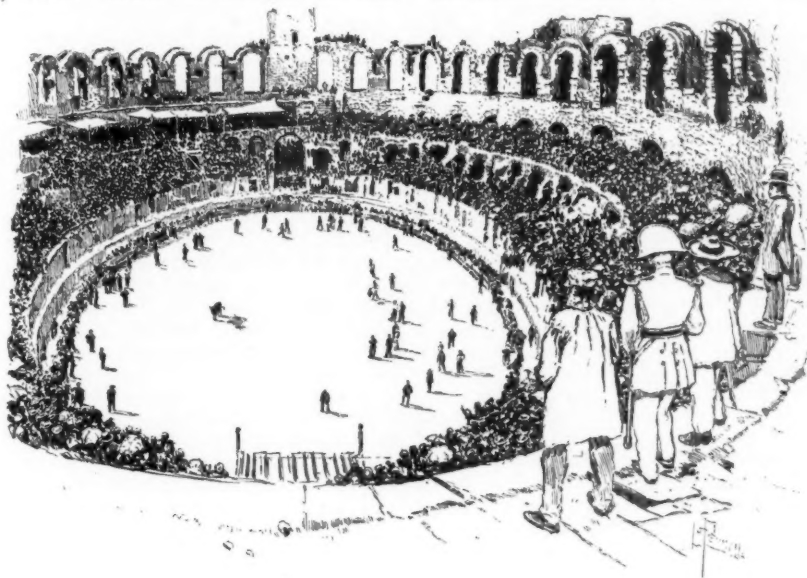
"Zey have me vell told zey refuse, I t'ink, to gif of ze place free to ze mayor, and he vill have to stop eet," said the landlady's daughter. "No, I do not t'ink eet vill go on."

This was serious. To be in Provence and not to see a bull-fight! But the walls were still placarded with notices that in another week there would be one at Nîmes. At Arles it did not come off, but the people were indifferent. They really did seem to think it no great thing.

The following Sunday I went over to Nîmes. Although it had been clear for over a month, when I started it was dark and threatening. Passing through Tarascon, I had a glimpse of a fight in progress, and I might have stopped and assisted in the town of Tartarin; but I wanted to see one in a real Roman amphitheater. By the time the train drew up at Nîmes it was pouring, and I went very sadly to the arena, only to find a notice that the fight had been

past two,—the fight had been announced for three,—one gate opened, a small boy and I rushed to secure tickets, and we entered over the stones worn into grooves by Roman senators, American tourists, and Provençal lovers of bull-fights. When we emerged where Cæsar may have stood, and the arena yawned vacant before us, there was a momentary gleam of sunlight between two huge rain-clouds.

But the arena was not long vacant. An Eng-



THE ARENA AT ARLES.

postponed. Two Sundays gone, and the summer going!

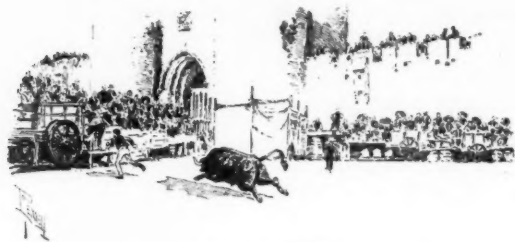
Clear all the week, the vintage in full swing, scenes like pictures all over the country, fights announced for Saint-Remy, Aigues-Mortes, Tarascon, but nothing in the arena; Sunday, however, pouring rain, and useless to think of going anywhere.

On Monday fights were announced for the following Sunday in Arles and Nîmes and in all the country round; Sunday morning it was raining in torrents; Sunday noon, drizzling; Sunday afternoon there were gleams of sunshine, interspersed with showers. But four weeks without a bull-fight—that was too much for both the people and the direction, and there was no sign of postponement. I went to a café opposite the arena at twelve. The gates were to open at one. At one it was still drizzling. At half-past it had stopped, and the direction looked out of its box-office. At a quarter of two it despatched a very brazen band in a covered wagon to parade the town. When, at half-

lishman and his wife whom I had seen at the hotel entered, and, looking down at a stage where a *café chantant* is given on the Sunday nights when there are no bull-fights, they asked me what was going on. "A bull-fight! Ah! let's go away before the horrid thing commences. Do you know when it begins? Ah! ten minutes; we have ample time to see the arena. Come, George." And they slipped rapidly round the huge circle, clambering over the broken seats, and when the band entered they disappeared. It is like this that the average tourist sees the character of a country. And they were the only foreigners, save the publisher, in Arles.

Though the sun did not come out, the rain held off, and the people, following the band, really began to crowd in. In ten or fifteen minutes the place was fairly filled. This arena was built to hold 26,000 people, so of course I do not mean that it was full. But two or three thousand are a big crowd to-day for a little town like Arles. The arena was gay with

PROVENÇAL BULL-FIGHTS.



A RUN FOR SHELTER.

the uniforms of soldiers and the costumes of the Arlésiennes, about which one never hears, but which are really very effective, with the little lace handkerchief round the neck, the bright-colored shawl falling low on the shoulders, the low-combed hair, and the long, streaming ribbons. The women's faces are charming.

While the band has been playing, the arena has been filling with the brave amateurs. I am afraid, had Constantine been able to come down from his palace in a back alley, that he would have called the amateurs, who were now taking off their shoes and putting on slippers, coming out of their blouses and giving their hats to friends, the *ignobile vulgus*. Although there were one or two very superior young men in *toreador* hats, bright red jackets, white trousers, and gorgeous Spanish leather slippers, which they were kicking off all the time, running about in their stocking-feet, the majority had no particular costume except that of the country. Despite the direction, one small boy did leap into the arena. He was pursued by the police force of Arles, caught in the center, and well spanked, amidst the applause of the audience.

The band stopped playing. A trumpeter advanced and blew a blast, and a mighty yell rose from the people. Instead of the shout in honor of heroic action which might have

been expected, there came the howl: "Ye amateurs! Aha! Maria et Pierre la bas! Turn in the bull; go it, Arlésiens! Hé! hé! for the man in the white trousers! Look at gendarmes! Zou! it's only a lamb! Hé! taureau! Allons, amateurs!" A gate opened, and into the middle of the arena there almost flew a huge, black bull. "My God! isn't he ugly! Does n't he look peart!" the audience shouted.

He saw the amateurs; they saw him; they really flew. If you want to see one hundred men vault a six-foot fence at the same moment, go to Arles. Full tilt he circled round the whole arena, the brave amateurs tumbling back away from him as he passed, waving handkerchiefs at him; some, braver, sitting atop of the six-foot wooden fence which runs just outside the old Roman stone barrier, leaving a passage between. The bull stopped in the center of the arena, bellowing and snorting, kicking the sand about with his feet, and tossing his head. He was very mad, and apparently did not know what he was about. But he is now getting his head again. The bravest amateurs cautiously crawl over the fence as far as possible from him, and as directly at his back as they can; but he keeps wheeling round and round. One gentleman with an umbrella comes in, but at a glance from the bull he drops his umbrella and falls

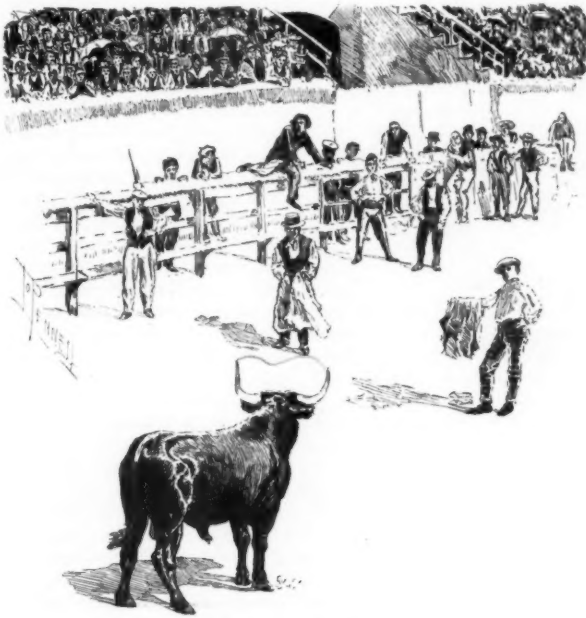


CLEARING THE RING.

headlong over the barrier. Two or three men, however, have climbed over from different corners, and the bull does not know which one to make for first. He tosses his head, shaking the little red rosette fastened by wires between his horns, which is worth fifty francs to him who can pull it off. But it must be taken while the bull is running, and not only is it securely fastened, but the bull has two enormous horns with which to defend it, and the men have not even big pins.

In a minute one of the light, active young fellows who has kicked off his slippers starts running towards the bull from behind. But the bull sees him before he has gone twenty yards,

jacket, makes straight for him. The man leaves for the nearest barrier, which is between five and six feet high, and over it with one hand he lightly vaults; and the bull, seeing that he cannot stop himself without breaking his horns against it, goes over it too. This same afternoon I saw three bulls take the barrier like horses. The minute the bull lands in the passage the amateurs take to the arena, leaving their hats, shoes, coats, or any other loose possessions, and with these the bull amuses himself, scattering them among the audience, who yell with delight, while he tears madly round until he comes to a gate, which is opened for him, into the arena. At the same moment the



"COME ON, TAUREAU."

wheels around, and makes straight for him with his head down. At the same moment two or three other men run towards him from different directions, yelling with all their might, and again he pauses for a moment, but then, almost immediately, goes directly for one in particular. The men all rush across in front of him like boys playing cross-tag; the man he is after swerves a little to one side, and, as the bull lowers his head to toss him, stops dead, puts his hand rapidly down with a backward movement, and snatches at the rosette, no bigger than a half-penny, while the bull, carried by his momentum, goes by him for a few yards. He turns at once, and, as the man has on a red

amateurs are all forced back into the passage. If the gate is not opened in time, the bull, as I saw him do, jumps back again.

"Ils sont sauvages, ces choses là," says the Parisian.

"Vous avez raison, Mosseu," replies the Provençal.

By this time the bull and the people have been chasing each other about for some fifteen minutes. No one is the worse for it, though all are a little tired. The bull does not try to jump any more. He has got his head, and he knows what he is about, and is too well trained to try to knock down a thick plank wall with his horns. Again the trumpet sounds. A great

shout goes up from the whole amphitheater: "You could n't get it! You could n't get it! Bully for the bull!" A gate opens. A jingling cow-bell sounds, and a merry cow comes galloping in. The cow trots, in the graceful manner peculiar to that beast, up to the bull.



AFTER THE FIGHT.

She lows at him. He bellows, and becomes gentle as a sucking dove. They calmly run round the ring, and then walk out side by side, while the people applaud. The first fight is over.

Recently I saw in the "Animal World," the journal of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a tirade about the cruelty of these fights. There could not be a more mistaken idea. There is no cruelty about the Provençal fight. It is true that the bulls are excited in a way which I shall presently describe. But so long as tame stags are kept at Windsor to be let out of a box and chased into coal cellars and the back yards of Windsor and Staines, and harried to death in the middle of a pond in the park; so long as the nobility of England rear pheasants, tamer than chickens, and shoot them in a much more brutal manner than any pigeon match, and call it sport; so long as the London city magnates go hunting deer in Epping Forest; so long as the gentry start off, accompanied by all the dogs and Scotch serfs they can find, with a basket of champagne and a jug of whisky, and endeavor to shoot deer driven under their very nose, sometimes killing one another; so long as intelligent statesmen hunt hares and rabbits, and call it coursing, and are only willing to go into what they call sport when they can pursue something much weaker than themselves and

defenseless—just so long one cannot but feel that there is a good deal more courage required in those bull fights, where the bull has every advantage, than in British sport, which means certain death to the hunted and no harm to the sportsman. But let us return to our bulls.

The bulls are all kept in the old wild-beast cages. Another has been decorated with the cocarde, this time worth one hundred francs—no small prize to a soldier or a peasant. He has been led through a series of cages, one beyond the other, and each a little larger and a little wider than himself. On each side of these cages, which have no tops and are connected by sliding doors, sit two men armed with ten-foot tridents having very blunt prongs at the end. These, as they talk about what they ate for dinner last night, or the prospects of the vintage, or any of the other topics about which the French or the Italian peasant is forever talking, they calmly drop into the bull's back. Although the prongs are blunt and do not run into him or in any way injure him, they come down with sufficient force to make him savage, and he resents this treatment by jumping and kicking and bellowing. When he has been sufficiently maddened in the first box, the door is pulled aside, and he pushes forward just six feet. By the time the last door of the series of boxes is opened and he reaches the arena, although he is not hurt, he is perfectly furious. With a wild bellow and with head down he blindly makes for the group of amateurs. They scatter, all but one poor man who, paralyzed with fear, stands shaking alone in the middle of the arena. He trembles and seems almost ready to drop. There is a yell from the people. The bull strikes him, tossing him into the air, and he descends a shower of old newspapers and brightly colored rags, while the stick which held the scarecrow together rattles against the bull's horns.

Mad? Don't mention it! He only gives up those rags when he sees two amateurs who have almost snatched his cocarde. They start to cross each other, there is a crash of colliding heads, and over they tumble in the dust. The bull, with a bellow of triumph, dances and comes down, digging his horns into the dirt, and just removing the entire seat of one gentleman's breeches. The audience shout with glee and disappointment. The bull turns a somersault. The three squirm round on the ground together. The men get up, and the rate at which they leave the arena is remarkable. For the rest of the fifteen minutes the bull is literally monarch of all he surveys, and no one comes near him. Handkerchiefs, hats, and blouses are waved to him from over the barrier, but he takes no notice, and the people do not think it worth their while to come to him. They know that a bull that has been trained and kept in the

best condition simply for goring people is not to be trifled with. When the trumpet again sounds, and the old cow again enters, the bull departs, almost bowing right and left, for he is conscious that he deserves the "Bravo, taureau! Bravo, Rosau!"—for he is known by his name—which comes to him from every side.

As another enters, the band and the audience are just in the middle of the chorus of the *Boulangier March*, and as the glory of the *brave Général* resounds and rolls round the arena, the bull, who is evidently of the same mind as Clémenceau, endeavors to get at that band, which is some twenty feet above his head, with two barriers between. A man all in white, except for a fisherman's red cap, comes dancing like a jumping-jack out into the middle of the arena. This is too much for any bull. The man leaves, but the bull is coming too fast for the man to vault the barrier, and he nimbly jumps up on the stage, five feet above the ground, which surrounds the boxes. On this stage stands the mayor of Arles talking to the direction; there are also the *sous-préfet*, in his official sash, much too superior to talk to any one, the brigadier of gendarmes, in *chapeau* and epaulets and sword, a choice collection of the gentlemen of Arles, an American illustrator, and the two men with tridents. With one thrust the bull's head and horns go clear through the flimsy proscenium boards in front of the stage; with a bound he lands on top of it. But before he is fairly landed the stage is empty. The *sous-préfet* flies into the box from which the bull was liberated; the mayor, brigadier, and the direction disappear with little grace but much speed over the barrier at the back. The men with tridents drop them, and make for the arena. I have not much idea how I got there, but I found myself at the other end of the amphitheater in time to see the bull demolishing two or three scenic towns. He looked around, saw a Roman triumphal arch, proved to his own satisfaction that it was made only of pasteboard, and then slowly and

lumberingly jumped down in disgust, bellowed a few times, asking any one to come on who wished to, and, as no one answered the challenge, proceeded to make a light lunch off some hay which had fallen from somewhere. This he found so much more attractive than fighting that he refused to do anything else, and had to be led away by his attendant cow.

In ordinary accounts of bull-fights you hear of the sickening sight of disemboweled horses, and bleeding men, and butchered bulls. This went on with ever-changing fun, shouts, and laughter, but no one was either hurt or got the cocardes. Whoever thinks it is merely a joke to go down into one of these enormous arenas and snatch the tiny rosette from between the horns of a beast who has been trained all his life to keep him from getting it, will find that he has a large piece of work cut out for him. For fun the Provençal bull-fight beats a pantomime. For danger and expertness it is far ahead of anything I ever saw. As it goes on every Sunday in the summertime all over Provence, Frenchmen regard it as too common an affair to be worth description. Foreigners, never going there at the proper season,—the summer and autumn,—never or scarcely ever see it. And even down in La Camargue, on the banks of the Rhone, in little towns, all of which save Aigues-Mortes are unknown, the courses, like base-ball matches, are held every fête-day. They are the sport of the people, and have much more character in the small towns.

I went to several of these, and, though I do not doubt that foreigners may have attended them, I never saw one present. The bulls come into the towns in a drove, for they are perfectly quiet so long as they are kept together, guarded by two or three of the fine herdsmen of La Camargue, wrapped in their large cloaks, and carrying tridents. The peasants, who have come to the fête in their enormous country carts, form these into a ring, side by side, filling up the spaces between the wheels with hurdles,



ARENA AT AIGUES-MORTES.

old planks, wine casks, or anything that comes handy. They put two or three rows of chairs on top, and, behind these, with piles of wine casks topped with chairs they make an amphitheater, which is soon crowded with people. Everything is perfectly free, and the authorities offer one or two hundred francs in prizes, which, however, I never saw any one take. The bulls are as fierce as those at Arles, but the people are much more active than the Arlésiens, and the ring is much smaller. Instead of over a safety-barrier, the men have to jump into the carts, which have no sides and are almost breast-high; and a clean jump must be made, because a clumsy climb with the assistance of a pair of sharp horns would not be very pleasant. The principal delight of the young peasants is to entice the bull in the direction of a party of pretty girls, and to spring among them, upsetting chairs, girls, and themselves in a laughing, rolling heap at the bottom of the cart, apparently to their own great delight, and certainly to that of all the rest of the ring. Peaches, grapes, and new

wine circulate all round; I never knew any one to be hurt, and the whole place is filled with the smell of wine from the wine-presses with which the streets of all the villages are lined.

At the end of the course all the bulls are let loose; a curious fact about these beasts being that, while one bull by himself is a most savage animal, if two or three are put together they become as quiet as cows, and make a break for the open country, followed by the population of the village, shouting and screaming. After them come their keepers loaded down with huge baskets of grapes and new figs that the people have given them.

In the evening the whole population adjourns to the *place*: the town band plays in the center; the heroes over their sugar and water discuss their own bravery; the harvest moon of Provence hangs high in the sky; the scent of new wine is over everything; the song of the mosquito grows louder and louder, and before this untiring foe the Provençal at last beats a retreat.

Joseph Pennell.



AT THE CONCERT AFTER THE FIGHT.

RESTRAINT.

WOULD I might crown all joy and melody
 With one triumphant, flowering wreath of song,
 Woven with art and flung life's path along,
 To thrill a listening world with ecstasy.
 Would I might speak the thoughts that, like the sea
 Filling its hollow caves with murmurs long,
 Arise unbidden, musical, and strong —
 Flooding my stammering speech resistlessly.
 Would I might *act* and *live*, not dream and die;
 Move with the moving stars; glow with the sun;
 Fulfil my being's laws harmoniously:
 But ever are my noblest powers undone.
 An angel bars with flaming sword the gate
 Of life, and, at his stern command, I wait.

Margaret Crosby.

MR. CUTTING, THE NIGHT EDITOR.



WHEN Mr. Cutting, the night editor, sat at his desk you felt as if you were looking at a finely adjusted piece of mechanism. After he had seated himself his slender fingers flashed across manuscript pages for hours with scarcely a pause. They were wonderful in their swiftness and accuracy. With one stroke they swept through a page and left it nothing but a mass of blue marks, with here and there a word joined to some other by a line of blue where the energetic pencil had traced a dashing course. Mr. Cutting's nose was delicately cut and his smooth-shaven face was pale. His mouth was what many people called a good one. The lips were thin and sensitively fashioned, but they were too straight. A mocking smile seemed to lurk around the corners of them. When he was working rapidly his lips were pressed together and looked hard.

Mr. Cutting was considered to have the greatest capacity for work of all the men on "The Organ." When he stood up the energy and nervousness in his slight frame seemed to hang on a balance. It was like being near a powerful electric current. Although there was no contact, imagination was the swift conductor. When he became animated in conversation his words were like a shower of fire. His gray eyes brightened to a flash, and his quick hand had a way of running impatiently through his brown hair. Then, with his mobile face sparkling with life, he seemed young. It was generally believed, therefore, that nothing could tire him. But often after his night's work fine lines were traced beneath his eyes. His face looked haggard and whiter, and he was old. When the light fell on his hair as he leaned back to rest for a moment there was a shimmer there which comes from gray threads.

In the days of which this is written he was an almost intolerable cynic. The curve of his lip was a sneer, and his mocking manner frequently offended strangers. When he spoke quietly to young reporters they felt uneasy and were glad to get away from him. His nervousness disturbed the repose of others. One thing which always caused him to spring impatiently from his chair was the failure of a listener to catch his meaning, and he talked very rapidly. He disliked to repeat what he had once said. "The Organ," he would say with a sarcastic

smile to young offenders, "does not pay me to be a talking-machine." There was something in his voice when he spoke in this way which was almost brutal.

Mr. Cutting's disposition was certainly not lovable, and yet he never ceased to gain and to hold the admiration and respect of the younger members of the staff. His shafts were keen, and their hot sting seldom missed their mark; but the fire of his tremendous force gave him a magnetism which attracted even at the point that it repulsed. Perhaps this was why the members of the staff seemed to consider it his right to speak to them sharply or satirically. Afterward they told of it with a certain kind of pride.

A strange feature of Mr. Cutting's impetuous tyranny was that when his manner changed every one felt a melancholy disappointment—as if he had been cheated.

"But only wait," said the marine reporter, assuming the wise look of a veteran, "until he does let out. The presses will break down."

No one in the office quite understood what spirit of peace settled over Cutting so unexpectedly. It came like a rainbow under a frowning sky. It was heralded by scenes of confusion and uproar the like of which had never before, since Mr. Cutting became night editor, been known in the disciplined and smoothly running office of "The Organ."

It was on the night of a big railroad disaster that the transformation began.

"Mr. Cutting is a chained fiend," said the military reporter, sweetly, as he lighted a cigarette. "His matter is n't coming in fast enough. He has scorched the life out of Scott and is thrashing the correspondents over the wires. We shall have a fine paper in the morning. Mr. Cutting is on his mettle."

Mr. Scott was the assistant night editor. He had asked some irritating question of Cutting, and the night editor, throwing up his head, which was bending over a stack of telegraphic matter, curtly asked Mr. Scott if Mr. Scott thought that this was a newspaper kindergarten.

This was extremely unjust, for Scott seldom made a mistake, and the poor fellow went back to his desk with a burning face. In his confusion he tumbled against his chair, which carried him to the floor with a crash. Cutting leaped to his feet with a nervous agony on his face. The telegraph editors, wheeling around

towards Scott's corner, did not see the white anger of Cutting. Scott, with his fiery face and his six feet of length sprawling on the floor, looked so foolish that every one laughed — every one but Cutting, who stood straight and rigid.

"What's the matter, Jack?" some one said, laughingly. "Did an idea strike you?"

There was a general good-natured shout at this, but it was suddenly checked by the metallic voice of Cutting.

"No," he said, with quiet but stinging sarcasm; "Mr. Scott saw an idea coming, and was so startled that he dodged it."

Every one was silent. Cutting sat down again, pulling his chair up quickly, and plunged into his work. Scott was trembling with indignation when he picked himself up from the floor.

"Cutting has been my best friend here," he said in an undertone, as he doggedly sharpened his pencil, "but I will not take gratuitous insults from him or the editor-in-chief."

It was shortly after this unfortunate outburst that Bolton, the cable editor, looking across the room, saw a child standing behind Cutting's chair. She was a queer-looking elf. On her shoulders was a boy's jacket, and in her hand she held a woolen cap. Her large eyes were dark and untamed. It was easy to see that she was bold, but her strange surroundings made her timid. Her lustrous eyes were fixed on Cutting as she waited for an opportunity to speak to him.

Bolton, good-natured and generous, waved his blue pencil frantically to warn the child off dangerous ground, but she saw his actions with indifference. Bolton got up noiselessly. The child, apprehensive of interference, touched Cutting on the arm. Her fluttering fingers were so light that he did not feel their appeal. She looked around quickly and caught Bolton's eye. His round face was drawn into a forced expression of coaxing. He motioned to her to come away, but she shook her little head firmly. He tiptoed towards her, holding up one big finger, and on his lips was an unspoken "Hush!" As he approached she defiantly backed away from him. Bolton's arms were now flying wildly. The look which her big eyes shot at him was strangely wild, like that of a young panther. In her backward movement she was making straight for Cutting, and the blundering rescuer did not have wits enough to stop his advance. On the contrary, as he saw her backing into Cutting he stepped forward eagerly to catch her by the arms, and she, springing back with a little cry of rage, came full against Cutting, sending his green eye-shade clattering to the floor. Bolton gasped for breath.

"It's my fault, Mr. Cutting," he said stu-

pidly. "Don't give the child a tongue-lashing," he added, forgetting in his bewilderment how his words might anger Cutting. "She's frightened to death now."

But was she frightened? Child of the streets, she shrank away and hugged the wall, but in her dark eyes was the look of a wild animal that had been driven to fight. Their light was intense and fierce. They flashed defiance. They were angry, savage, and beautiful. Their flashing only dimmed when she looked at the white-faced man standing above her.

Cutting was silent, too amazed to speak. Angry tears leaped into the girl's eyes, but she would not cry.

"Go away!" she said vehemently to Bolton, who still stood silent, looking foolish.

"Come, come," said Cutting, peevishly, but not harshly; "little girls are n't allowed in here. No one is who doesn't belong here." He faced the others.

"How did she get here?" he asked sharply. Bolton began to stammer in a sheepish way.

"Some one must have let her in," said Cutting, flashing a keen glance over the room.

"I came in myself," said the child, passionately. Her eyes were blazing.

Cutting looked perplexed.

"Mr. Scott," he said shortly, "please see what the child wants, and then show her the way out. And pray," he continued, with a touch of appeal in his dry voice, "let's have no more of these annoying disturbances. This is a newspaper-office, not a bear-garden. Please try to remember that in future, Mr. Bolton," he added, his tones lingering in delicate irony over the "please."

It was at this point that the night city editor hurriedly entered the room, a sheet of copy in his hand. He stood stock still when he saw the situation. Every man in the room was on his feet. Mr. Cutting was white as usual and severe. The child still leaned against the wall. Her head was thrown up high, and her lips were quivering. The hot blood of indignation and childish anger was in her face, and her thin nostrils were white and rebellious.

"Well!" gasped the night city editor in surprise. "What is all this?" But a passionate outburst from the child stopped him.

"I came to see you," she said, turning her big eyes on Cutting, her voice tremulous and vibrating. "I don't want to see Mr.—Mr. Scott. I won't see him!" she cried in a choked voice.

She looked at Cutting with the scorn of a barbarian child queen.

"My mother told me to come to you when she was dead." Her young voice melted into a sudden sweetness. The softness of the tones were lost on the night city editor, for as he

looked at Cutting his mocking lips made a suggestive sound, half-laughing, half-whistling. Cutting's pale face flushed to the roots of his hair. There was a slight tremble in his words when he spoke. It was like a clear-sounding chord jarred by a harsh and vulgar voice.

"Mr. Seaver," he said, "I am too busy to see you now about that matter"; and his eye fell on the sheet in Seaver's hands. The night city editor left the room. The telegraph editors returned to their desks.

"And now," said Cutting, in so gentle and changed a voice that the child looked into his face with startled, wide-open eyes, "what is it you came to say to me?" His smile was friendly and encouraging.

"I'm hungry," said the child, turning her wonderful orbs on him. They were melting now.

Cutting shivered.

"Great God!" he said, a pang in his tones. "Why did n't you say so before?"

He had never been hungry in his life. He had fought his way through college on nothing. He had sat far into the night munching crackers and apples while he studied. But he had never been hungry. He leaned back in his chair, and his lids drooped. There was a slight fever tinge to them. They showed the strain of late hours and lack of sleep. They told of nervous wakefulness and the physical sacrifices which highly strung natures demand; but he had never been hungry. He had never before seen a hungry person to know him.

"I am hungry," said the child in his ear. He was on his feet, the sensitive lines of his face in a tremor. The telegraph matter from the scene of the railroad disaster had been heaped up before him. There were many pages of it. He looked around the room. The telegraph editors were sitting idly or drumming fretfully on their desks with their pencils. They were waiting.

"Mr. Scott," said Mr. Cutting, "will you kindly take charge of my desk and start these stories? I am going out for a few minutes."

There was a rustle of surprise in the room. Mr. Cutting had never been known to leave his desk before two o'clock.

"Certainly," said Mr. Scott, rising quickly with that energy which in newspaper offices is infused into the blood of men who are in authority.

"Come," said Cutting to the child; "we will go out."

In the dingy little restaurant where, for the lack of some better place, newspaper men got their late suppers, he sat and gazed wonderingly at the child as she ate. Her features began to soften, and when she finally looked at him over a large glass of milk, there

was a melancholy softness in her superb eyes which thrilled him. But behind the dark calm there was the reflection of slumbering fire, the quieted flame of hot blood and a flowing, tempestuous heart. He smiled sadly, and she gave him a look of childish faith, adoration, and submission. To him her fierceness was forever tamed.

"Now," he said, "who was your mother?"

"She sold your papers," answered the child, lowly. "Don't you know?—in the afternoon."

Cutting did not even remember the woman.

"And you gave me pennies," she added proudly, as if to accept alms from him were a sweet honor.

"Oh, yes," said Cutting, faintly; but he did not remember. "And your name is—?"

"Louie; of course you did n't know my name."

"Louie—that's Louise; but Louise what?"

"Not Louise—Louie and only Louie; that's all. It's pretty, is n't it?" she queried suddenly, with a shade of anxiety in her voice.

"Yes; it is pretty," he answered, smiling at her eagerness. And Louie it remained.

He took her back to the office with him. She had no place to go to. She was quiet in a chair for a while, but afterward climbed up to a vacant desk and sat there dangling her sorry-looking shoes, which were not mates. Her great eyes were always turned towards Cutting. When he spoke sharply to any one a look of alarm would touch them with a fleeting swiftness. But she gazed at him always, unabashed before the others.

When Cutting prepared to ascend to the composing-room, when the time for going to press was near, she slid off her desk quietly; but as he started upstairs, leaving her unnoticed, she stopped. Her dark eyes wandered around the room, and she climbed back, gazing calmly at the door where he had disappeared.

Bolton, shortly afterward rushing down-stairs after consulting Cutting, stopped to say something pleasant to her.

"Go away!" she cried angrily, kicking her little heels impatiently together. As she again turned her eyes towards the door the fierce light in them died.

When Cutting returned to his desk to lock it after the paper was "out" he always gave a half sigh of weary relief, as if his nerve-tension then lessened. On this night the audible breath had not left his lips when there was a gentle sigh behind him. He turned quickly, and, seeing the child gazing at him intently, gave a little laugh. A smile broke over her face and flashed to her eyes and mouth and the dimples in her cheek. She was a beautiful child, with her mysterious eyes and proud mouth and unconquered hair.

Cutting had been night editor of "The Or-

gan" for six years. In that time, after locking his desk, dropping his keys into his pocket, and nervously thrusting himself into his coat, he had never failed to turn and to say, "Good-night, gentlemen." After that he would turn to see if he had left anything on his desk. Satisfied on this point, he walked hurriedly out the door, and the last heard of him was his quick, incisive step in the corridor. On this night, however, this monotonous program was varied. He locked his desk and then unlocked it. Again he locked it, the key clicking sharply as he turned it.

"Well," he said, turning to Louie, "are you ready?" His tone was a little brusque, and the child dropped to the floor from the desk like a shot.

"Yes, sir," she said breathlessly.

"Oh, Mr. Cutting," said Scott, looking up from some late matter which he was running over, "may I speak to you?"

"With pleasure," answered Cutting, pleasantly.

"I wanted to say," Scott jerked out uneasily, looking shamefaced, "that if you have no objection I should like to offer my resignation."

Cutting's brows came together sharply.

"What's the trouble?" he asked abruptly.

Scott flushed and was silent.

"What's the trouble?" Cutting repeated.

"See here, Scott," he said, putting his stick roughly on a table, "don't be rash."

Scott moved uneasily and looked as if he wished he were out of it. Cutting waited for an answer.

"When would you like to go?" he asked.

"As soon as convenient."

"Very well," said Cutting, coldly; but there was a hostile fire in his eye. "I will speak to Mr. Jackson about it to-morrow. Meanwhile send him your resignation. Mr. Freeling, will you kindly report early to-morrow?" And in this way Mr. Freeling became the assistant night editor.

Louie was trembling when Cutting turned to her. His voice frightened her. But she slipped her hand into his and silently walked down the stairs with him.

It was often said afterward that that night marked the death of the Cutting spirit. Scott received little sympathy. Yet it was admitted that he had some right on his side. But Cutting had helped him a great deal. He had picked him out and thrown his influence in Scott's favor to advance him again and again. Cutting had been harsh with every one. Indeed, if he ignored a man so much as not to spur him that was considered a mark of disfavor.

On the night on which Scott offered his res-

ignation Cutting startled his housekeeper by appearing at home with the child.

"Mary," he said shortly when she came forth frightened at the possibility of a dozen evils, "Louie is going to stay with us until she gets ready to go away to school. Put her to bed, please." And he went to his room.

But Louie was not so easily managed. The housekeeper was sleepy, and it made her cross to find that she had been awakened at three o'clock in the morning to look after a ragged street girl; and the child did not like her.

"Come to bed," said Mrs. Fisher, bluntly.

The young barbarian placed her arms behind her, and, backing against a bookcase, defied, with snapping eyes, the housekeeper to touch her. If there was one person in the world who struck inexpressible awe into the soul of the housekeeper it was the night editor of "The Organ." When this dilemma was before her, therefore, she became terrified, and said in a frightened whisper, "S—sh, child! don't disturb Mr. Cutting."

At this the young panther became a kitten, and held her breath lest Mr. Cutting might be awakened. She allowed herself to be undressed and put to bed, and although she did not close her strange eyes for hours, she lay silent and motionless, scarcely breathing.

Henceforth the change in Mr. Cutting's demeanor became more and more inexplicable to the staff of "The Organ." No one knew that he had adopted a child, but he was seen to go up to a new man and to spend fifteen minutes in explaining to him his faults. This sent a thrill through the various rooms, and the new reporter was at once hoisted to the chair of popularity.

Mr. Freeling, the new assistant night editor, had come to the office shaking with a violent trepidation on the night of his promotion. He went home with a perplexed feeling of doubt as to his own judgment. Mr. Cutting had been most considerate and kind.

If the truth had only been known the staff of "The Organ" would have been plunged into still deeper amazement. The truth of the matter was that a barbarian, civilized, polished, and refined, had been conquered by an untamed savage. There was something that linked in closest sympathy the two unbending spirits. His was a nature wild, passionate, and deep, filled with intensity, but governed by cold ferocity. Discipline had placed an iron check on him. The child had all his depth of fire and passion, strength and wild impetuosity, but she could brook no open restraint. When he spoke as his training had taught him to speak she was struck with a deadly fear. She closed within herself and was powerless to act as her inspiration urged her. She became stubborn

from paralysis of volition. But when he stifled his disciplined vigor and leaned only on the spark of savage magnetism the child was like a slender willow. She fought like a tiger against being taken to school, and when her shrieks of anger and defiance brought Cutting from his room, pale and with dark-circled eyes, she shut her eyes in a spasm of grief.

"Have n't you gone to school yet, Louie?" he said simply.

She stood up, catching at her breath.

"I am just going," she answered in a low voice.

She went away, and came back that night with a white face and wild eyes. She would not go to bed until Cutting came home. She sat up and would not speak. Her face was set and lifeless. Mrs. Fisher sat opposite her, stern and dignified for a while, and then sleepy. Finally she dozed. She even snored, and Louie's nostrils quivered with contempt. When Cutting's latch-key sounded, Louie was stricken with a terrible fear. She crouched in her chair, her eyes fever-bright. Cutting came in with a heavy step. He was fagged to the last point of endurance. The housekeeper awakened with a guilty start. Cutting looked at the two, running his hand through his hair—only wearily. Louie was shivering terribly. She got up and took his hand.

"I went to school, and I staid," she said.

He pressed his lips weakly on her dark hair.

"You shall not go again," he said.

After that a young woman came to struggle with the child every morning. There was a new one nearly every month. Louie was wild, rebellious, and terrible under the check of a strange hand. With Cutting she was so gentle and pliable that he wondered at the complaints made against her.

In the afternoons he went to walk with her. It stifled her to stay in the house, but she would not go out without him. She looked at the animals in the park with parted lips through which her breath came warmly. The color rushed over her brown cheeks in quick waves. She clenched the bars of the cages and glared fiercely into the eyes of the animals. She was the wildest creature in the park.

Once when she was walking ahead of Cutting he turned into a side path, his mind forgetting her in other thoughts. She came running after him, her eyes wide open like a hunted animal. Seizing him by the hand she stopped him as if her heart had failed her. The blood had left her face and lips, and she panted heavily.

"I thought I had lost you!" she panted.

Cutting watched the life come back to her face, smiling at her. The lonely man liked to have something cling to him.

In her red walking-jacket in the fall, with her wonderful eyes, the wild roses on her cheeks, the scarlet curve of her mouth, and her dark hair blowing in the wind, she attracted the eyes of every one. Women turned to catch another glimpse of her beauty. But she was unconscious of the closest stare.

If a woman in a car, struck with the child's face, spoke to her coaxingly, Louie gazed into the stranger's eyes indifferently or insolently turned her back.

Every evening for an hour after Cutting started for the editorial rooms of "The Organ" she was tortured with restlessness. Mrs. Fisher feared the child's outbursts of passionate temper. As for Louie, she treated the housekeeper with a cool contempt until she was crossed. Then she was a young tigress. Cutting had forbidden her to come to the office. One evening she slipped down-stairs, and was off with flying feet. When she stepped into the elevator of "The Organ" building her lips were trembling so that she could not tell the elevator-boy at what floor he was to stop. She walked slowly down the corridor with a quivering bosom. Cutting's clear voice, speaking to Mr. Freeling, sent a shiver over her little body. A smiling reporter came out, whistling a merry air. Catching sight of her, he said, "Hello, little one; whom do you want to see?" She was silent.

"Don't be afraid," he said kindly, laying his hand on her shoulder.

She flung it off fiercely, and turned her head. Then she pressed her face tightly against the wall and dug her nails into the white plaster.

"Don't touch me; don't look at me!" she cried, under her breath.

"What a Tartar this little Russian is!" said the reporter, good-naturedly, and went out laughing. Louie stole out after him. She sprang energetically into the elevator.

"Take me down!" she cried.

Mrs. Fisher was distracted with fear of Mr. Cutting's rebuke when Louie came home with flushed cheeks and dry lips.

"Where have you been?" cried the housekeeper, angrily. She had been sorely tried.

Louie's eyes were deep and fierce, and she was silent. She would not go to bed. When she had been at war with any one, no coaxing, pleading, or threats could drive her to bed. She sat silent and defiant, her strange eyes looking afar off. When Cutting came home she would stand up straight, her face pale at his look of reproach; then she would wait for him to kiss her on the forehead, and would go silently to her room.

He had some rare books. Among them was a cherished edition of Shakspeare. Louie had often seen him reading it. The house-

keeper caught her one day poring over one of the volumes. She was reading only Cutting's marginal notes and wondering at them. She was twelve years old then. When Mrs. Fisher saw her on the floor with Mr. Cutting's volume in her lap she screamed.

Louie sprang to her feet. Mrs. Fisher started towards the child, and Louie backed slowly into a corner.

"Put that book down!" cried the housekeeper. "Put it down!"

Louie clasped it closely to her and looked at Mrs. Fisher with a wild light in her eyes.

"Don't touch me," said the child in a hushed tone. "Don't. If you come near me I will do something terrible."

The housekeeper, frightened by the intensity of the child's voice, paused, paled with fear. Her eye again fell on the volume.

"Put it down!" she cried again, and started towards Louie. The child was very white. She opened the volume and held it by the leaves.

"Don't touch me," she said in a hissing whisper. "If you do—" she placed her fingers at the edge of the leaves with a threatening look.

Mrs. Fisher, terror-stricken, dashed forward. She heard a sharp, crisp rip. She saw Louie madly tearing the pages into fragments. She heard the sound of rip after rip. Louie was in a frenzy. In terror Mrs. Fisher fell into a chair and threw her hand against her heart. Louie tore the pages into a thousand pieces. She separated them with her impassioned fingers over and over again. She hurled the last fragments on the floor and sprang upon them. She stamped upon them. She dropped upon her knees, and, clutching at the innocent bits of paper, wrenched them apart. She thrust them into her quivering mouth, tearing them with her little white teeth. She could not destroy them to suit her wild frenzy. And then she was fearfully calm. She dropped into a chair. Her eyes blazed forth defiance, hatred, and wickedness.

"Oh, I hate you!" she cried passionately. "You make me bad. I could tear your eyes."

Mrs. Fisher was too faint to think. She lay back in a half-stupor.

Louie was uncompromising in her anger. She made no sign of penitence. They both sat there hour after hour. Louie was silent and fierce. They heard Cutting's step. Mrs. Fisher shuddered, but Louie did not move. He came into the room quietly.

"Why, Louie," he said, "you should have been abed hours ago." His eye caught the fragments spread over the floor.

"Louie, have you been rebellious again?" he asked. Then he saw the covers of the volume hurled into two corners of the room. He shook

like a reed; he stooped and picked one up, then turned across the room to the other. He was dazed. He sent a questioning glance to Mrs. Fisher. She was sobbing in fright.

Louie was standing. She looked at him with a pitiful woe in her eyes. He fell on his knees gathering up the fragments.

"Louie," he cried in a hollow voice, "what is this? What have you been doing? Mary—"

But Louie was deathly white. She moved towards Cutting as if to throw herself into his arms. Her face was quivering with anguish. Cutting started back. There was an agony of grief and disappointment in his expression. Louie gave a little cry and, throwing out her arms wildly, fell to the floor.

"Poor child," said Cutting, as he lifted the limp little figure.

There were many such outbreaks, but as she became more tamed Cutting gradually reconciled her to going away to school. When he spoke of it her strong, young fingers clutched at her heart, and her eyes sought his in terror. Afterward she would go to her room and, locking the door, sob herself into a condition of exhaustion. But she never let Cutting know of this.

Meanwhile he became more and more reasonable at the office. At first it was feared that he was "running out," but his energy and vigor gave the lie to the fear.

Louie was fourteen when he took her to the Hills Seminary. In the train she held his hand tightly and looked steadily out of the window. She shivered when she saw the seminary buildings. She made no murmur, but her lips were pallid. Cutting smiled grimly. He was proud of her courage. He did not know how she was suffering. She was going into a cage. If she had permitted the cry that was in her heart to cross her pressed lips she would have wrung Cutting's heart and he would have taken her back to New York with him. But man could not have choked it from her. When it was time for Cutting to leave her his voice was tremulous. This discipline was costing him something too. At the door as they said good-by Louie was catching at her breath, but she said nothing. When he was gone, and the door of the cage was closed on her, there was a strained look on her white face and in her dark eyes which melted the heart of gentle Mrs. Moore, the head of the school.

"You are very lonely, are n't you, dear?" she said, pitying the child.

"I want to be alone in my room," Louie said in a dead voice.

Cutting went to the Hills once every week. When he entered the door he always found Louie there, her cheeks dyed with a crimson flush, her liquid eyes wonderful with the light

in them. She would seize his hand and drag him out of doors. Freedom and the air were her joy. How they walked! She almost dragged him along until she would stop suddenly, her fresh lips parted to let her eager lungs drink in the aerial elixir, and while his cheeks were pale with the exertion on hers was a deep red touch.

"Oh!" she would cry, clapping her palms together in her delight at freedom. And then she was all gentleness.

The reports of Louie's progress did not alarm Cutting.

"She works furiously or she will not work at all," said Mrs. Moore, who loved the girl; "She is a strange, wild creature."

"No one understands her," Cutting said to himself after one of these talks. "She is greatly changed already." Louie was not changed. Discipline, as with Cutting himself, taught her to curb her passionate and impetuous nature. But at sixteen the intensity of her wildness was more fierce with her growing womanhood. Her feelings, once unchecked, were as fierce and uncontrollable as a whirlwind. She could imprison the tempest within her bosom, but she could not still it.

She was a magnificent creature then. She was tall and slight, so that her frame shook with every fierce impulse that flashed into her brain. Her great eyes had deepened, and only a blaze in her cheek could hide its bronze—the wild bronze of her blood. Impassioned with anger or scorn, she was a beautiful fury. Calm in her gentler moods, she was wonderful in her quiet submission.

It was at this time that Cutting began to fear when others were most confident. In her letters was a vehement energy which told him that she had not been tamed. It frightened him. Often he sat serious and silent, thinking of it.

There came a grave political campaign. Trouble was in the air. Something was wrong. Cutting was at his desk early, and the streaming sunlight fell on his grayish hair morning after morning. He missed going to the Hills for three successive weeks. He wrote that he would surely come next week. But a flash over the wires withered his plans. A strange thing was happening, an historical event which was to make a president when few people believed it possible, however great their hopes. There came out of the calm where the fever of politics did not rage a message from the heart—"This is killing me."

The night editor of "The Organ" loved only two things. He yielded to that which he loved least, and with an aching heart remained at his desk. The nation's decision and a summons to the editor-in-chief reached Cutting on the same night. There was to be a new night ed-

itor, and Mr. Cutting, managing editor, was to select him.

The night was crisp when Cutting came into the editorial rooms the next evening with his usual quick, nervous tread. The keen air had fanned a slight spark in his pale cheeks. The excitement of the last few days, the stimulant of near promotion, and the thought of seeing the impatient Louie added new energy to his great vigor. But after pulling his chair abruptly along the floor he sat down wearily. Some machinery runs down slowly and quietly. Some suddenly snaps when going at full speed.

There was a heap of mail before Cutting,—letters, telegrams, queries from correspondents,—the usual amount of matter on a night editor's desk when he goes to work. He ran his slender hand impatiently through them. His rapid blue pencil checked off a long list. Then he turned again to the mail. Mr. Freeling was standing behind him, holding a dozen pages of copy in his hand, waiting to speak with the night editor.

Cutting was slower than usual. He was reading a letter. Mr. Freeling rustled his copy and then scraped his feet gently on the floor to give warning that he was there. When Cutting finished his letter he sighed. It was a sigh of weary acquiescence, accepting fate. He refolded the letter slowly and placed it in the envelope. His fingers trembled.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Freeling," he said, looking up in a dazed way from under the green shade on his forehead. His face was very white, and the corners of his mouth were drawn.

"Washington special?" His tones were lifeless. "Yes; that's about right. Thank you," he added gently.

Freeling looked at Cutting's face. "Better send one of the boys out for some brandy," he suggested. "You look faint."

"Yes; thank you," answered Cutting. "Please send one."

When Freeling had been at his desk for a minute or two he leaned towards the cable editor to ask for a match.

"Cutting is in a bad way," he said in a low voice, looking over to the night editor's desk where Cutting was at work, his head bent under the swinging electric light so that the fine gray in his hair glistened. His fingers to-night moved heavily across the written pages.

"He ought to go to the Bermudas," added Freeling, thoughtfully. "I wish we were n't so busy here all the time. I have been meaning to talk to him about it for weeks, and neither of us has had the time."

"He would n't go," said the other, whipping a blue pencil through a line. "Cutting thinks he has a constitution of iron. The constitution was never made that could stand the abuse which he gives his."

Meanwhile Cutting was bending over his work.

Freeling came up to him briskly late that night.

"Here's a good suicide," he said shortly — "first page; the Hills Seminary."

Cutting's fingers worked nervously, but he did not raise his eyes.

"Girl of sixteen," Freeling jerked out; "same name as yours; terrible young vixen; flew into a rage because they would n't let her go home. Locked herself in her room and strangled herself with a towel."

Cutting shivered slightly.

"Louie," continued Freeling, "I suppose that's Louise, eh?"

"I suppose so," answered Cutting, faintly. He turned slowly in his chair. A wan smile was on his thin lips.

"Never mind the suicide," he said quietly.

"We will not use it to-night."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Freeling in surprise, "it's the best story we have — Hills Seminary."

"Never mind it, Will," answered Cutting, looking at him with eyes of gentle authority.

"I don't want it."

"Of course if you don't want it —" Freeling spoke curtly, and went back to his desk, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"I do not want it," said Cutting, sharply, flashing his eyes on Freeling that his assistant might feel that he was rebuked. Freeling was silent.

Before Cutting went up-stairs to the forms he looked over Freeling's shoulder. His hand rested lightly on his assistant's arm.

"Don't feel cut up about that story, Will," he said, hesitating, as if it hurt him to make an explanation.

"Not at all," said Freeling, stiffly.

"I want to say," Cutting went on, lowering his voice, and his fingers brushed lightly over Freeling's sleeve, "that there was no reflection on your judgment. I will tell you, Will, that I have recommended you to Mr. Jackson to take my place. This affair here — I — it was a personal matter."

Freeling shot a keen glance at him, but Cutting's eye turned swiftly, so that the look seemed to glance aside.

"Get up that late 'Chicago' as soon as possible," Cutting said. "I am going up to the forms. And say, Will," he added, retracing the steps which he had taken towards the door, "can you come down early to-morrow night? I am going out of town, and may be late. Thank you very much."

It was stifling in the composing-room. The air was hot and the men were suffering, but the breeze outside was so strong that the windows had to be closed on account of the fluttering copy. Cutting was oppressed by the closeness, and once he complained that the brilliant lights blinded him. His face as he leaned over the forms had changed to the lifeless white of chalk.

"Hurry up that last 'Chicago,'" he said to the foreman. "We are late now. Oh, here is the proof, Henry."

He took the proof to measure it on the form for space. His hand was unsteady.

"Measure it, Henry," he said in a dull voice, "I can't see it."

"Sha'n't I send for Mr. Freeling, sir? You are sick."

Cutting shook his head.

"Get the type," he said. "We are late."

He placed his head on the form, and ran his thin fingers through his gray locks, letting them rest there. The big hand of the clock was solemn in its warning that the paper was late. Henry came running back with the type. The foreman hurried along the big room with an oath on his lips.

"We'll miss the mails!" he cried angrily.

"Here's the type, Mr. Cutting. Mr. Cutting! Mr. Cutting! Henry, run down for Mr. Freeling; Mr. Cutting is sick."

Freeling bounded up the steps three at a time.

"Look out, Cutting!" he cried, his eyes on the clock; "you'll miss the mails. Here, let me get at the form. That's right — 'Chicago B' there. What's the trouble, Cutting?"

Freeling's mouth was at Cutting's ear. He looked up with startled eyes.

"Help Mr. Cutting down-stairs," he said in awed tones.

Then gently, "Mr. Cutting is dead. Be quick," he added; "lock up that form," for the paper was late, and the presses were waiting.

Ervin Wardman.



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ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE PALAZZO PUBBLICO (FORMERLY IN THE CHURCH OF S. ROMANO), LUCCA.

MARY MAGDALENE, DETAIL FROM THE PAINTING BY BARTOLOMMEO.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO DELLA PORTA (1475-1517). MARIOTTO ALBERTINELLI (1474-1515).

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



HE relation between Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli was so intimate during the greater part of their not very eventful lives that they can hardly be considered apart. Fra Bartolommeo was born in a suburb of Florence and received his surname della Porta from the fact that his father lived near the gate of the city. At the age of nine, as he showed a precocious fondness for drawing, he was put in the studio of Cosimo Rosselli, having as one of his companions in work Albertinelli, a year his senior. A warm friendship arose between them, which lasted through life, though at times chilled by the utter difference between their natures,—Bartolommeo or Baccio, as he was called in his secular life, being of a gravity of character which accords with what we generally attribute to the painters of the religious epoch,¹ while Albertinelli was of a merry temperament and strained the limitations of religious art in his feeling for something more mundane. When they conceived that the instruction of Rosselli had given them all they could hope for from him they took a studio together and worked independently, Mariotto devoting himself mainly to the study of the antiques in the Medici gardens and Baccio to that of Masaccio, Filippino, and Leonardo. The deeper nature finally prevailed over the more vivacious, and later in life Mariotto took his friend as his model, and, with occasional departures due to his invincible love of pleasures which had nothing to do with art, they worked together at intervals through their lives, which, as they began nearly together, ended only two years apart. Their installation as painters and students on their own account took place when the elder was sixteen to eighteen, Vasari giving the latter date and Cavalcaselle the former.

The serious nature of Baccio was attracted by the preaching of Savonarola, who occupied the attention of all minds in Florence at the time when the painter was just entering into manhood, and he soon became one of his most earnest disciples. Mariotto on the contrary en-

rolled himself amongst the scoffers, and the friendship of the two had a short interruption, each taking part in the antagonism which distracted Florence. But the pious nature of Baccio could not hold rancor, and the shallower one of Mariotto could not dispense with the influence of his younger Mentor, and though they never agreed as to the reform or the reformer, they became reconciled in art. Baccio became one of the puritans and contributed his profane works to the bonfire which the Dominican kindled in the public place of Florence, abandoning thenceforward the practice of profane art. He went further in his enthusiasm than his gentle nature warranted, and was one of the defenders of the convent of San Marco when it was attacked by the mob to drag out Savonarola, and, terrified by the conflict, he vowed if he came out alive and safe to enter the order of St. Dominick. It was a year after the crisis of his spiritual master's fate that he took the vows. The sobriety of his temperament and his conscientious regard of his duties are shown even in his manner of paying obedience to his vow. He made the same preparations to enter the convent that he would have made for death. He had a younger half-brother who, not being of sound intellect or from some other cause not being responsible for himself, had been put under the tutorship of Baccio, and he had to arrange for the making over to him of the property which his father had left him; and he had also taken a commission for a fresco in the chapel which Gherardo Dini had built for the hospital of Sta. Maria Nuova, on which he worked till 1499, when, having finished the upper portion and the cartoon for the whole, he left the finishing to his fellow worker Mariotto, who completed it from the designs of Baccio. On the 26th of July, 1500, the painter took the vows at Prato and a year later he returned to the convent of San Marco in Florence, the scene of the labors of his beloved master. Under his religious name, Fra Bartolommeo, he buried himself and his ambitions in the cloister, and it was only at the solicitations of his Prior and friend, Sante Pagnini, that he consented to take up again his pencils in the service of God. The "Last Judgment," which he had designed and in part painted for the hospital, had been recognized as a work which in some respects was an advance on all previous painters, and the

¹ The existence of certain drawings from antique motives, distinctly irreligious, does not disprove the general tendency. At that time there was a strong feeling in Florence for the worst forms of Hellenistic art, to which Baccio yielded for the moment only.

order of St. Dominick had had too much acquaintance with art in its ranks not to know that the new brother could in no other way so advance its interests as by his pencil. Vasari says of the fresco of the "Last Judgment" that it was considered by the artists of the time as the *ne plus ultra* of the art; it is said to have served as a lesson for contemporary painters, and even Raphael with all his genius for composition seems to have taken something from this artist. The first work which Fra Bartolommeo executed in his new life was the "Appearing of the Virgin to St. Bernard" for the church of the Badia, and now in the Academy of Fine Arts (Accademia) of Florence. As the price was not agreed on before the picture was executed, it became the subject of a dispute between the patron for whose order it was painted and the convent, Fra Bartolommeo's personal interests being merged in the rights of the order and the proceeds of his work going into the treasury of San Marco. The price put on the picture by the painter was 200 ducats; Bernardo del Bianco, the patron, offered 80, and the affair promised to be the subject of a suit at law when, by the intermediation of Francesco Magalotti, brother-in-law of Bernardo and a friend of the convent, it was compromised at 100 ducats.

The painter was not so easily rid of the world as he had imagined. His half-insane brother Piero came to break his peace again by his extravagances, which led the relatives to whom he had transferred his guardianship to withdraw from the charge, so that Fra Bartolommeo had again to become responsible. This time his friend Mariotto came to his relief and took charge of the brother, undertaking to teach him painting at the same time, administer his estate for five years, and take as payment the income of the property. The Prior of the convent and the father of Mariotto witnessed the contract, which was executed on the 1st of January, 1506. To aid in reawakening his devotion to his art came the arrival of Raphael in Florence, which took place at the time he resumed the pencil, and in 1506 the relations between the two painters took on the character of intimacy, which shows itself in the works of both executed during this period. Raphael caught the mellowness of tint which Fra Bartolommeo had attained in his use of oils, and which he finally carried to excess, thus sadly interfering with the stability of some of his later pictures. The friar learned the charm of Raphael's grace and the value of the Perugian treatment of landscape.

When in 1508 Raphael left Florence for Rome, Fra Bartolommeo went to Venice to study the school of color. He was welcomed by his brothers in St. Dominick with open arms,

and a commission was at once given him to paint a picture for their vicar. This he was wise enough to paint only after he had finished his studies at Venice and had returned to Florence, when he produced the picture from which Mr. Cole has engraved a portion — St. Mary Magdalen and St. Catherine of Siena in ecstasy at the sight of God. His stay in Venice must have been short, for this picture was painted in the same year. The monks of the convent at Venice made difficulties about the price of the picture, for which the painter asked seventy-eight ducats, having already received twenty-eight, and it was finally sent by the prior to Lucca where it still remains. In 1509, with the consent of the prior, Albertinelli was installed in the studio belonging to the convent as the official assistant of Fra Bartolommeo, and this time the partnership lasted till January 5, 1512, when it was dissolved for reasons unknown,¹ by mutual consent. In the division of the proceeds which was provided for by the act of association the money which came to each was 212 ducats, and the pictures were divided between them, the studio effects being the property of the friar for his life, to revert on his death to Albertinelli.

At this juncture Mariotto decided to give up painting and became an innkeeper, establishing himself outside the Porta San Gallo of Florence; but this new vocation was found to be a delusion, and he returned to his colors a year after. We have, however, no intimation of any later association with Fra Bartolommeo. The latter in 1514 made a visit of two months to Rome, and not long after Albertinelli also visited the then center of all art interest; and both seem to have found there the seeds of the disease which ended both lives prematurely. At any rate Mariotto came back in a litter and died in Florence November 5, 1515. Fra Bartolommeo was then in the hospital of Pian di Mugnone, and though he continued to paint during the next two years his health was never well established after his return from Rome, and he died of a new access of fever on the 6th of October, 1517.²

It is unlikely that we can justly estimate the relative position which was assigned to Fra Bartolommeo in his lifetime or immediately after his death. Something of his fame was due to the technical quality of oils in which there was then but little experimenting. The unwonted brilliancy of this quality in the Florentine school gave a fascination to the general effect which has now become lost through the loss of intensity of color which his pictures have sustained

¹ Possibly the change may have been due to the change of prior, coinciding as it did with the retirement of the friend of Fra Bartolommeo from the priory.

² Dohme says August 3d. Gruyer October 6th.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

THE VISITATION, BY ALBERTINELLI.

in comparison with the tempera pictures and those in which oil was used only for glazings and to heighten the brilliancy of the tempera. The vehicle is so strong an element in the friar's work that the darker passages in some instances have quite lost all their value as color. The execution is thin and at times disagreeable in comparison with the contemporary work of the Venetians, and the types of his saints and sacred personages are wanting in robustness and vitality. His religious conceptions are, however, amongst the most dignified of his school, and the true rank of the artist is rather in his powers of design than in his color or his ideals of character. The strongly individual

types which we had in Botticelli and in Filippino are as far from the ideal of beauty and conventional grace as those of Fra Bartolomeo, but they impress us by their veracity and variety, while those of the Friar do not. He borrowed well and from many sources, but what he added is not always the best of his work. His personality strikes me as weak, and his work owes no doubt much of its dignity to the effect of his devotional feeling and to his sympathetic appropriation of the knowledge of his predecessors. Except for his carrying the quality of oil painting further than his contemporaries had done, I do not see any innovation or supremacy in his pictures which remain.

W. J. Stillman.



CHATTERTON IN HOLBORN.

FROM country fields I came, that hid
The harvest mice at play,
And followed care, whose summons bid
To London's troubled way.

And there, in wandering far and wide,
I chanced ere day was done
Where Holborn poured its civic tide
Beneath the autumn sun.

So hot the sun, so great the throng,
I gladly stayed my feet
To hear a linnet's captive song
Accuse the noisy street.

There heavily an old house bowed
Its gabled head, and made
Obeisance to the modern crowd
That swept athwart its shade.

Below, an open window kept
Old books in rare display,
Where critics drowsed and poets slept
Till Grub Street's judgment-day.

One book brought care again to me,—
The book of Rowley's rhyme,
That Chatterton, in seigneury
Of song, bore out of time.

The merchant of such ware, unseen,
Watched spider-like the street;
He came forth, gray, and spider-thin,
And talked with grave conceit.

Old books, old times,—he drew them nigh
At Chatterton's pale spell:
"T was Brook Street," said he, "saw him die,
Old Holborn knew him well."

The words brought back in sudden sway
That new-old tale of doom;
It seemed the boy but yesterday
Died in his lonely room.

Without, the press of men was heard;
I heard, as one who dreamed,
The hurrying throng, the singing bird,
And yesterday it seemed.

And as I turned to go, the tale
This pensive requiem made,
As though within the churchyard's pale
The boy was newly laid:

"Perhaps (who knows?) the hurrying throng
Gave hopeless thoughts to him;
I fancy how he wandered, long,
Until the light grew dim.

"The windows saw him come and pass
And come and go again,
And still the throng swept by—alas!
The barren face of men.

"And when the day was done, the way
Was lost in lethal deeps:
Sweet Life!—what requiem to say?—
'T is well, 't is well, he sleeps!"

Ernest Rhys.



GENERAL MILES'S INDIAN CAMPAIGNS.

ON THE STAKED PLAINS.



GENERAL Sherman has called the twenty years of constant Indian warfare following the war of the Rebellion, "The Battle of Civilization." That battle, on this continent, of course, began earlier, but certain facts made that period an epoch by itself. A chief fact to be noted is that the Indians during that time were always well armed, often much better than the troops. At the battle of Bear Paw, for instance, the Indians used magazine rifles of the best pattern, while even now, nearly fourteen years afterward, the army still has to do without them. The field of "The Battle of Civilization" was the vast trans-Missouri region, and civilization did not, during that period, satisfy itself with a gradual advance of its line, as formerly, but became aggressive, pierced the Indian country with three trans-continental railways and so ultimately abolished the frontier. A very large portion of the army (including nearly all of the cavalry and infantry and a small portion of the artillery) was at one time or another occupied with the task and many heroic deeds were done, but the conspicuously successful leaders were few.

General Nelson A. Miles as colonel of the 5th Infantry led his first command against hostile Indians in 1874. In the summer of that year small bands of southern Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes and Comanches made several raids in the Indian Territory, Texas, southern Kansas and southeastern Colorado, but es-

caped punishment by flying to their agencies. At last, on the 21st of July, the Department of the Interior gave the Secretary of War authority to punish these Indians wherever found, even to follow them upon their reservations. Under this authority General Miles was ordered into the field. He organized his command at Fort Dodge, Kansas, on the left bank of the Arkansas River. It consisted of eight troops of the 6th Cavalry, four companies of the 5th Infantry, and a section of artillery made up of details from cavalry and infantry. Later in the season four troops of the 8th Cavalry joined this command and some of the 6th Cavalry were withdrawn from the field.

In a summer of exceptional heat and drought even for that region, and through a section eaten bare by the invading army of grasshoppers whose flight was a "pillar of cloud by day" and whose encampment at night was as the devastation of fire, the command pressed rapidly southward from the Arkansas. Even prior to the inception of the movement, the scope of this Indian Territory Expedition, as it was called, differed from some of the notable Indian campaigns in the particular that General Miles waged Indian warfare according to the well-known principles of the art of war, so far as applicable. In too many cases expeditions against Indians had been like dogs fastened by a chain: within the length of the chain irresistible, beyond it powerless. The chain was its wagon train and supplies. A command with thirty days' supplies could inflict a terrible blow if only it could within thirty days come up with the Indians, deliver its blow, and get back to



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.)

more supplies — otherwise it repeated the historic campaign of "the king of France with forty thousand men." Or if perchance it delivered its blow successfully, it could not, for lack of time, follow up its success and attain the only object of just war, which is peace.

Before leaving Fort Dodge, General Miles applied for supplies such as would be needed should the campaign continue into the winter; an act of foresight which contributed much to his success. As the command moved out the chief of scouts, First-Lieutenant F. D. Baldwin, 5th Infantry, of whom we shall hear more, was detached with scouts and Delaware Indians to move rapidly far from the right flank of the command, to prevent hostile Indians from devastating the settlements in its rear, and with instructions to reach the Canadian River near Adobe Walls, an abandoned trading post where a group of bold buffalo hunters had sustained a siege for several days and inflicted such loss on the besieging Indians that they withdrew. By vigorous and well-timed marches, the main command and its flankers reached the Canadian River about the same time, the scouts putting to flight a

party of hostiles near Adobe Walls, and then sweeping along the right bank of the Canadian and rejoining the command at its crossing place near Antelope Hills. The results of this advance were two-fold: the General learned that there was no considerable body of hostiles in his rear, and the Indians were made aware that the troops were advancing against them.

On the first day's march south of the Canadian, large camps, recently and hastily abandoned, were found along the Washita River, and a broad trail made by the lodge poles, travois, and ponies led off to the south, crossing the numerous affluents of the great Red River and leading towards the "Llano Estacado," or "Staked Plains," so-called because their ocean-like expanse is so monotonous that stakes were formerly driven along the trails which could not otherwise be identified. As water would be found on the "Yarner" (as the scouts call the Llano) with great difficulty in the extreme drought of summer, the only chance of striking a blow at once was by overtaking the retreating hostiles before they reached that region. The cavalry pushed rapidly forward, and the sturdy infantry, just

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from garrison, but well seasoned by drills and the gymnastic exercises that General Miles had instituted, marched patiently through heat and dust and "got there" every day. Indians never fight a considerable force while they can fly from it, and none but those who have experienced the hardship of the long pursuit, with its hunger, and thirst, and sleeplessness, can understand the feeling of restfulness and grim satisfaction with which a command sees that the race is over and the fight about to open.

August 30 was the day, and the "breaks" of the Red River, some thirteen miles from its bed, the place where the fight opened. Suddenly, from behind bluff and bush, as if they sprang from the bosom of the earth full armed, the hostiles came tearing down upon Baldwin's scouts and Indians, with the *crack, crack*, of their rifles, and the whoop of their war-cries. But Baldwin was the man for the place and Miles knew it; his sufficient discretion never had a touch of hesitancy or timidity, and he was fitly seconded by brave old "Fall Leaf" of the Delawares. Meantime Colonel Biddle, under the immediate command of General Miles, deployed his battalion of cavalry forward at the run; Colonel Compton, giving rein to his horses, swung his battalion out on the right; Lieutenant Pope's artillery, with infantry support, came rapidly up in the center, and there began a running fight over thirteen miles of sun-baked earth, glowing with a furnace heat, gashed in gullies and deep ravines by the flood-like rains which at times prevail there. Whenever the Indians made a stand the troops were hurled upon them, and the fight, which if it had opened timidly would have been a stoutly contested affair, soon became a rout and a chase. Col. Biddle threw forward Captain Chaffee with his troop as skirmishers, who there made his famous battle-field speech: "Forward! and if any man is killed I'll make him a corporal!"

Down through the jagged ravines the troops pursued across a half-mile of sand where at times a river flows, up the right bank and into the valley of the Tule, a branch of the Red River, where a burning camp, abandoned utensils, and a trail leading up a precipitous cliff told of the hasty flight of the Indians. The long chase before the fight, the rapid pursuit after through the intolerable heat of sun and earth, and the absence of water made it necessary to call a halt. Men and animals were famishing—some men drank the blood of a buffalo, and all the water found in Red River was a small pool of saturated gypsum and alkali, rendered indescribably vile from having been for a long time a buffalo wallow. With infinite labor the command, after resting, followed the trail over

which Pope, by devoting the night to it, had dragged up his Gatlings, and so climbed out of the valley of the Tule and followed the Indian trail for miles out on the Llano. It became evident that no pursuit could be successful without supplies, and that before a train could be brought through the ravines and breaks of the valley to the table-land on the right bank of the Red River the Indians could get beyond pursuit. Hence a recall was sounded.

The train with escort, commanded by Major W. Lyman of the 5th Infantry, was sent back to Camp Supply to replenish, and, on its return, was attacked near the Washita River by a large force of Comanches and Kiowas who had come up in rear of General Miles's command, fresh from their reservation. Stimulated with the hope of capturing rations and ammunition the Indians for five days laid siege to the train, which was most heroically and successfully defended.

Intent on conquering a peace and not merely beating the Indians in one engagement, General Miles overcame the greatest obstacles in the few weeks of comparative inactivity that ensued. Of these obstacles it must suffice, here, to say they ought never to have existed, yet they would have wrecked the expedition but for the indomitable persistence of its commander. On November 8, a detachment under Lieutenant F. D. Baldwin surprised a large camp of hostiles near the head of McClellan Creek in the early morning, and at once attacked with such vigor as to compel the Indians to abandon the protection of the ravines and retreat to the open country. Time and again they rallied and renewed the defense, but were finally driven by the troops and scattered in utter rout, leaving in their flight two little captive white girls—Adelaide and Julia Germaine—aged five and seven years. Their parents, brother, and one sister were all murdered by the Indians in Kansas, where their two older sisters were captured in the summer previous. The surrender, which crowned the expedition with success, included the older sisters. General Miles became guardian for the four, and upon his recommendation Congress authorized the stoppage from the annuities of the Cheyennes of an amount for their support. In the center of the vast section, including the Pan Handle of Texas and the adjacent portions of the Indian Territory which had been wrested by Miles from the hostiles, was erected a military post named for the gallant Major Elliott of the Seventh Cavalry, who had lost his life November 27, 1868, in Custer's Battle of the Washita.

A CONFLICT WITH SITTING BULL.

THOSE familiar with the frontier twenty or twenty-five years ago will readily recall the

estimation in which the numbers and prowess of the Sioux were held; also the prestige that they had after the Fort Phil Kearny massacre in 1866, and the abandonment by the Government, at their dictation, of the Powder River route and of several military posts. More than once, in derogation of laurels won in warfare against other Indians, it was said, "Wait till you meet the Sioux."

Simultaneous with the arrival at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, of the news of the Custer catastrophe on the Little Big Horn, Montana, came orders to General Miles and the 5th Infantry to proceed to the scene of hostilities to form a subordinate part of the large command already there. In the earlier service of the 7th Cavalry in Kansas most agreeable social relations had existed between many members of the two regiments, and the list of those slain on that fatal 25th of June, 1876, contained many names which were read with a pang of sorrow; and so, though the 5th marched gaily out of Fort Leavenworth, decked with bouquets, to the familiar strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," officers and men marched with sad hearts. The long journey up the Missouri and the Yellowstone was accomplished without noteworthy incidents. Summer drew to a close, and the objects of the campaign remained unattained. The two large commands then in the field were ordered to their stations early in the autumn, and General Miles was left on the Yellowstone with his own regiment (the 5th Infantry) and six companies of the 22d Infantry. The task assigned him was to build log huts for his troops and stores, bring forward the winter supplies, by wagon, from the mouth of the Yellowstone, and then the command was expected to hibernate, protecting themselves from attack and holding the ground for a basis of campaign in the following year. Two cantonments were built, one at the mouth of the Tongue River, and the other on the left bank of the Yellowstone, nearly opposite the present city of Glendive, but there was no hibernating, for the disposition of the commander did not favor it, and he was so isolated that action on his own judgment was necessary under the circumstances. Immediately on assuming command General Miles began, as in the Indian Territory Expedition, to plan for a systematic campaign.

The hostiles belonged on the large reservations far to the south and southeast of the Yellowstone, and the General took means of getting the earliest possible information of their absenting themselves therefrom. He became satisfied, early in October, that a very large number of the hostiles were in his vicinity, and this fact, added to a prolonged delay in the expected arrival at the cantonment on Tongue River of

a supply train coming up from the cantonment at Glendive, induced him to march out with the 5th Infantry and proceed down on the left bank of the Yellowstone. On the 18th of October he met the train under escort of a battalion of the 22d Infantry commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Otis of that regiment. The train had been once obliged to return to Glendive by the strong force of Indians, its teamsters so demoralized that their places were filled by soldiers. When advancing the second time Otis received, October 16, the following note, left on a hilltop by an Indian runner:

YELLOWSTONE.

I want to know what you are doing traveling on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here and turn back from here.

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Otis sent a firm reply by a scout and proceeded with the train surrounded by the Indians, who, for a considerable time, kept up firing but gradually fell to the rear. When General Miles learned the situation from Colonel Otis he started after Sitting Bull and overtook him near the head of Cedar Creek, a northern affluent of the Yellowstone. Sitting Bull sent a flag of truce to General Miles desiring to communicate, and General Miles met him with Chief Gall and several others between the lines. Sitting Bull shrewdly wished for an "old-fashioned peace" for the winter (when warfare is most difficult), with permission to hunt and trade for ammunition, on which conditions he agreed not to molest the troops. But General Miles's object was permanent peace and the security of the territory then and before dominated by the Sioux, and he told Sitting Bull plainly that peace could come only by absolute submission. When the interview closed the troops were moved with the intention of intercepting the Indians should they try to move northward, and on the 21st of October another similar interview between the lines occurred.

The Indians undoubtedly intended to emulate the act of bad faith by which General Canby lost his life at the hands of the Modocs, April 11, 1873. Several of their younger warriors, with affected carelessness, gradually moved forward in position to surround the party under the flag of truce. General Miles, observing this, moved back a step or two and told Sitting Bull very forcibly that those men were too young for the council, and that the "talk" would end just there unless they re-

turned to their lines. One of them had slipped a carbine up under his buffalo robe. Another muttered to Sitting Bull, "Why don't you talk strong?" and he replied, "When I say that, I am going to shoot him." Meantime the troops were held in readiness to attack, had any act of bad faith been attempted; even the accidental discharge of a firearm would have precipitated an attack in which all between the lines would have fallen. It became evident, at last, that only force could settle the question, and General Miles said to Sitting Bull, "I will either drive you out of this country or you will me. I will take no advantage of you under flag of truce and give you fifteen minutes to get back to your lines; then, if my terms are not accepted, I will open fire." With an angry grunt the old Medicine Man turned and ran back to his lines; the whole country was alive with Indians, not less than a thousand warriors swarmed all about the command, which, in a slender line extended to protect front and flanks and rear, pushed vigorously forward and drove the Indians from the deep valleys at the source of Cedar Creek, compelling them to leave some of their dead on the field, which they never willingly do, and then pursued them so hotly for forty-two miles to the Yellowstone that they abandoned food, lodge poles, camp equipage, and ponies.

On October 27, more than four hundred lodges, about two thousand Indians, surrendered to General Miles, and five chiefs were taken as hostages for the execution by the Indians of their terms of surrender, *i. e.*, to go to their various agencies. Sitting Bull and his immediate following, his family and connections by marriage, broke away from the main body during the pursuit and escaped northward, where he was later joined by Gall and other chiefs with some followers.

The estimated number of warriors in this engagement was one thousand. To General Miles and to the 5th Infantry, three hundred and ninety-eight rifles, is due the honor of this important victory, which had far-reaching consequences. Not since the battle of Little Big Horn had the followers of Sitting Bull been attacked by the troops in offensive battle. This was the first of a series of engagements in which the command of General Miles, or some detachment therefrom, vigorously assumed the offensive, and here began the successful battles and combats which resulted in breaking the power of the dreaded Sioux and bringing security and prosperity to a vast territory which is now penetrated by railways, occupied by hardy and prosperous settlers, dotted over with towns and cities, and already so developed and so permeated by the influences of our civiliza-

tion that, in the form of new States, or portions thereof, it augments the glory and dignity of the nation.

Returning to the cantonment at Tongue River, General Miles organized a force — four hundred and thirty-four rifles — made up of the 5th and a portion of the 22d Infantry and pushed northward in pursuit of Sitting Bull, but the trail was obliterated by snow near the Big Dry, the broad bed of that which at times becomes a southern affluent of the Missouri. A winter of great severity, even for that region, opened early, and the command suffered intensely but kept the field and scoured the country along the Missouri River above and below old Fort Peck.

On December 7, a detachment of the command, — Companies G, H, and I, 5th Infantry — one hundred officers and men, commanded by First Lieutenant F. D. Baldwin, 5th Infantry, overtook Sitting Bull's camp, one hundred and ninety lodges, and drove it across the Missouri, and on the 18th the same force surprised the camp near the head of Redwater, a southern affluent of the Missouri, and captured camp and contents with sixty animals, the Indians scattering out south of the Yellowstone.

As Sitting Bull did not for a considerable time thereafter enter as a factor into the campaign, it will be permitted to anticipate for a little and describe his subsequent movements. With a small following he shortly after moved northward and camped on the left bank of the Missouri; thence, near the end of the winter, poor and with scarcely any ammunition, he and his scanty following sought refuge north of the international boundary. As a war was raging of which he was an important factor — not so much from military prowess as from his position as a "Medicine Man" and an extreme and inveterate savage Indian, which made him the nucleus of all the disaffected and hostile Sioux — his band ought to have been either disarmed at the boundary or interned. General Miles made repeated and urgent appeals to the higher authorities that action to that end be taken, but unfortunately it was not taken.

Sitting Bull's position and character, as before indicated, and the freedom for a considerable time accorded him and his followers, north of the line, induced a large number of the hostile and disaffected to steal away to him, and so the Northwest Territory of the Dominion became the rendezvous and supply camp of a threatening force. But for the time Sitting Bull was eliminated from the problem of conquering a peace, and the closing months of 1876 saw the beginning of the end of the great Sioux war. The intense cold of a Montana winter did not chill the ardor nor lessen the

estimation in which the numbers and prowess of the Sioux were held; also the prestige that they had after the Fort Phil Kearny massacre in 1866, and the abandonment by the Government, at their dictation, of the Powder River route and of several military posts. More than once, in derogation of laurels won in warfare against other Indians, it was said, "Wait till you meet the Sioux."

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activity of Miles and his indomitable infantry, and the winter was to witness, on their part, almost incessant and markedly successful campaigning.

CRAZY HORSE BROUGHT TO TERMS.

A MONTANA winter, and so severe a one as that of 1876-77, might well be accounted a sufficient reason for the suspension of active operations. With thermometers rarely above zero, usually far below, and quite often so far that the mercury was solid and only spirit thermometers registered; with snow piled so deep in all the valleys that movement was laborious and tedious in the extreme, and with blizzards sweeping over the country, the thought of seriously attempting protracted expeditions would have entered most minds, if at all, only to be rejected. But General Miles took account of the fact that the difficulties for the troops, as briefly indicated, would be even greater for the Indians who do not voluntarily venture far from their camp in some sheltered valley in severe weather, and believed that if clothing, equipment, and transportation could be so increased as to meet the conditions presented there was promise of unusual successes.

Those who have seen only holiday soldiers or even troops on ordinary field service, would scarcely have recognized the four hundred and thirty-six officers and enlisted men of the 5th and 22d Infantry regiments who started up the valley of Tongue River, Montana, on the 29th of December, 1876. They might have been excused — these supposed spectators — had they concluded that a sportive band of buffaloes were trying to "evolute" into bipeds. Over the heavy woolen clothing supplied to the army for winter wear, the men were, many of them, fur-clad from head to foot; in lieu of a face there was presented to the observer a frost-covered woolen muffler frozen solidly upon an ice-clad beard, "trimmed with the same" in form of icicles, so that a long thaw had to precede disrobing. Enormous overshoes of rubber or of buffalo skin flesh side out, drawn on over German socks, gave warmth to the feet that they robbed of all nimbleness. Efficiency was the object aimed at, and to this end the army belts and cartridge boxes had given place to canvas belts made by the soldiers, looped with the same to hold a row or two rows of metallic cartridges. (The "prairie belt" since adopted for the army embodies the same principle.) General Miles, by stimulating emulation among the men, encouraged them to devise these improvements, and the men were intelligent and knew well by experience that "one more cartridge" for the modern soldier was like the "one step nearer" for the ancient who had a short sword

— it might mean all the difference between success and failure.

The incidents of camp and march illustrative of the effects of the intense cold are capable of most interesting elaboration and illustration: here a soldier hastily removes shoe and stocking and rubs with snow his rapidly freezing feet; there *seems* to be Mark Twain's lightning-rod man replenishing the fire with his wares, but really *is* a scout thawing a rigid rawhide lariat so that he can coil it, and now a teamster with a well-grounded doubt as to his future expresses the hope that St. Peter, when he learns that a man "was one of Miles's teamsters," will give him friendly welcome as one who "has suffered enough."

Already in the expedition northward to the Missouri — as before related — many of the difficulties of a winter campaign had been studied and overcome, and the later days of December, 1876, saw the command at the cantonment on Tongue River equipping itself for a blow at Crazy Horse. This Sioux chief was at the head of the Ogallalas, and had borne a prominent part, if indeed he was not the most prominent, in the repulse administered by the Indians, June 17, 1876, to Crook's command advancing from the department of the Platte toward the Yellowstone; he had also been one of the important chiefs in the battle of the Little Big Horn, where also were Sitting Bull's following, the Uncapapas, and many others.

Crazy Horse, with a large force of Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, was camped along Tongue River and other southern affluents of the Yellowstone, and it soon became evident that the Indians would dispute the passage of the Tongue. Sharp skirmishes took place on the 1st and 3d of January (1877), and on the 7th the advance made a capture of eight Indians, mostly women and children, but of importance, as was found later, because of their relationship to leading men. The Indians made a determined effort to rescue the captives. The scouts in the lead made a bold charge upon them at dark on the 7th and were surrounded. Lieutenant Casey of the 22d Infantry, in command of a detachment of mounted infantry, with great intrepidity dashed in to the rescue with a scanty half-score of brave followers and beat off the Indian rear guard. It was now evident that the contest was at hand and the Indians chose well their field. Near the southern boundary of Montana, where Tongue River breaks through Wolf Mountains and flows in a deep cañon, whose steep walls were then mantled with deep snow or glazed with ice, the Indians sought (January 8) not only to check the advancing troops but to hold them helpless at their mercy while, from the crests above, they should deliberately shoot them down and over-

whelm them. Whooping and yelling, as is their custom in battle, they shouted to the troops "You've had your last breakfast." Here again the quick discernment, rapid movements, and bold attack of General Miles changed the nature of the battle and snatched a victory from conditions that were more favorable to defeat. Instead of permitting himself to be cooped up within the narrow valley he determined at once to deploy boldly out, occupying the widely separated hilltops along a broad front with a thin line, and put every man and every rifle at once into the fight. Every man must be a hero, for there is no touch of elbow and no rear rank; every captain must be a capable commander, for the line to right and left is gashed by deep valleys between his and the adjacent companies. No one who has not participated in such an engagement, under like circumstances, can realize how short a line a score or two of men make, springing boldly out in single rank, flanks in air and no support. More than three hundred miles of wintry wilderness were at their backs, there was no reserve, retreat meant disaster, surrender was impossible; victory or death by torture were the alternatives.

Already the Indians held the sharp crests of the steep hills, and were delivering a plunging fire into the troops. Burdened with their heavy clothing, which the polar cold made necessary, stumbling and falling in the deep snow or slipping on the icy acclivities, the troops pressed forward and gained the crests where they could meet the enemy face to face. But now a new danger threatened. As the Indians largely outnumbered the troops, they could maintain the fight in front, while they seized heights which commanded the left flank and rear, and so get the troops into a circle of death-dealing rifles. The heights to the left must be wrested from them, and that speedily. Troops were designated, under command of Captains Butler and McDonald, for that duty, and Pope served his three-inch gun judiciously to aid them—Gunner McHugh of the 5th Infantry especially distinguishing himself. Every minute the crowd of Indians on that hill-top increased, and they could take in reverse the whole left flank. The General, keenly alive to every detail of the situation, decided on the instant to send a reinforcement. Sitting on his horse near the General was Lieutenant F. D. Baldwin, 5th Infantry, then on staff duty. Turning to him and pointing to the left, the General said: "Tell them to take that hill without failure and drive the Indians away." This was the reinforcement, and it was enough. Putting spurs to old "Red Water," Baldwin forced him at the run up the glassy hillside, and then, hat in hand, and with a ringing shout; he newly inspired the weary men, and, with the momen-

tum of his own brave onset, carried them to the coveted crests. The battle was by no means over yet; for hours it raged. Old Winter himself at last took a part and contributed a furious, blinding snow-storm. Disheartened by the death of a prominent medicine man, whom they thought invulnerable, the Indians were at last driven through Wolf Mountains and towards the Big Horn range. They were pursued until it became evident that they could not be overtaken by the command without replenishing its supplies. Polar cold makes extensive demands on the vitality of men and animals; it not only occasions exhaustion, but also impairs the will power. Campaigning on short rations where it prevails would be both cruel and hazardous. The weary, frost-bitten troops welcomed the shelter of the rude log huts and returned to the cantonment which their own labor had built, and while they were resting and recuperating their commander took means to reap the fruits of the important victory he and they had won, not only from armed enemies, but even from the very elements themselves.

Recognizing the ill effects upon the spirits and health of the command of the monotony and confinement at that remote point, to which the mail could be brought only rarely and by sending a strong detachment to Fort Buford, nearly two hundred miles away, General Miles had constructed a large canvas-covered building in which the band of the 5th Infantry furnished choice musical entertainments, interspersed with the well-intentioned efforts of the barn-storming dramatic talent of the command. It was the paradise of the stage-struck soldier, whose most gray-bearded pun or castaneous joke was sure of an encore from an always crowded house.

But work was the occupation of the commander and of those most closely associated with him. Serving as scout and interpreter with the command was John Bruguier, the son of a French trader and an Indian mother, a man whose fidelity and courage were unquestioned and whose knowledge of the customs and language of the Sioux was of great value. The General decided to make use of this man and of a portion of the Indians captured January 7 to communicate with Crazy Horse. Bruguier, although he believed that he would be killed by the Indians as a deserter, started February 1 with two of the captives. Taking up the trail beyond the scene of the battle of January 8, he found the camp on a tributary of the Little Big Horn and got into communication with Crazy Horse without the molestation from the subordinates which he had anticipated. He delivered the message of General Miles, which was: "Surrender at the cantonment on Tongue River, or at your agency, or I will attack you

again." The experience of the winter had taught Crazy Horse that this was no idle threat, and a delegation of chiefs came back with Bruguiere to satisfy themselves that what he said was true. They arrived February 19. In councils repeated on many days the Indians put forward their orators and diplomats and sought to obtain a modification of the terms. There was probably a mutual fear of treachery in the councils. Officers had no arms in sight but wore their revolvers beneath their coats, and Indians drew their blankets close about their scowling faces, with Winchesters grasped within, their bright, beady eyes intent upon the officers. At one time it seemed that the theater might be the scene of a veritable tragedy, when Little Chief was understood, in his impassioned speech, to advise "the young men to put something in their guns." There was an involuntary start but no other demonstration. The Indian is human and respects the man who can overcome him. At last this delegation recognized that the conditions presented ("Surrender here, or surrender if you prefer at your agencies at the south, or fight") were an ultimatum and they returned to their camp, which was brought near to the forks of Powder River, and a much larger delegation of chiefs came in, March 18, still intent on securing better terms. The experiences of a month before were repeated and with like result. Of the larger delegation was Little Hawk, an uncle of Crazy Horse. He with others accepted the terms and submitted to the retention by General Miles of nine prominent leaders, Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, as hostages that the whole hostile camp would surrender in thirty days. Crazy Horse and Little Hawk led the bulk of the hostiles, more than two thousand, to the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, in the department of the Platte, where they surrendered. Three hundred, chiefly Cheyennes, led by White Bull, Two Moons, and Hump surrendered at the cantonment.

In six months, including a winter of polar cold, General Miles with his force of sixteen companies of hardy and well-commanded infantry, leaving at all times two garrisons to protect the cantonments, had subdued two powerful forces of Indians, wrested from their control a vast territory, opened the way for the advance of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which had long halted at Bismarck on the left bank of the Missouri, and so inaugurated all that has since become history in that region.

The surrender of the Sioux under their agreement with General Miles took out of the field not only the thousand who followed Crazy Horse, but that brave war chief also, and in a community so little organized as are the Indian tribes the hostility, or the reverse, of a few great leaders has vastly more weight than in a

highly organized state in which there is no essential man. Anticipating a little we may give the few additional facts of importance in Crazy Horse's career. After his surrender, he and his people were placed on the reservation near Camp Robinson in Northern Nebraska. For a time he was quiet but later was believed to be planning to lead away his people on the war-path again. It was thought best by the officers in authority there to arrest him, which was done, but while being conducted to the guard-house he made a desperate break for liberty and attempted to cut down with a knife all who opposed him. He was mortally wounded in the struggle, and died September 7, 1877.

THE SUBJUGATION OF LAME DEER'S BAND.

THE intention of the Government to assemble troops in the spring of 1877, to renew the contest, took shape in orders which brought to General Miles's command four troops of the 2d Cavalry from Fort Ellis, near Bozeman (in the Gallatin valley near the base of the Rockies) eleven troops of the 7th Cavalry and four companies of the 1st Infantry from posts along the Missouri in Dakota. The marked successes of the winter campaign had effected the greater part of the object for which this large command was assembled, but its presence during the summer, and the movements of its various detachments over all parts of the immense territory watered by the Yellowstone and its affluents, confirmed the conquest already achieved and assured the Indians that their sway therein was gone forever. By a singular conjunction of circumstances an important force of Indians was, in the late summer and autumn, imported into that region from the far Pacific slope and by its pursuit beyond the Missouri, and capture near the boundary line, added another hardly contested fight and conspicuous success to Miles's record; but of that later. The first of the reinforcements to arrive were the four troops of the 2d Cavalry, and General Miles speedily equipped a command of this battalion — whose readiness for any service well illustrated its regimental motto, "*Toujours prêt*," — and of six companies of his infantry, two of the 5th, four of the 22d, and marched out, May 1, against a band of Sioux, mostly Minneconjous, under Lame Deer, who had broken away from the main body and refused to surrender.

Having confidence in the sincerity of the Cheyennes and Sioux who had but just surrendered to him, General Miles selected from them a small party headed by White Bull, and took them as scouts. Neither on that occasion nor afterward did these Indians waver in their fidelity. The route of the command was for more than sixty miles up the valley of

the Tongue, but springing grass and a stream of limpid water had taken the place of the snowy hillsides and ice-bound river bed which had frowned on the January expedition. Leaving the train at this point to follow with the infantry commanded by Major Dickey of the 22d, the mounted force, chiefly 2d Cavalry but augmented by a detachment of mounted infantry, pushed rapidly out in search of the hostile camp. The minute knowledge of the country possessed by the Indian scouts enabled the command to march by night as well as by day, and so, up through the broken country along the Rosebud, following the same general approach as that pursued by General Custer in the preceding June, the force pressed on with scarcely a pause during two nights and one day, the patient pack-mules jogging along the trail in rear. The stealthy, keen-sighted Indians at last "located the camp," in frontier phrase, and then, giving a few hours for rest, the command was stripped for the fight. Everything not demanded for the rapid march and the vigorous fight was placed on the pack mules; canteens, arms and equipments carefully arranged to avoid noise. The weird half-light of the night, the commands in suppressed tones and the consciousness in all minds that this "meant business" all contributed to that tense frame of mind with which men face a danger that is certain, imminent, and of unknown dimensions. The hostile camp was on an affluent of the Rosebud, then called The Muddy, but since then Lane Deer Creek. Without loud command the force was urged rapidly down through the breaks on the left of the Rosebud, across the bed of that steep-banked stream. Just as the birds were twittering in the trees and the night began to yield to day (May 7), the head of the column turned into the valley of The Muddy. The tenseness of mind before mentioned increases its sensitiveness to small and indifferent objects. The twittering of birds in the trees, the wealth of grass which the Chinook winds spread soft over the sheltered valleys, in contrast with wasting snow-drifts still clinging to the northern sides of the hillcrests, and the Big Horn range, still thick-blanketed in its winter covering, to which haze gave an ecru tinge, all of these irrelevant things the words Lane Deer suggest and evoke from memory.

The Indian scouts reached the wooded hills above the camp at earliest dawn, and watched the unsuspecting hostiles as they untethered their ponies from among the lodges and turned them out to graze. And so, all unannounced, the little force burst upon them. Lieutenant Edward Casey, of the 22d, commanding the mounted infantry and the scouts, charged through the village, sweeping away the ponies and cutting off the hostiles from their herd.

Close in rear of him rode General Miles and staff, leading the cavalry, which was commanded by Captain Ball. It was the General's desire to secure the surrender of the Indians without a fight, and to this end he had instructed White Bull to call to them and explain to them that they could surrender and would be unharmed.

This overture was responded to by a rifle-ball which passed between the arm and the body of the plucky old chief, but the offer was still repeated, and Lane Deer and his head warrior, Iron Star, seemed disposed to accept, even shaking hands with the General and one of his staff, the latter dismounting for the purpose, while another staff officer dismounted to take the Indians' arms. Whether they intended treachery or feared it can never be known, for, hastily withdrawing a few yards, they sought cover behind a bank and opened fire. Parleying and peacemaking were plainly out of place thereafter. General Miles's orderly, just behind him, was killed by a shot plainly aimed at the General, and the troops, for a few moments held in check while the hand-shaking was going on, were now sent vigorously against the Indians. Lane Deer and Iron Star were among the first to fall; their following scattered on foot into the broken, pine-covered hills close to their camp, and were pursued, in small, scattered bands, for some eight miles, leaving their dead in the hands of the troops. The entire camp and its supplies were captured; also four hundred and fifty ponies and horses. These, with the animals of the surrendered Cheyennes, formed the nucleus of the mount of the "11th Cavalry,"¹ as the 5th Infantry, mounted on captured ponies, was called. And so this successful encounter contributed in itself and in that which it supplied very materially to the thorough subjection of the hostiles.

Major Dickey, in command of the infantry, received the merited commendation of the General for the "zeal and energy" with which he urged forward his command, and the sturdy pluck with which he disregarded a rumor of a great disaster which grew out of the fact that one or two pack-mules with their escort, getting separated from the command in the rapid night march, were cut off by the Indians. The change of aspect, from the disaster which he had been led to expect to the victory which he found to have taken place, roused his enthusiasm, and he called for "three cheers," to which his weary but enthusiastic command responded with a will.

Leaving the cavalry to occupy that section the remainder of the command, with captured

¹ The regular cavalry establishment of the army has ten regiments.—G. W. B.

ponies, returned to the cantonment. All active operations, nearly all movements, were interrupted by rain and flood such as have not since visited that region. Supply wagons sank to the hub and were immovable. Dry gullies became great streams and rivers overflowed their banks. Troops in mud-roofed huts found that the roofs were storage reservoirs. It became a serious question for the time whether supplies could be sent to the 2d Cavalry battalion, so many new and rapid rivers filled the ravines and gulches.

Utilizing this period of enforced quiet the General began the organization of the "11th Cavalry." Companies B, F, G and I, 5th Infantry, formed the first battalion of that most efficient corps, and under command of Captain Simon Snyder of the 5th it became a potent factor in the remainder of the campaign. By subsequent captures ponies to mount the remainder of the regiment were obtained, and the gallant 11th was not dismounted till after the need of its efficient service had passed and General Miles had, by promotion, been transferred to another field of duty.

The Indian pony lends himself to the niceties of drill and parade with even greater reluctance than his master adopts "the white man's road." In vain the irate sergeant ordered his rider to "dress up there on the left," with that vigor of speech which characterized "our army in Flanders"; if the storm came into his face he solemnly turned his haunches towards it and his attitude announced more graphically than even the French tongue could "*P'y suis, j'y reste*"; but no rattle of musketry could disturb the equanimity with which he seized the moment of the hottest fight to clip the scanty herbage while his rider, dismounted, was fighting a little in front of him; he was accustomed to long journeys and short rations, and, to adopt the slang of the region, "rest made him tired." He contributed very materially to subdue his former master, and, with the elk, the buffalo, the antelope, the free unconventional life of the plains and, alas, probably with his old master too, he will soon become only a picturesque reminiscence.

The long rain storm and the floods at last passed away. The remainder of the reinforcements before mentioned reported for duty, also a force of friendly Crow Indians led by First-Lieutenant G. C. Doane, 2d Cavalry. The scattered fragments of *Lame Deer's* band were so hotly pursued by different detachments of the command that they were forced to seek rest and sue for peace at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies. Before the close of summer peace and security reigned throughout Dakota and Montana. A large fleet of steamboats plied unmolested between Bismarck, then the Northern

Pacific terminus, and the upper Yellowstone, transporting supplies for the command and building material for the two new posts, Forts Keogh and Custer; the one near the mouth of the Tongue, the other at the junction of Little Big Horn with the Big Horn, in sight of the fatal hill which, like the Alamo, had no messenger to tell of the heroic deeds it had witnessed. These posts and a force at Fort Peck on the Missouri, an outpost towards Sitting Bull's camp in Canada, and the large territory over which they kept watch and ward became the garrisons and the territorial command known as the "District of the Yellowstone," under General Miles's command.

CHIEF JOSEPH AND THE NEZ PERCÉS.

THE summer of 1877 was an unusually attractive one in Montana, the spring rains having thickly carpeted hill and valley with verdure. General Sherman came to the cantonment on his river and wagon journey through to the Pacific, and General Miles took advantage of the visit to request him to present to the soldiers who had performed conspicuous acts of gallantry in the preceding campaigns the medals of honor which had been bestowed upon them by Congress. At a parade of all the troops present, each bronzed and hardy soldier thus honored stepped out as his name was called, and received at the hands of the general-in-chief the token which thereby had for him an added distinction.

The successes before recorded and the arrival of other troops made it possible, in the early summer, to relieve the six companies of the 22d Infantry, and return them to their stations along the great lakes. After a rough march of more than three hundred miles to Bismarck, they shipped their effects, including dress uniforms, to their stations and were just starting for Duluth when a telegraphic order called them to Chicago, then threatened with a riot. The quite unwonted sight of weather-beaten soldiers in campaign suits most essentially patched with bits of sacks that warranted the wearer to be "Best Family Flour," had a wholesome effect. And when in reply to a question from one of the crowd, "You would not fire on us, would you?" the prompt reply came, "Not unless the captain ordered it," the purport was unmistakable. The presence of this disciplined command obviated the need of its employment.

But the season was not destined to pass without another battle and important victory. Away beyond the Rockies dwelt the Nez Percés, a tribe quite advanced in civilization. As the occasion of their outbreak at this time, and the earlier acts of war on the part of both the troops and these Indians, had no relation to the com-

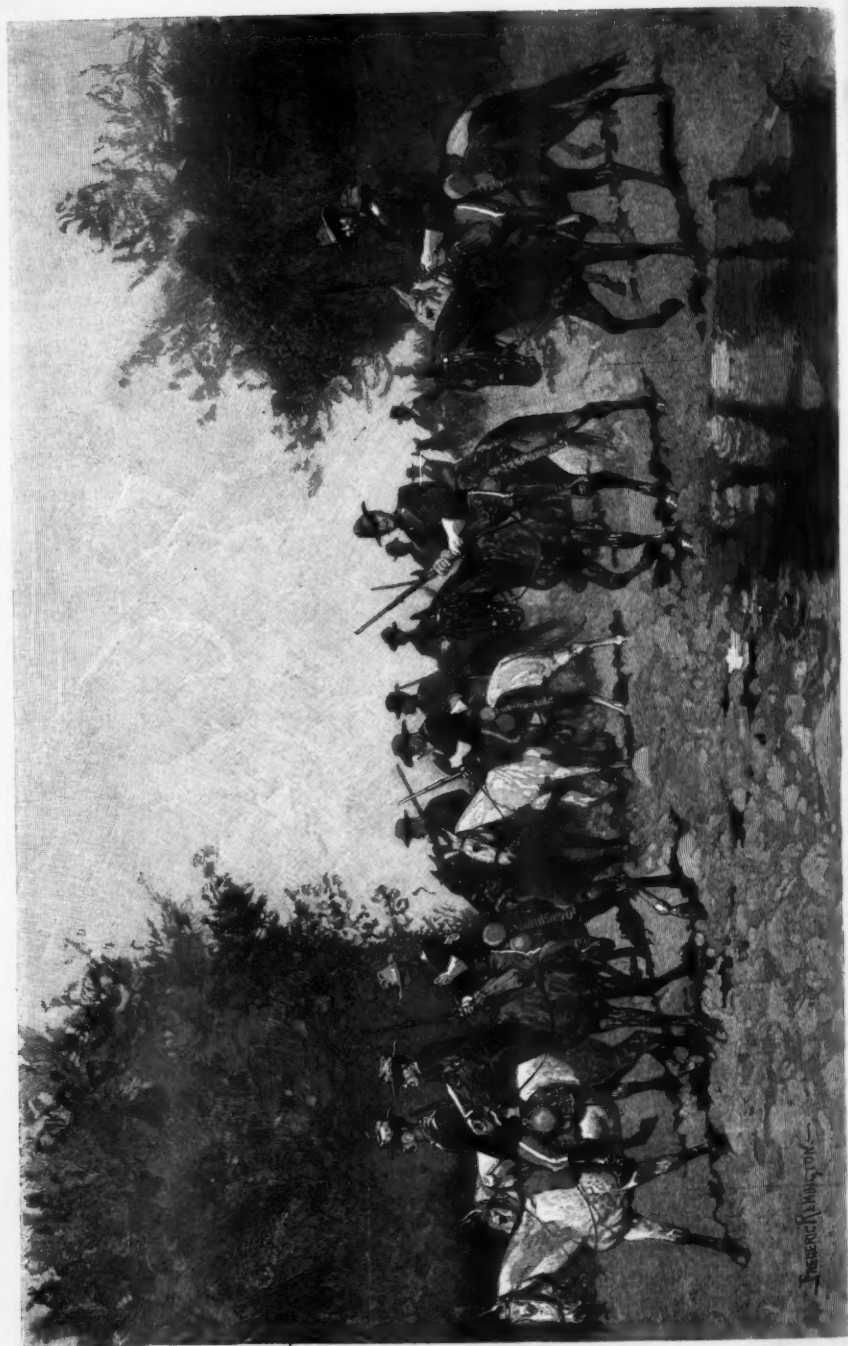


A RECONNAISSANCE.

mand of General Miles, no account of them need appear here. When hostilities had begun their really great and remarkable chief, Joseph, conceived the bold scheme of transporting his whole band, women, children and all, across the Rockies through leagues of rough forest and broken ravines, across deep and broad rivers to Dominion territory, pursued and harassed though he was by several commands. While these Indians were yet in Idaho and before it seemed probable that they could penetrate Montana, General Miles was gathering from every available source information as to their probable route and objective and discussing

and forming plans to capture them. On the 3d of August, six days before the battle of Big Hole in which General Gibbon's command inflicted and suffered much loss, General Miles instructed Lieutenant Doane to "intercept, capture, or destroy" this band. Lieutenant Doane, 2d Cavalry, was then en route to Judith Basin near the Upper Missouri, then abounding in game and believed to be the objective of Joseph.

On the 11th of August, but two days after the battle of Big Hole and while Joseph was yet among the Rockies, the General sent six troops of the 7th Cavalry under command of

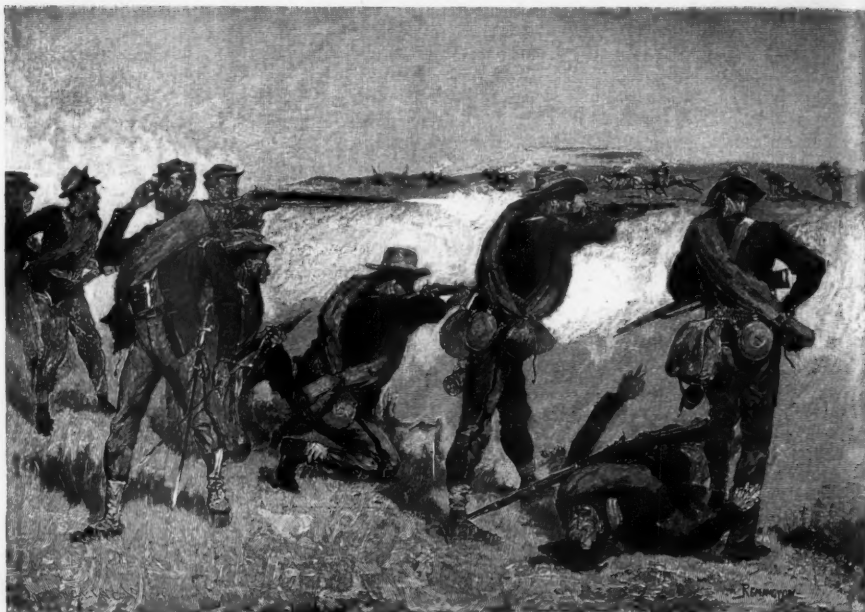


ON THE MARCH—THE ADVANCE GUARD.

its colonel, General Sturgis, towards the Upper Yellowstone with orders to "intercept, or pursue and capture or destroy" this band. Lieutenant Doane's command, which included a troop of the 7th Cavalry and a large body of Crow allies, was also placed under General Sturgis's orders for this duty. The action above indicated anticipated instructions received August 21 to the same end. General Sturgis and Lieutenant Doane were instructed to keep General Miles fully informed of all important movements and events. At evening September 17, the General learned at the cantonment, Tongue River, Montana, that the Indians had outstripped their pursuers, evaded and passed General Sturgis's forces, had had an engagement with them in the valley of the Yellowstone near the present site of Billings, and had thus a practically unobstructed route to the boundary—more than two hundred miles. Hastily organizing, from that which was left of his command, its available force, he began to move at once. All through the night the ferry-boat was plying, transferring to the left bank of the Yellowstone troops, transportation, and supplies, and the early morning of the 18th saw the force striking rapidly out for the northwest, intending by a march along the hypotenuse of a triangle, to intercept a rapidly marching force which was following the perpendicular and had had five days the start. By small detachments and scouts the General kept himself informed of everything far out to the left and, thus marching, reached the Missouri, at the mouth of the Musselshell, September 23, with the main command, some of the detachments being farther up stream. Major Guido Ilges, from Fort Benton, had with a scanty detachment boldly followed up the Indians for a short distance from their place of crossing the Missouri but had not force enough to effect a decisive result. On the 25th, General Miles learned through Ilges that the Nez Percés had crossed on the 23d; he ferried his command across the Missouri and pushed out with his mounted force,—three troops of the 2d Cavalry commanded by Captain Tyler, three of the 7th Cavalry commanded by Captain Hale, and four companies of the 5th Infantry commanded by Captain Snyder,—leaving his train to follow, and carrying upon pack-mules supplies with which his command could eat sparingly and fight liberally. From early dawn to dark for four days along the grassy plains which border the Little Rockies, the troops were urged on, past tempting herds of buffaloes and flocks of inquisitive antelopes, and, on the 29th, in a snow-swept camp in the gap between the Little Rocky and the Bear Paw Mountains, tidings of the discovery of the trail came from the scouts at the left; Lieutenant Maus' 1st In-

fantry, commanding the scouts, had used his sleepless vigilance to good purpose. The earliest dawn of the 30th saw the command again crowding forward. Soon the small body of surrendered Cheyennes and Sioux accompanying the command roused from their usual immobility and stripped for a fray: saddles, blankets, and bridles were snatched from their ponies; now and again softly patting their hands together and pointing far down a foggy valley, they threw off blankets, beaded shirts, and leggings and, clad in a waist-cloth and a grim smile, they sprang on their ponies (guided by a lariat about neck and nose) and, rifle in hand, dashed away for the fog-obscured valley where the battle of Bear Paw was about to open. "Camp three miles away!" was shouted from mouth to mouth. General and staff, Tyler, Hale, and Snyder, with their battalions well in hand, started on the trail of the Indian scouts over the rolling hills and smooth grassy valleys which skirt the northern base of the Bear Paw. The three miles proved to be eight and the trot became a gallop. "Let Tyler sweep around to the left and cut off the camp from the herd," was the command communicated by a staff officer who led the 2d Cavalry to its position. This brought the 7th to the front of the charging column, and Hale, sitting his horse with his accustomed grace, his face lighted up with the debonaire smile which his friends so well remember, dashed bravely forward to the heroic death that was awaiting him. The two battalions, 7th and 5th, under General Miles's lead charged direct upon the camp. The surprise was complete, Joseph had watched his own trail but had not scouted to his flank. But he was a soldier and a commander. His camp was a stronghold within the curve of a crescent-shaped bank, the bank itself cut by ravines heading in the open country.

The work of the scouts and Tyler's battalion was promptly done, and the Indians, seeing themselves cut off from their animals, turned at bay and met the onset of Hale and Snyder like the brave men they were. The 7th and 5th dismounted and vigorously pressed the attack, holding the Indians in a close-drawn circle; so close were the contestants that faces seen then were afterwards recognized. The Indians fired from cover and their number could not be estimated. The commanding officer, desiring to change the position of the 7th, sent one of his staff to convey the order. He rode to the position of Hale's battalion, all of whom, seeking such slight cover as inequalities of surface afforded, were hotly engaged, gave the customary salute to its commander, who was lying among his men, and began the familiar formula—"The General's compliments and he directs"—when observing that no response was given



LONG-TOM RIFLES ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

he looked more intently and saw that he was saluting the dead. Near Hale lay his adjutant, Lieutenant J. W. Biddle, 7th Cavalry, worthy son of a brave sire who had given his life in the War for the Union.

Meantime with courage and good judgment Lieutenant McClermand, commanding a troop of the 2d Cavalry, had gathered in the herd of 800 ponies which the Indians who escaped at the first charge tried to rescue. The hot fire and the short range had wrought terrible havoc. Within the first half hour twenty per cent. of the attacking force was laid low, and an unusual percentage was killed outright, but neither party would yield. The Indians dug cellar-like pits which protected them from direct fire. Another charge was ordered and, led by Captain Carter of the 5th Infantry, a portion of that regiment sprang boldly forward, penetrated the village, and inflicted a severe loss, but thirty-five per cent. of the attacking party fell in less time than is required to describe its heroic action. It was evident that success at such a price would be too costly. The courageous and skilful defense and the excellent arms of the Indians, many of whom had magazine guns and

some of whom used explosive bullets, rendered it necessary to adopt the methods of a siege in subduing them. The skilful and brave conduct of Sergeant John McHugh, 5th Infantry, who commanded the artillery detachment and who had distinguished himself at Wolf Mountain, January 8, '77, deserves especial attention. The command was virtually a heavy skirmish line without reserves, and McHugh, regardless of personal exposure, crowded his artillery, one small Hotchkiss breech-loader and a 12-pounder, close upon the line, and deliberately loaded and fired. The exigencies of transportation permitted but few 12-pounder shells. Those few were so skilfully planted that every one of them told. On the 1st of October, the second day of the battle, some willingness to surrender appeared, but not till the 5th of October did the surrender occur. Joseph handed his rifle to General Miles and, with the dignity that well became his handsome figure and noble mien, pointed impressively to the sun and said: "From where the sun now stands I fight no more against the white man."¹

Four hundred and eighteen Indians surrendered; 57 were killed or wounded during the

¹ During the battle the besieged and besiegers alike looked, but with very different emotions, towards the northern horizon, and the solitude of the commander hampered with a large number of wounded and the forebodings of those who were helpless from wounds may perhaps be faintly imagined as time and again large

forces of Indians were reported approaching, indeed apparently were close at hand, and the thick-falling snow driven by a howling wind made it impossible to determine, till the on-coming host had crowned the hills about the battle-field, that they were only a herd of buffaloes.—G. W. B.

fight and siege; 105 including Joseph's daughter escaped when the troops charged, and reached Dominion territory. The captives were taken first to Kansas and then to Indian territory. Nearly seven years later, when General Miles had received promotion and was commanding the department of Columbia, he at last succeeded in having Joseph and the remnant of his band returned to the vicinity of their old home.

The troops killed at the battle of Bear Paw lie side by side in the ceaseless comradeship of a soldier's grave on the field where they fought shoulder to shoulder; like so many other brave men who fell in the "Battle of Civilization," they are unknown or forgotten by those who profited by their victories. In his annual report for 1877, General Miles summarized thus the operations of his troops for the year ending with October: "Distance marched, over 4000 miles. Besides much property captured and destroyed, 1600 animals were taken. Upwards of 7000 Indians were killed, captured, forced to surrender, or driven out of the country."

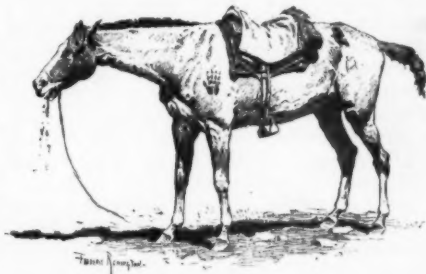
DRIVING THE SIOUX UNDER THE YOKE.

HAVING been sent by General Miles on a peaceful mission to Dominion territory, in the spring of 1878, I heard that Sitting Bull, so far from coming to the rescue of the besieged Nez Percés, was so terrified by the proximity of the command of "Bear Coat," as the Indians called General Miles, because of a fur-trimmed coat that he wore, that he pulled up stakes and fled incontinently northward. In February, 1878, his following moved south of the boundary, and General Miles made preparations to attack him; he had already sent out his supply train with escort, when a telegram from Washington ordered him back. One of the conditions of the successes of 1876-1877 was the absence of speedy communication. That helpful lack had now been hurtfully supplied and the method adopted of conducting campaigns from a point so remote that prompt and intelligent use of the varying conditions at the scene of hostilities could not be made. But though the expedition north of the Missouri was suspended the entire section south of that river was tranquil and safe. As indicating this I may relate that on my return from the Dominion, in the summer of 1878, accompanied only by one scout, I journeyed across country from Fort Peck to Fort Keogh without seeing an Indian, and was assured of their absence by the quiet grazing of tens of thousands of buffalo among which we rode by day and camped at night. Taking advantage of this period of quiet General Miles started out with a party to visit Yellowstone Park, in

August, 1878, but, while on the way learned that another band of Indians from beyond the mountains was coming into his district, over the route followed by Joseph the year before.

These were the Bannocks from southern Idaho. Sending the ladies and guests of the pleasure party forward on their journey, he took twenty men of the 5th Infantry, and fifteen Crow scouts, and started up Clark's Fork to intercept the invaders. On September 4 he surprised the camp, and in the brief fight 11 Indians were killed and the remainder of the band captured, also their animals, numbering 250. The loss of the attacking party was small in numbers, but among the killed was Captain Andrew S. Bennett, 5th Infantry, a most meritorious officer.

The winter of 1878-9 passed without any general movement of the command, but, as was said of a President of the United States whose term of office covered a period of great excitement, it might be said of Sitting Bull on our northern border that "He sat there like a poultice, drawing all the bad humors to a head." The recalling of the expedition of February, 1878, was practically an abandonment to the hostiles of the valleys of Milk River and other northern affluents of the Missouri in Montana, and they became Sitting Bull's domain, with friendly territory to the north, and there were assembled not only the United States Indians who were hostile, but also Indians and



A WOUNDED WAR-PONY.

half-breeds from north of the line, making a total of some five thousand, with thousands of ponies. The half-breeds became a supply train of ammunition. It was evident at last, even at the seat of government thousands of miles away, that some stop must be put to the progress of affairs in that direction, and in June, 1879, the order came. In the spring the Indian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of war. The buffaloes, in that olden time, roamed in great herds, "beef on the hoof" without limit, and the grass made the ponies fat, while the broad rivers were booming with the melting



COURIERS.

snows of the mountains, delaying the movement of troops and trains, whereas in the winter the frozen streams afforded smooth and easy roadway to troops and supplies, and the improvident enemy and their starved ponies were least prepared for activity. General Miles's force when assembled at Fort Peck consisted of seven companies of the 5th Infantry mounted on the ponies captured in earlier expeditions, seven troops of the 2d Cavalry, two companies of the 6th Infantry and an artillery detachment, besides surrendered Indian and white scouts, a total of about eight hundred, much the largest command that he ever led against Indians.

On July 17 the advance guard, two companies and Indian scouts, commanded by First-Lieutenant W. P. Clark ("Philo") 2d Cavalry, attacked a band of more than three hundred Indians near Frenchman's Creek, and after a sharp fight drove them back for twelve miles upon their main body which, issuing out, surrounded the advance. It is doubtful whether "Philo" ever felt a quail of fear; he could not have been blamed if he had on this occasion experienced it, for the immense host was encircling him, and, but for the rapid advance of Miles and the main command he would probably not have survived to give his graphic account of the charge that came thundering to his rescue.

The charge was a splendid spectacle and a most efficient one; the hostiles abandoning their property fled precipitately from the field.

But the 49th parallel, which interposed no obstacle to the hostiles, whether advancing to depredate or retreating before the troops, was an insuperable barrier to those troops and prevented such pursuit as alone could result in success. The half-breeds, with their supply train of unique and indigenous carts, quaintly fashioned of wood and rawhide, without a scrap of iron, received the next attention, and more than eight hundred were arrested and a check put to their traffic.

While, for reasons already stated, this expedition could not achieve an immediate success, it yet so impressed the hostiles with the efficiency and ubiquity of the command that it largely contributed to produce the result desired. The succeeding months witnessed no general hostile movement; occasional raiding parties of Indians appeared and were hotly pursued, killed, captured, or dispersed by the troops that were kept ever alert and ready to start out in any direction at any time of day or night. In the summer and autumn of 1880 large and important surrenders to General Miles were made, the Indians breaking off from Sitting Bull's camp and coming under their own chiefs to Fort Keogh. In this way Spotted Eagle and Broad Trail or Big Road, Rain-in-the-Face, Kicking Bear, Short Bull, etc., and their followers came in and many others, but perhaps the most widely known of the Indians who thus surrendered was Rain-in-the-Face, whose

name Longfellow's poem first made familiar and whose story Mrs. Custer's graphic book "Boots and Saddle" relates somewhat at length. Whether from modesty, caution, or a passion for exact statement, is uncertain, but he did not, after his surrender, claim for himself so conspicuous and so ghastly a part in the battle of Little Big Horn as the poem assigns him. Fierce savage though he doubtless was he exhibited marked susceptibilities to the softer vanities of life, took especial pleasure in arraying himself in gaudy attire, and with face highly colored, and having on it a row of simulated raindrops, would "preserve that expression" and "look pleasant" over and over while the photographer "took" him. These Indians numbering some fifteen hundred, also a considerable part of those who had surrendered earlier, were sent in 1881 by a fleet of steamboats to their agencies on the Missouri in Dakota. General Miles had exhibited towards them those qualities which secured their loyalty and confidence. He had conquered them in battle, kept inviolate faith with them in council, treated them justly, trusted and protected them as captives, and during the months of '79 and '80, while keeping every trail hot with detachments in pursuit of the hostiles, had inaugurated a régime of peace and goodwill among those who were camped about Fort Keogh.

Dropping the implements of warfare they took hold of plow, hoe and shovel, made roads, broke the soil, and planted and so made a hopeful start on "the white man's road." When the order for their removal came they clustered about Captain E. P. Ewers, 5th Infantry, who had had immediate charge of them from the first and had ably seconded and executed General Miles's plans for their welfare, and, with tears streaming down their cheeks, besought him to take everything they owned and allow them to remain. Every member of the old campaigning force felt a keen and kindly interest in them. There was not alone the feeling of humanity but of comradeship; for many of them, as enlisted scouts, had marched and fought with the troops and some of them bear the scars of wounds received while fighting for the United States.

The surrender of those who had flocked to Sitting Bull's standard at last took from him the power to assert himself as a great chief. While proof cannot in the nature of the case be adduced, there is little room for doubt that the long tarry of those Indians north of the boundary was brought about by a corrupt alliance of one official with the traders in the Northwest Territory who profited greatly by trading with them. At last, deserted by all but his immediate family following, too weak and

ill-supplied to maintain a hostile attitude, too poor by the sale or robbery of his effects to tempt the cupidity of those who graphically describe themselves as "not on the frontier for their health," Sitting Bull surrendered at Fort Buford, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, July 20, 1881. The combination in his mien of the grandeur of the great prince in misfortune and the thriftiness of the showman was irresistibly funny. Holding himself in sorrowful reserve within his tepee, he stationed one of his young men at the entrance to collect a quarter of a dollar from each one of the throng of eager visitors.

General Miles was promoted in December, 1880, which severed his connection with the 5th Infantry. Of that relation, which existed for eleven and a half years, it falls quite within the truth to say, no commander was ever more ably led; no commander was ever more loyally and bravely followed.

THE CAPTURE OF GERONIMO'S APACHES.

GENERAL MILES was now assigned to the command of the Department of the Columbia, including Alaska, Washington, and Oregon, and nearly all of Idaho. Before assuming it he was employed on a commission to the Indian Territory, and on other duty in the east. He went to his new headquarters, Vancouver Barracks, in the summer of 1881. He secured the return to their former home of Joseph's band of Nez Percés, who were unhappy in the Indian Territory. In the summer of 1885 there were indications of serious trouble in the Indian Territory, growing out of the conflict between the interests of the owners of immense herds of cattle grazing in that territory and of the Indians whose reservations were thus made a grazing ground, and the President summoned General Miles from the extreme northwest to the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in which department the Indian Territory is situated. One-fourth of the army was assembled under his orders and, by its disposition in posts and camps near the scene of the difficulty, peace was maintained, and there opened before the General the prospect of a quiet residence at that most attractive post, Fort Leavenworth, which had been his army home for several years while he was colonel of the 5th Infantry. But, on April 2, 1886, he was sent to command the Department of Arizona to relieve General Crook. And so, a second time within nine months, the President had through the War Department assigned to him a new and most difficult task. The conditions of success were wholly unlike those which obtained in the Sioux war. In the northwest the great numbers of the enemy and the intensity of the cold were



A TYPICAL TROOPER.

the two chief obstacles to be overcome, whereas in the southwest the hostile force was small and so easily eluded pursuers, and the temperature was torrid. Heat, barrenness, jagged mountain cliffs, steep walled cañons, scant water, or the utter absence of it, these multiplied a hundred fold the prowess of the wily Apaches who had been accustomed for generations to defy these obstacles, to sustain life under these hard conditions, and for years to prey upon the peaceful inhabitants who lived a pastoral or agricultural life on the open plains or along the rivers, or mined the rich ores of the mountains.

Devastating impartially on both sides of the boundary, Arizona, New Mexico, and Northern Mexico were laid under rude tribute by

these lithe and active savages, who moved so rapidly and stealthily that the fancied security growing out of a period of tranquillity was often the precursor of destruction, robbery, and death. This insecurity and alarm had terrorized the citizens of the territories and caused, on the part of many, an abandonment of their ordinary industrial pursuits. Two tasks confronted him; to capture or destroy the Indians who were actively hostile led by Geronimo and Natchez, and to repress and control those who, through sympathy and relationship with the hostiles, and through instinct and experience, were ready to take the war path and swell the tide of devastation. The mountains and the sun—the first the strongholds of the savages and almost impassable obstacles to the troops, the latter the cause of the desert-like dryness and the intolerable heat which augmented the difficulties of campaigning almost to the point of impossibility—were made his allies, the eyes of his command, and the carriers of swift messages. By a system of heliograph signals, communications were sent with almost incredible swiftness; in one instance a message traveled seven hundred miles in four hours. The messages, flashed by mirrors from peak to peak of the

mountains, disheartened the Indians as they crept stealthily or rode swiftly through the valleys, assuring them that all their arts and craft had not availed to conceal their trails, that troops were pursuing them and others awaiting them. The telescopes of the vigilant members of the Signal Corps, who garrisoned the rudely built but impregnable works on the mountains, permitted no movement by day, no cloud of dust even in the valleys below, to escape attention. Little wonder that the Indians thought that the powers of the unseen world were confederated against them.

Fortunately there was a treaty which permitted our troops to pursue the Indians into Mexico, and so the international boundary did

not, as in the Northwest, interpose to protect them until they had refitted and recuperated. General Miles organized a special force of picked cavalry and infantry, scouts and guides, under Captain H. W. Lawton, 4th Cavalry, to pursue the hostiles whenever they should take to Mexican territory.

Geronimo did not permit this well-devised machine to rust from disuse. In truth, before it was fully in order, he put it to the test, making a blood-red trail from a point 150 miles within the Mexican Territory and invading ours on the 27th of April, just fifteen days after General Miles had taken command. The trail was taken up in succession, by twenty-five different commands or detachments, representing four regiments, each detachment inspired by the energy expressed in a paragraph of General Miles's order in which he said: "Commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture or until they are assured a fresh command is on the trail." This vigorous pursuit and the five encounters with different commands convinced the Indians that Arizona afforded them no place of security, and they hurried from its borders to the supposed inaccessible fastnesses of the Sierra Madre in Mexico. Though the contests of forces so small may not merit the name of battle, yet in no battle have the participants incurred greater risks or evinced a higher degree of heroism. Captain Lebo of the 10th Cavalry, after a hot pursuit of 200 miles, brought the Indians to bay and there ensued a spirited contest just within the Mexican Territory, in which Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke of the 10th Cavalry, then recently from the class-rooms and the drill ground of West Point, distinguished himself by rushing forward at the risk of his life and bearing to a place of safety a wounded veteran soldier who lay helpless under a sharp fire of the enemy. A like act of heroism was a few days later exhibited under similar circumstances by First-Sergeant Samuel Adams of the 4th Cavalry, of the command of Captain Hatfield of that regiment.

Lawton's command (with its sixty days' supplies on pack mules) now took up the trail. The rough nature of the country and the absence of grass and water made it impossible to employ cavalry in a long continued pursuit. Assistant-Surgeon Leonard Wood, who for a part of the time added to his professional duties the command of the infantry of Lawton's force, gives a graphic description of the country and of the chase. He writes:

Sonora, taken as a whole, is a continuous mass of mountains of the most rugged and broken character. Range follows range with hardly an excuse for a valley. It produces nothing save a few wild fruits, cactus, and more or less of game. Troops operating in these sections are dependent

for all supplies on pack trains. Such is the roughness of the country in some portions that even these cannot pass through. Water is scanty and often of poor quality. Grass almost wanting during the dry season. The heat is intense, often reaching 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

Of the Apaches of Geronimo's band he says:

Mountaineers from infancy, they found little difficulty in passing through the roughest country. The cactus and various roots furnished food; water or its equivalent was also furnished by the former plant; rats, mice, rabbits, and deer contributing the meat ration, also the horse when forced as far as he could carry his rider. During the latter part of June and July it was my good fortune to command the infantry. In the detachment of Companies D and K, 8th Infantry, were men who had served in India and South Africa, and, in their opinion, this was by far the hardest and roughest service they had ever seen. . . . Infantry on this expedition marched in drawers and undershirts. . . . I do not remember seeing a pair of blue trousers put on after once wearing the lighter articles mentioned above.

Through such a region and with such drafts upon the strength and fortitude of the men this force kept up the pursuit during the intolerable heat of that summer of '86, and with such steadfastness and skill that no craft or device of the savages could throw them off the trail or secure to the pursued an hour's respite. The extreme southern point of pursuit was three hundred miles south of the international boundary and its tortuous windings spread a network of intersecting trails over the mountains and cañons of Sonora. At last (September 4) the Indians, worn out, surrendered. This band was sent ultimately to Alabama. The conduct of Lieutenant C. B. Gatewood, 6th Cavalry, in going unattended by troops into the camp of the hostiles and demanding their surrender, must be recorded as a conspicuous instance of the fortitude which at the call of duty defies danger.

Simultaneously with the winding up of the Geronimo and Natchez campaign and the deporting of them and their followers, the four hundred Warm Spring and Chiricahua Indians at Fort Apache, who were thought to be ready for an outbreak, were also hurried from the territory which they had harried and devastated for years. The citizens of Arizona indicated their appreciation of General Miles's services by presenting to him a richly ornamented sword. For the first time in our history our temple of Janus had closed doors.

THE MESSIAH DISTURBANCE.

WHEN the foregoing was written, more than a year ago, the "Messiah Craze" was beginning to attract the attention of those who were intently observing Indian affairs. It was

asserted that Mormon influence was active in stirring up dissatisfaction. The craze took shape from what was, unfortunately, an always present feeling with the Indians—hunger. The Messiah was not only to annihilate the invading whites, but to bring back the boundless herds of buffalo which, but a decade ago, were the Indians' preferred food. The non-progressive, inveterately wild Indians, of whom Sitting Bull was the best known, saw in the disaffection and hallucination an opportunity to recover their fast-waning power; and the boys and young men, who had grown up in a period of peace and had listened to the recital of the deeds of their sires under the old régime, burned with zeal to emulate them.

At that time General Miles was in command of the military division which included our entire Pacific coast. Before the Indian trouble culminated, changes of command fortunately brought him from the West to the Interior, and placed him in command of the Division of the Missouri, in which are all of the Sioux, thousands of whom had surrendered to him during his campaigns of 1876-80, and among whom the craze was the most menacing. With his customary foresight, General Miles formed plans and issued orders, whose careful execution would have illustrated the beneficent work of a disciplined force, not only in preventing violence, but also in protecting non-combatants and their property. Even a partial execution of his plans afforded this protection; during the trouble, from November 15, 1890 to January 25, 1891, not a person was killed by Indians outside the boundaries of an Indian reservation, and the homes and property of adjacent settlers were unmolested.

Doubtless one of Sitting Bull's own race would call him an unbending patriot. "The Great Spirit made me an Indian and did not make me an Agency Indian," he proudly asserted to General Miles under a flag of truce, in the fall of 1876, when backed up by a thousand braves. There are, however, but two goals for the Indians—civilization or annihilation; Sitting Bull has the latter, as doubtless he would have preferred. He was killed December 15,

1890 by men of his own race who were enforcing against him the orders of the whites, whom he hated. Captain Fechet, of the 8th Cavalry, who brought a force to the support of the Agency police, took charge of the body, which was not mutilated nor scalped; he had it carried to Fort Yates, North Dakota, where it was decently buried in a coffin. Whatever the opinion entertained as to Sitting Bull and his taking off, inasmuch as his influence tended always to embroil his following with the dominant race his death will doubtless result in benefit to his own people.

For every Indian war there is a cause; too often that cause has been bad policy, bad faith, bad conduct, or blundering on the part of the whites. This sketch has simply recognized the fact of war and sought to give a true though necessarily an inadequate statement as to the means used by one commander to conduct his Indian campaigns to their uniformly successful issue. Given the fact of war, whatever the cause, the soldier must secure peace, even if he fights to win it. For the savage of to-day, as for civilized man not so many centuries ago, an enemy and his wife and children have no rights. The recognition of this fact would prevent much misconception as to the character of Indians. If I have not, in these sketches, indicated sufficiently the friendly feeling which, in common with nearly all army men, I feel for the Indians, not only friendly feeling but admiration for many of their qualities, I cannot hope to do so in a brief paragraph. The American people, those who really wish and hope to save the Indians from extinction or degradation, must be prepared to use great patience and summon all their wisdom. Indians (the men) naturally look upon the arts of peace very much as the knights of the past ages did. War is their pastime; by it come glory, honor, leadership. It is unlikely that the place of the Indians as peaceful citizens will approach their place as warriors. "Justice and judgment," the one to protect, the other justly to punish them, have been too greatly lacking. It remains yet to be seen whether the future will be better than the past.

G. W. Baird,
Major, U. S. A.


JULY.

STRANGE, at the full meridian of the year,
To see a leaf blown wild, untimely sere.
Oh, passing strange, borne on light laughter's breath
Through the rich house of life, the thought of death.

Henry Tyrrell.

GREELEY'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN.

AN UNPUBLISHED ADDRESS BY HORACE GREELEY.¹

HERE have been ten thousand attempts at the life of Abraham Lincoln, whereof that of Wilkes Booth was perhaps the most atrocious; yet it stands by no means alone. Ora-

tors have harangued, preachers have sermonized, editors have canted and descanted; forty or fifty full-fledged biographies have been inflicted on a much-enduring public; yet the man, Abraham Lincoln, as I saw and thought I knew him, is not clearly depicted in any of these, so far as I have seen. I do not say that most or all of these are not better than *my* Lincoln—I only say they are not mine. Bear with me an hour and I will show you the man as he appeared to me—as he seems not to have appeared to any of them; and if he shall be shown to you as by no means the angel that some, or the devil that others, have portrayed him, I think he will be brought nearer to your apprehension and your sympathies than the idealized Lincoln of his panegyrists or his defamers. Nay, I do sincerely hope to make the real Lincoln, with his thoroughly human good and ill, his virtues and his imperfections, more instructive and more helpful to ordinary humanity, than his unnatural, celestial apotheosized shadow ever was or could be.

I shall pass rapidly over what I may distinguish as the *rail-splitting* era of his life. Born in a rude portion of Kentucky in 1809; removed into the still more savage, unpeopled wilderness, then the Territory of Indiana, in 1811; losing his mother and only brother while yet a child, and his only sister in later youth, he grew up in poverty and obscurity on the rugged outskirts of civilization, or a little beyond it, where there were no schools, post-offices few and far between, newspapers in those days seldom seen in the new and narrow clearings, and scarce worth the eyesight they marred when they were seen; the occasional stump speech of a candidate for office, and the more frequent sermon of some Methodist or Baptist

itinerant—earnest and fervid, but grammatically imperfect, supplying most of the intellectual and spiritual element attainable. He did not attend school for the excellent reason that there *was* no school within reach—the poor whites from the Slave-States, who mainly settled Southern Indiana, being in no hurry to establish schools, and his widowed father being one of them. So he chopped timber, and split rails, and hoed corn, and pulled fodder, as did other boys around him (when they did anything); learning to read as he best might, and, thenceforth, reading from time to time such few books, good, bad, and indifferent, as fell in his way, and so growing up to be six feet four inches high by the time he was twenty years old. As no one ever publicly denied that he was an obedient, docile son, a kind, indulgent brother, and a pleasant, companionable neighbor, I will take these points as conceded.

About the time he became of age his father made a fresh plunge into the wilderness—this time into the heart of Illinois, halting for a year near the present city of Springfield, and then striking eastward seventy miles to Coles County, whither his son did not see fit to follow him; but having once already when nineteen years of age made a voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans on a flat boat, laden with produce, he now helped build such a boat, and made his second journey thereon to the Crescent City; returning to serve a year as clerk in a store; then heading a company of volunteers for the Black Hawk War of 1832; and next becoming at once a law student and a candidate for the legislature; receiving an almost unanimous vote in the only precinct where he was known, but failing of an election in the county. He had already, since he became his own man, obtained some schooling, and the craft of a land surveyor; he was twenty-three years old when he in the same season became a captain of volunteers, a candidate for representative, and a student at law.

Let me pause here to consider the surprise often expressed when a citizen of limited schooling is chosen to be, or is presented for one of

¹ This interesting address by Horace Greeley was written either in 1868 or not far from that date; but for some reason it did not receive publication—and it is believed was never delivered. Mr. Greeley's manuscript, now in the possession of a former editor

of the "Tribune," has been lent to me to decipher. Its frequent and closely and minutely written interlineations, and its general illegibility have made its reproduction a somewhat appalling task.

Joel Benton.

the highest civil trusts. Has that argument any foundation in reason, any justification in history?

Of our country's great men, beginning with Ben Franklin, I estimate that a majority had little if anything more than a common school education, while many had less. Washington, Jefferson, and Madison had rather more; Clay and Jackson somewhat less; Van Buren perhaps a little more; Lincoln decidedly less. How great was his consequent loss? I raise the question; let others decide it. Having seen much of Henry Clay, I confidently assert that not one in ten of those who knew him late in life would have suspected from aught in his conversation or bearing, that his education had been inferior to that of the college graduates by whom he was surrounded. His knowledge was different from theirs; and the same is true of Lincoln's as well. Had the latter lived to be seventy years old, I judge that whatever of hesitation or *rawness* was observable in his manner would have vanished, and he would have met and mingled with educated gentlemen and statesmen on the same easy footing of equality with Henry Clay in his later prime of life. How far his two flatboat voyages to New Orleans are to be classed as educational exercises above or below a freshman's year in college, I will not say; doubtless some freshmen know more, others less, than those journeys taught him. Reared under the shadow of the primitive woods, which on every side hemmed in the petty clearings of the generally poor, and rarely energetic or diligent, pioneers of the Southern Indiana wilderness, his first introduction to the outside world from the deck of a "broad-horn" must have been wonderfully interesting and suggestive. To one whose utmost experience of civilization had been a county town, consisting of a dozen or twenty houses, mainly log, with a shabby little court-house, including jail, and a shabbier, ruder, little church, that must have been a marvelous spectacle which glowed in his face from the banks of the Ohio and the lower Mississippi. Though Cairo was then but a desolate swamp, Memphis a wood-landing and Vicksburgh a timbered ridge with a few stores at its base, even these were in striking contrast to the somber monotony of the great woods. The rivers were enlivened by countless swift-speeding steamboats, dispensing smoke by day and flame by night; while New Orleans, though scarcely one-fourth the city she now is, was the focus of a vast commerce, and of a civilization which (for America) might be deemed antique. I doubt not that our tall and green young backwoodsman needed only a piece of well-tanned sheepskin suitably (that is, learnedly) inscribed to have rendered those two boat trips memorable as his degrees in ca-

pacify to act well his part on that stage which has mankind for its audience.

He learned and practised land-surveying because he must somehow live—not ultimately but presently—and he had no idolatrous affection for the wholesome exercise of rail-splitting. He studied law, giving thereto all the time that he could spare from earning his daily bread, for he aspired to political life; and seven-eighths of all the desirable offices in this country are monopolized by the legal profession—I will not judge how wisely. He stood for the legislature, as an election would have enabled him to study regularly without running in debt; whereas, land surveying must take him away from his books. Beaten then, though he received the votes of nearly all his neighbors, he was again a candidate in 1834, and now, when twenty-five years old, and not yet admitted to the bar, he was elected and took his seat—the youngest but one, and probably the tallest member on the floor. He was reelected in 1836, in 1838, and in 1840, receiving after his fourth election the vote of his fellow Whigs for Speaker. He had thus practically, when but thirty-one years old, attained the leadership of his party in Illinois; and that position was never henceforth contested while he lived. When the party had an electoral ticket to frame, he was placed at its head; when it had a chance to elect a United States Senator, it had no other candidate but Lincoln, though under his advice it waived its preference, and united with the anti-Nebraska Democrats in choosing their leader, Lyman Trumbull; it presented him to the first Republican National Convention as its choice for vice-president, and the next, as its choice for president, which prevailed. Meantime, when his second seat in the Senate became vacant in 1858, there was not one Republican in the State who suggested any other name than his for the post. What was it, in a State so large as Illinois, and a party that was justly proud of its Browning, its Yates, its Davis, its Washburne, and others, gave him this unquestioned ascendancy?

I would say, first, his unhesitating, uncalculating, self-sacrificing devotion to the principles and aims of his party. When a poor, unknown youth he first proclaimed himself a Whig, Jacksonism was dominant and rampant throughout the land, and especially in Illinois, where it seemed to have the strength of Gibraltar. In 1836, Ohio and Indiana went for Harrison, but Illinois was not moved to follow them. In 1840, the Whigs carried every other free State, New Hampshire excepted; yet Illinois despite her many veterans who had served under Harrison, or been under his rule, as Governor of the Northwest Territory, went

for Van Buren. Again, in 1844, Mr. Lincoln traveled far and wide, speaking long and well as a Clay elector, yet the State rolled up a largely increased majority for Polk, and she went heavily for Pierce in 1852, likewise for Buchanan in '56. She never cast an electoral vote for any other than the Democratic nominee, till she cast all she had for her own Lincoln. I apprehend that throughout his political career Mr. Lincoln was the most earnest partizan, the most industrious, effective canvasser of his party in the State. Having espoused the Whig cause when it was hopeless, and struggled unavailingly for it, through twenty years of adversity, his compatriots had learned to repose implicit faith in him beyond that which they accorded to any other man, Henry Clay alone excepted.

Our presidential and State canvasses are often improvidently conducted. People wander to distant counties to listen to favorite orators, and swell processions at mass-meetings. They compel speakers to strain and crack their voices in addressing acres of would-be auditors; when, in fact, more effect is usually produced, so far as conviction is concerned, by a quiet, protracted talk in a log school-house than by half-a-dozen tempestuous harangues to a gathering of excited thousands. I perceive and admit the faults, the vices of our system of electioneering; and yet I hold that an American presidential canvass, with all its imperfections on its head, is of immense value, of inestimable utility, as a popular political university, whence even the unlettered, the ragged, the penniless may graduate with profit if they will. In the absence of the stump, I doubt the feasibility of maintaining institutions more than nominally republican; but the stump brings the people face to face with their rulers and aspirants to rule; compels an exhibition and scrutiny of accounts and projects, and makes almost every citizen, however heedless and selfish, an arbiter in our political controversies, enlisting his interest and arousing his patriotism. The allowance of a monarch, exorbitant as it is, falls far below the cost of choosing a president; but the acquaintance with public affairs diffused through a canvass is worth far more than its cost. That falsehoods and distorted conceptions are also disseminated is unhappily true; but there was never yet a stirring presidential canvass which did not leave the people far better, and more generally, informed on public affairs than it found them. The American stump fills the place of the *coup d'état*, and the Spanish-American *pronunciamento*. It is, in an eminently practical sense, the conservator of American liberty, and the antidote to official tyranny and corruption.

The canvasser, if fit to be a canvasser, is

teaching his hearers; fit or unfit, he can hardly fail to be instructed himself. He is day by day presenting facts and arguments and reading in the faces of his hearers their relative pertinence and effectiveness. If his statement of his case does not seem to produce conviction, he varies, fortifies, reinforces it; giving it from day to day new shapes until he has hit upon that which seems to command the hearty, enthusiastic assent of the great body of his hearers; and this becomes henceforth his model. Such was the school in which Abraham Lincoln trained himself to be the foremost *convincer* of his day—the one who could do his cause more good and less harm by a speech than any other living man.

Every citizen has certain conceptions, recollections, convictions, notions, prejudices, which together make up what he terms his politics. The canvasser's art consists in making him believe and feel that an over-ruling majority of these preconceptions ally him to that side whereof said canvasser is the champion. In other words, he seeks to belittle those points whereon his auditor is at odds with him and emphasizes those wherein they two are in accord; thus persuading the hearer to sympathize, act and vote with the speaker. And with this conception in view, I do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Lincoln's speech at Cooper Institute, New York, in the spring of 1860, the very best political address to which I ever listened—and I have heard some of Webster's grandest. As a literary effort, it would not of course, bear comparison with many of Webster's speeches; but regarded simply as an effort to convince the largest possible number that they ought to be on the speaker's side, not on the other, I do not hesitate to pronounce it unsurpassed.

I first met Mr. Lincoln late in 1848 at Washington, as a representative in the Thirtieth Congress—the only one to which he was ever elected. His was, as apportioned under the census of 1840, a Whig district; and he was elected from it in 1846 by the largest majority it ever gave any one. He was then not quite forty years old; a genial, cheerful, rather comely man, noticeably tall, and the only Whig from Illinois—not remarkable otherwise, to the best of my recollection. He was generally liked on our side of the House; he made two or three moderate and sensible speeches which attracted little attention; he voted generally to forbid the introduction of slavery into the still untainted Territories; but he did not vote for Mr. Galt's resolve looking to the immediate abolition of slavery in the Federal district, being deterred by the somewhat fiery preamble thereto. He introduced a counter-proposition of his own, looking to

abolition by a vote of the people—that is by the whites of the district—which seemed to me much like submitting to the votes of the inmates of a penitentiary a proposition to double the length of their respective terms of imprisonment. In short, he was one of the very mildest type of Wilmot Proviso Whigs from the free States—not nearly so pronounced as many who long since found a congenial rest in the ranks of the pro-slavery democracy. But as I had made most of the members my enemies at an early stage of that short session, by printing an elucidated exposé of the iniquities of Congressional mileage; and as he did not join the active cabal against me, though his mileage figured conspicuously and by no means flatteringly in that exposé, I parted from him at the close of the Congress with none but grateful recollections. There were men accounted abler on our side of the House—such as Collamer, of Vermont; Palfrey, and Mann, of Massachusetts, and perhaps Schenck and Root, of Ohio—yet I judge that no other was more generally liked and esteemed than he. And yet had each of us been required to name the man among us who would first attain the presidency, I doubt whether five of us would have designated Abraham Lincoln.

He went home to his law office after trying, I think, to be commissioner of the General Land Office under the incoming Taylor régime and finding the place bespoken; and thenceforth, little was heard of him out of Illinois until the Northern uprising consequent on the introduction and passage of what is known as the "Nebraska Bill." He had hitherto been known as rather conservative than otherwise; this act had the same effect on him as on many others. He was henceforth an open, determined opponent of any extension of slavery to territory previously free. Thus he bore his part in the Illinois contests of 1854 and 1856; and thus when unanimously proclaimed the standard bearer of the Republican party of the State in the senatorial struggle of 1858, he opened the canvass in a speech to the convention which nominated him, which embodied these memorable words:

If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated, with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not ex-

pect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

Here is the famous doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict," which Governor Seward set forth four months later in his speech at Rochester, New York, which attracted even wider attention and fiercer denunciation than Mr. Lincoln's earlier avowal. "Shall I tell you what this collision means?" queried Governor S., with reference to the existing controversy respecting slavery in the Territory: "They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and, therefore, ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an *irrepressible conflict* between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave holding nation, or entirely a free labor nation. . . . It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and the free States; and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises when made, vain and ephemeral."

Finer reading of a national horoscope no statesman ever made—clearer glance into the dim-lit future has rarely been vouchsafed to holy prophet after long vigils of fasting and prayer at Sinai or Nebo. And yet what a stunning concert—or rather dissonance of shriek, and yell, and hostile brays these twin utterances evoked, from ten thousand groaning stumps, from a thousand truculent, shrewish journals! An open adhesion to atheism or anarchy could hardly have called forth fiercer or more scathing execrations. Yet looking back through an eventful interval of less than a decade we see that no truth is more manifest, and hardly one was at that moment more pertinent than that so clearly yet so inoffensively stated, first by the Western lawyer and candidate, then by the New York senator.

I invoke that truth to-day as a bar to harsh judgments and bitter denunciations—as a balm to the wounds of the nation. There was "an irrepressible conflict," the Union *could not* "endure half slave and half free." The interests of slave-holders and free labor were antagonistic, and it was by no contrivance of politicians, but in spite of their determined efforts that the slavery question was perpetually, with brief intervals, distracting Congress, and involving the North and the South in

fierce collision. Shallow talkers say "If it had not been for this or for that — if there had been no Calhoun or no Garrison, no Wendell Phillips or no Wise — if John Brown had died ten years sooner, or Jeff Davis had never been born there would have been no Nebraska question; no secession; no civil war." Idle, empty babble, dallying with surfaces and taking no account of the essential and inevitable! If none of the hundred best-known and most widely hated of our notables of the last twenty years had ever been born, the late struggle might have been postponed a few years or might have been hastened, but it could not have been averted. It broke out in God's good time because it had to be — because the elements of discord imbedded in our institutions could no longer be held passive, so far as its divine end had been fully accomplished. Such are the convictions which have impelled me to plead for amnesty, charity, and mercy, and oblivion, as I should have pleaded though with even less effect had the other party triumphed. Though there had never been a Missouri to admit, a Texas to annex, nor a Kansas to organize and colonize with free labor or with slaves, the "conflict between opposing and enduring forces" would, nevertheless, have wrought out its natural results.

I cannot help regarding that senatorial contest of 1858, between Lincoln and Douglas, as one of the most characteristic and at the same time most creditable incidents in our national history. There was an honest and earnest difference with regard to a most important and imminent public question; and Illinois was very equally divided thereon, with a United States senator for six years to be chosen by the legislature then to be elected. Henceforth each party selects its ablest and most trusted champion, nominates him for the coveted post, and sends him out as the authorized, indorsed, accredited champion of its principles and policy to canvass the State and secure a verdict for its cause. So the two champions traversed the prairies, speaking alternately to the same vast audiences at several central, accessible points, and speaking separately at others, until the day of election; when Douglas secured a small majority in either branch of the legislature, and was reelected, though Lincoln had the larger popular vote. But while Lincoln had spent less than a thousand dollars in all, Douglas in the canvass had borrowed and dispensed no less than eighty thousand dollars; incurring a debt which weighed him down to the grave. I presume no dime of this was used to buy up his competitor's voters, but all to organize and draw out his own; still the debt so improvidently, if not culpably, incurred remained to harass him out of this mortal life.

Lincoln it was said was beaten; it was a hasty, erring judgment. This canvass made him stronger at home, stronger with the Republicans of the whole country, and when the next national convention of his party assembled, eighteen months thereafter, he became its nominee for President, and thus achieved the highest station in the gift of his country; which but for that misjudged feat of 1858 he would never have attained.

A great deal of knowing smartness has been lavished on that Chicago nomination. If A had not wanted this, or had B been satisfied with that, or C not been offended because he had missed or been refused something else, the result would have been different, says Shallowpate. But know, O Shallowpate! that Lincoln was nominated for the one sufficient reason that he could obtain more electoral votes than any of his competitors! And that reason rarely fails in a national convention. It nominated Harrison in '39; Polk in '44; Taylor in '48; Pierce in '56; and Lincoln in '60. Those who compose national conventions are generally at least shrewd politicians. They want to secure a triumph if for no better reason than that they hope thereby to gratify their own personal aspirations. So they consult and compare and balance popularities, and weigh probabilities; and at last the majority center upon that candidate who can poll most votes. This may not be our noblest test of statesmanship, but it is at least intelligible. And thus Abraham Lincoln became President, having every electoral vote from the free States, but three of the seven cast from New Jersey.

Then followed secession, and confederation, and civil war, whereof the first scenes had been enacted before Mr. Lincoln commenced his journey to Washington, taking leave of his fellow-citizens of Springfield with prophetic tenderness and solemnity, and thenceforward addressing at almost every stopping place vast crowds who would have speeches, though he would and should have kept silence; and so meandering to the national capital, everywhere cheered and welcomed, though nearly half his auditors had voted against him, until he neared the slave line; and now he was over-persuaded by the urgent representations of Senator Seward and General Scott, based upon the espials and discoveries of Police-Superintendent Kennedy, to break his engagement to traverse Baltimore, as he had traversed New York and other cities which had given heavy majorities against him, and take instead a sleeping-car which, passing through Baltimore in the dead of night, landed him in Washington hours before that wherein he was expected publicly to enter Baltimore.

I have no doubt that there was a plot to

assassinate him on his way through Baltimore—that the outbreak which cost the lives of six Massachusetts volunteers would have been anticipated by two weeks had he afforded the opportunity; but this peril of assassination is one of the inevitable attendants of conspicuous activity in public affairs in times of popular passion. I cannot say how many distinct, written notices that *my* life was forfeited, and the forfeit would soon be exacted, I have been honored with—certainly a dozen, possibly a hundred—and, arguing from the little to the great, I have no doubt that Mr. Lincoln's allotment of these seductive billets must have considerably exceeded ten thousand.

But what then? Must we sit up all night because so many people die in their beds? We cannot evade the assassin; we cannot fence him out, or Henry IV., of France, and ever so many more powerful and beloved monarchs would not have succumbed to the dagger, the pistol, or the bowl. The most powerful of living rulers is Alexander II., of Russia, and his life has twice within a few years past been saved by the inaccuracy of a regicide's aim.¹ The words of the mighty Julius, as rendered by Shakspeare, embody the truest and highest wisdom:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

I am quite certain that this was also Mr. Lincoln's profound conviction, and that he acted on it whenever he was not overruled by a clamor too sudden and too weighty to allow his judgment fair play. "Hence his untimely death," you say. I do not believe it; you may renounce the sunlight and sit trembling in an inner dungeon surrounded by triple walls and triple guards and yet the assassin will steal in upon you unawares. There is no absolute safeguard against him; your only refuge is the assurance that

Man is immortal 'til his work is done.

Despite ten thousand menaces and warnings and offers to pay for his taking off, and to take him off for pay, Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated President. No crack of rifle or bark of revolver interrupted the reading of his inaugural, though I confidently expected and awaited it. Under a bright March sun, surrounded by a brilliant coterie of foreign ministers and home

dignitaries, the new President read the inaugural, which he had evidently prepared with care and anxious deliberation before leaving his distant home. That document will be lingered over and admired long after we shall all have passed away. It was a masterly effort at persuasion and conciliation by one whose command of logic was as perfect as his reliance on it was unqualified. The man evidently believed with all his soul that if he could but convince the South that he would arrest and return her fugitive slaves and offered to slavery every support required by comity, or by the letter of the Constitution, he would avert her hostility, dissolve the Confederacy, and restore throughout the Union the sway of the Federal authority and laws! There was never a wilder delusion. I doubt whether one single individual was recalled from meditated rebellion to loyalty by that overture, yet mark how solemnly, how touchingly he pleads that war may be averted:

[Here Mr. Greeley quotes the close of the inaugural.²—EDITOR.]

I apprehend that Mr. Lincoln was very nearly the last man in the country whether North or South to relinquish his rooted conviction, that the growing chasm might be closed and the Union fully restored without the shedding of blood. Inured to the ways of the Bar and the Stump, so long accustomed to hear of rebellions that never came to light, he long and obstinately refused to believe that reason and argument, fairly employed, could fail of their proper effect. Though Montgomery Blair, that member of his cabinet who best understood the Southern character, strenuously insisted from the outset that war was inevitable, that hard knocks must be given and taken before the authority of the Union could be restored, or would be recognized in the Cotton States, the President gave far greater heed to the counsel and anticipations of his Secretary of State, whose hopeful nature and optimistic views were in accordance with his own stubborn prepossessions.

I saw him for a short hour about a fortnight after his inauguration; and though the tidings of General Twiggs's treacherous surrender of the larger portion of our little army, hitherto employed in guarding our Mexican frontier, had been some days at hand, I saw and heard nothing that indicated or threatened belligerency on our part. On the contrary, the President sat listening to the endless whine of office-seekers, and doling out village post-offices to importunate or lucky partizans just as though we were sailing before land breezes on a smiling, summer sea; and to my inquiry, "Mr. President! do you know that you will have to *fight* for the place in which you sit?"

¹ Assassinated finally March 13, 1881.—EDITOR.

² See "Abraham Lincoln: A History," Vol. III, p. 319.—EDITOR.

he answered pleasantly, I will not say lightly—but in words which intimated his disbelief that any fighting would transpire or be needed; and I firmly believe that this dogged resolution not to believe that our country was about to be drenched in fraternal blood, is the solution of his obstinate calmness throughout the earlier stages of the war; and especially, his patient listening to the demand of a deputation from the Young Christians of Baltimore as well as of the mayor and of other city dignitaries, that he should stipulate while blockaded in Washington, and in imminent danger of expulsion, that no more Northern volunteers should cross the sacred soil of Maryland in hastening to his relief. We could not comprehend this at the North—many of us have not yet seen through it; most certainly if he had required a committee of ten thousand to kick the bearers of this preposterous, impudent demand back to Baltimore, the ranks of that committee would have been filled in an hour from any Northern city or county containing fifty thousand inhabitants.

And thus the precious early days of the conflict were surrendered because the President did not even yet believe that any serious conflict would be had. He still clung to the delusion that forbearance, and patience, and moderation, and soft words would yet obviate all necessity for deadly strife. Thus new volunteers were left for weeks to rot in idleness and dissipation in the outskirts and purlieus of Washington, because their commander-in-chief believed that it would never be necessary or advisable to load their muskets with ball cartridges. But when at length that heartless, halting, desolating, stumbling, staggering, fatally delayed advance to Bull Run was made by half the regiments that should have been sent forward, and had recoiled in ignominious disaster, as an advance so made against a compact, determined, decently handled force must, there came a decided change. The wanton rout of that black day cost the President but one night's sleep. It cost me a dozen, while good men died of it who had never been within two hundred miles of the so quickly deserted field. Henceforth Mr. Lincoln accepted war as a stern necessity, and stood ready to fight it out to the bitter end.

And yet while I judge that many were more eager than he to bring the struggle to an early if worthy close, no one would have welcomed an honorable and lasting pacification with a sincerer joy. No man was ever more grossly misrepresented or more widely misapprehended than he was on this point; and I deem the fault partly his own or that of his immediate counselors. Let me state distinctly how and why.

The rebellion, once fairly inaugurated, was

kept alive and aggravated by systematic and monstrous misrepresentation at the South of the spirit and purpose of the North. That our soldiers were sent down to kill, ravage, and destroy, with "Beauty and booty" on their standards, and rage and lust in their hearts; and that the North would be satisfied with nothing less than its utter spoliation, if not the absolute extirpation of the Southern people—such were the tales currently reported and widely believed in that vast region wherein no journal not avowedly Confederate existed or could exist for years, until the strength of the Rebellion lay in a widespread belief within its domain that nothing worse could possibly happen to its adherents or their families than subjugation to the Union. Hence I hold that our Government, whatever its hopes of a favorable issue, should not only have welcomed every overture looking to pacification from the other side but should have studied and planned to multiply opportunities for conference and negotiation. When Henry May, an anti-war representative of Baltimore, in Congress, sought permission to go to Richmond in quest of peace, Mr. Lincoln allowed him to slip clandestinely through our lines; but kept his mission quiet and disclaimed all responsibility for it. I would have publicly said: "Go in welcome, Mr. May; I only stipulate that you publish, and authenticate by your signature, the very best terms that are offered you at Richmond; and I agree if they be responsibly indorsed to give them a prompt unprejudiced consideration." And I would have repeated this to every Democrat who might at any time have solicited like permission. So, when in July, 1863, Mr. A. H. Stephens sought permission to visit Washington in a Confederate gunboat with some sort of overture, I would have responded: "Spare us your gunboat, Mr. S.; that would be superfluous here; but you will find a swift vessel and a safe-conduct awaiting you at Fort Monroe; so come to us at once, properly accredited, and you will find us not merely willing but anxious to stay this revolting effusion of human blood." And so to the last. I do firmly believe that the President's Niagara card, "To whom it may Concern," did much to disabuse the Southern mind with regard to Northern purposes, and might have been so framed and proffered as to have done very much more had it said directly, affirmatively, what it said inferentially, negatively. I believe it would have paralyzed thousands of arms then striking frenziedly at the best of their and our country. And I hold Mr. Lincoln's ultimate visit to Fort Monroe, there to confer with Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, with a view to peace, one of the wisest and noblest acts of an eventful, illustrious

life, and one which contributed more than many a Union victory to the speedy disintegration and collapse of the Rebellion. Honored be the wisdom that comes late, if it be not indeed *too* late!

As to the slavery question I think Mr. Lincoln resolutely looked away from it so long as he could, because he feared that his recognizing slavery as the mainspring and driving wheel of the Rebellion was calculated to weaken the Union cause by detaching Maryland, Kentucky, and possibly Missouri also, from its support. "One war at a time" was his wise veto on every avoidable foreign complication; and in the same spirit he vetoed Fremont's and Phelps's, and Hunter's, and other early efforts to liberate the slaves of rebels, or to enlist negro troops. I am not arguing that he was right or wrong in any particular instance; I am only setting forth his way of looking at these grave questions, and the point of view from which he regarded them. To deal with each question as it arose and not be embarrassed in so dealing with it by preconceptions and premature committals, and never to widen needlessly the circle of our enemies, was his inflexible rule. Hence when Congress, in the summer of 1864, named and enacted an elaborate plan of reconstruction for the States then in revolt—which bill was presented to him during the last hour of the session—he withheld his signature and thereby caused its failure—not, as he explained, that he was adverse to the conditions proposed therein, but that he "refused to be inflexibly committed to *any* single plan of restoration"—while the Rebellion was still unsubdued, and while exigencies might arise in the progress of the conflict, which could not be foreseen. The document wherein Messrs. Wade and Winter Davis criticized and controverted this decision is far clearer and more caustic than any Mr. Lincoln ever wrote; and yet I believe, the judgment of posterity will be that he had the right side of the question.

I am not so clear that he had the better position in his discussion with Messrs. Corning and other Democrats of Albany and in his like correspondence with Democratic leaders in Ohio touching the arrest and punishment of Mr. Vallandigham. The essential question at issue was this: "How far may a citizen lawfully and with impunity oppose a war which his country is waging?" It is a question as old as human freedom, and its settlement has not yet been approximated. That there must be liberty to nominate and support candidates hostile to the further prosecution of the contest, and in favor of decisive efforts looking to and in favor of its speedy close by negotiation, is not contested: but where is the limit of this

liberty? May the Opposition proceed to arraign the President as a usurper, despot, anarchist, murderer, and eulogize the cause of the public enemy as righteous, patriotic, and entitled to every good man's sympathy and support? If not, where is the freedom of discussion in election? If yea, how is the national authority to be upheld and its right in extremity to the best services of the whole people enforced and maintained? Mr. Vallandigham was and had been an open, unqualifiedly consistent opponent of the War for the Union. He held that war to be unjust, unconstitutional, and wantonly aggressive. He held that the Union could only be restored through the discomfiture of the national forces and the consequent abandonment of all attempts to "coerce" the South. There was nothing equivocal in his attitude, nor in his utterances, whether in Congress or on the stump. And it cannot be fairly denied that his speeches were as clearly giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy as were the cavalry raids of John Morgan, J. E. B. Stuart, or Mosby. So General Burnside, commanding the military department, including Ohio, had him arrested, tried by a court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress; which sentence was commuted by the President into banishment to the Southern Confederacy—which sentence was duly executed. And thereupon Mr. V—— was nominated for Governor by the Democracy of Ohio, and a strong appeal made to the President by the Democrats of Albany and elsewhere, for an unconditional reversal of the sentence of banishment, assuming that Mr. V—— had been condemned and banished in violation of law and right—"for no other reason than words addressed to a public meeting in criticism of the course of the administration; and in condemnation of the military orders of" Burnside. I think Mr. V——'s friends have ground to stand upon so strong—or at least so plausible—that they might well have offered to set forth more broadly and forcibly the position and the action they controverted.

Mr. Lincoln answered them in what I consider the most masterly document that ever came from his pen. I doubt that Webster could have done better—I am sure he could not have so clearly and so forcibly appealed to the average apprehension of his countrymen; it is clear enough from his letter that the whole business was distasteful to him—that he thought Burnside had blundered in meddling at all with Vallandigham, or even recognizing his existence. Indeed, he intimates this part plainly in the course of his letter; yet he braces himself for his task and fully justifies therein the claim I set up for him, that he was the cleav-

erest logician for the masses that America has yet produced. Six years before he had crushed by a sentence the sophism that sought to cover the extension of slavery into the Territories with the mantle of "Popular Sovereignty": "It means," said he, "that if A chooses to make B his slave, C shall not interfere to prevent it," so, in answering Messrs. Corning and company, he treated their letter as covering a demand that the rebel cause might be served and promoted in the loyal States with impunity by any action that would not be unlawful in times of profound peace—a position that he stoutly contested. . . .

[Mr. Greeley here quotes from Mr. Lincoln's letter of June 12, 1863.—EDITOR.]

. . . I do not suppose this logic convinced Mr. Lincoln that the arrest, and trial, and conviction of Mr. V— were wise and useful measures of repression—if it did it has had no kindred effect on *my* mind. Yet I hold that the bitterest opponent of the President and his policy must in fairness admit that the case is not entirely one-sided—that if government is to exist it must have power to suppress rebellion against its authority; and that it is neither reasonable nor possible to accord the same immunities and uniformly respect the same safeguards of free speech and personal liberty in the presence of a gigantic rebellion, as in times of public tranquility and unbroken allegiance to order and law.

I have said that Mr. Lincoln when I first knew him was classed with the more conservative of Northern Whigs on the subject of slavery. On the 3d of March, 1837—the last day of General Jackson's rule—he submitted to the Legislature of Illinois a protest against certain pro-slavery resolves passed by the Democratic majority of that body, wherein on behalf of himself and his brethren he says:

They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

In 1848 he voted in Congress (as we have seen) to lay on the table Mr. Galt's resolve, proposing instructions to the Federal District Committee to report a bill abolishing slavery in said district; but submitted a substitute looking to compensated, gradual emancipation,

upon the express assent of a majority of the legal voters thereof. Ten years later, instructed by the Nebraska developments he had advanced, as we have seen, to the conception that "the Union could not permanently endure half slave and half free"—and that slavery, not the Union, would eventually have to succumb and disappear. This was a great stride; and he had hardly moved again when he wrote me on the 22d of August, 1862, in reply to an appeal from the pro-slavery policy which had thus far governed the practical conduct of the war, this exposition of his war policy:

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish, that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN.

This manifesto was exultingly hailed by the less radical portion of his supporters—I never could imagine why. It recognized the right to destroy slavery whenever that step should be deemed necessary to the national salvation—nay, it affirmed the *duty* of destroying in such contingency. And it proved that the President was meditating that grave step and clearly perceiving that it might—nay, probably *would*—become necessary, and that he wished to prepare the public mind for acquiescence therein whenever he should realize and announce that the time had come. I do not see how these points can have escaped the attention of any acute and careful observer.

It may well be noted here that this letter, though in form a response to my "Prayer of Twenty Millions," was not so in fact; I had not besought him to proclaim general eman-

cipation, I had only urged him to give full effect to the laws of the land, which prescribed that slaves employed with their master's acquiescence in support of the rebellion should thenceforth be treated as free by such employment, and by the general hostility of their owners to the national authority. I have no doubt that Mr. Lincoln's letter had been prepared before he ever saw my "Prayer," and that this was merely used by him as an opportunity, an occasion, an excuse, for setting his own altered position — changed not by his volition, but by circumstances — fairly before the country.

At the same time, I have no doubt that his letter expresses the exact literal truth, precisely as it lay in his mind. Assailed on the one hand as intent on upholding and preserving, on the other as subtly scheming and contriving to subvert and abolish slavery, he was really and truly obnoxious to neither of these charges, but solely, engrossingly intent in putting down the Rebellion, and preserving the Union by any and every means, and ready either to guarantee the perpetuity or proclaim the overthrow of human bondage, according as the one step or the other should seem likely to subserve and secure that end. Hence the first proclamation of freedom, which was issued but a few weeks after the appearance of this letter, seemed to me but the fulfilment of a promise implied in its forerunner.

I did not see the President between the issue of his first and that of his second Proclamation of Freedom — in fact, not from January, 1862, till about February 1, 1863. He then spoke of the Emancipation policy as not having yet effected so much good here at home as had been promised or predicted, but added that it had helped us decidedly in our foreign relations. He intimated no regret that it had been adopted, and, I presume, never felt any. In fact, as he was habitually and constitutionally cautious as to making advances, he seldom or never felt impelled or required to take a step backward. Never putting down his foot till he felt sure there was firm ground beneath it, he never feared to lay his whole weight on it when once fairly down. And, having committed himself to the policy of Emancipation, he proclaimed and justified it in letters to sympathizing British workmen, and to friends and foes on every side. His proposal of gradual and compensated Emancipation in the loyal slave States and districts, his postponed but hearty sanction of the enlistment of Black soldiers, and his persistent and thorough recognition and assertion of the Inalienable Rights of Man, were links in one chain which he wove skilfully, if not nimbly, around the writhing form of the overmastered, fainting Rebellion. I am no admirer of the style of his more elaborate and pretentious

state papers, especially his messages to Congress. They lack the fire and force that an Andrew, a Chase, or even a Stanton would have given them; they are not electric — not calculated to touch the chords of the national heart, and thrill them with patriotic ardor; yet I doubt that our national literature contains a finer gem than that little speech at the Gettysburg celebration, November 19, 1863, . . . after the close of Mr. Everett's classic but frigid oration. . . .

One more citation, and what seems to me the essential characteristics of a man as truly, unconsciously portrayed in his own acts and words, will have been set fairly before you:

Kentucky had been a chief obstacle to the early adoption of an Emancipation policy. As the President's native State, as the most central and weighty of the so-called border States, and as preponderantly favorable to the Union, though very largely represented in the rebel armies, the President had long hesitated and yielded to his natural reluctance to offend his loyal Whites, as it was clear that any act looking to general Emancipation would surely do.

When the die had at length been cast, and the attitude of the government had become unequivocal, her governor, Bramlett, with ex-Senator Dickson and Editor A. G. Hodges, appeared in Washington as bearers of her solemn protest against that policy. The President met them cordially, and they discussed their difference freely and amicably, but neither party seems to have made much headway in convincing and converting the other. After the Kentuckians had left, Mr. Hodges asked the President to give in writing the substance of the views he had set forth during their interview, and he did it in a letter of remarkable terseness and cogency even for him. I will cite but two passages which illustrate phases of Mr. Lincoln's character and of his mode of viewing the great questions at issue, which I have not clearly presented. In the former he says:

I am naturally antislavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet, I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view, that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary, abstract judgment, on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have

done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery.

I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation, and yet preserve the Constitution?

By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assume this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of the government, country, and Constitution, all together.

Having briefly set forth how and why he was driven by the difficulty of subduing the Rebellion first to proclaim Emancipation, and then to summon Blacks as well as Whites to the defense of the country, and barely glancing at the advantages thus secured, he closes with these words:

And now let any Union man who complains of the measure, test himself by writing down in one line that he is for subduing the Rebellion by force of arms and in the next; that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be but for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his case so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

I add a word which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised, or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Those few words: "I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity; I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me," furnish a key to the whole character and career of the man. He was no inspired Elijah or John Baptist, emerging from the awful desert sanctified by lonely fastings and wrestlings with Satan in prayer, to thrill a loving, suppliant multitude

with unwonted fires of penitence and devotion. He was no loyal singer of Israel touching at will his heart and sweeping all the chords of emotion and inspiration in the general heart—he was simply a plain, true, earnest, patriotic man, gifted with eminent commonsense, which, in its wide range, gave a hand to shrewdness on the one hand, humor on the other, and which allied him intimately, warmly with the masses of mankind. I doubt whether any woman or child, White or Black, bond or free, virtuous or vicious, accosted or reached forth a hand to Abraham Lincoln, and detected in his countenance or manner any repugnance or shrinking from the proffered contact, any assumption of superiority or betrayal of disdain. No one was ever more steeped in the spirit of that glorious lyric of the inspired Scotch plowman—

A man 's a man, for a' that;

and no one was ever acquainted and on terms of friendly intimacy with a greater number of human beings of all ranks and conditions than was he whom the bullet of Wilkes Booth claimed for its victim.

I pass over his reflection, his second inaugural, his final visit to the army of the Potomac, and his entry into Richmond, hard on the heels of a prolonged, postponed capture; I say nothing of his manifest determination to treat the prostrate insurgents with unexampled magnanimity, and the terrible crime which with singular madness quenched, under the impulse of intense sympathy with the Rebellion, the life which was at that moment of greater importance and value to the rebels than that of any other living man. All these have added nothing to the symmetry of a character which was already rounded and complete. Never before did one so constantly and visibly grow under the discipline of incessant cares, anxieties, and trials. The Lincoln of '62 was plainly a larger, broader, better man than he had been in '61; while '63 and '64 worked his continued and unabated growth in mental and moral stature. Few have been more receptive, more sympathetic, and (within reasonable limits) more plastic than he. Had he lived twenty years longer, I believe he would have steadily increased in ability to counsel his countrymen, and in the estimation of the wise and good.

But he could in no case have lived so long. "Perfect through suffering" is the divine law; and the tension of mind and body through his four years of eventful rule had told powerfully upon his physical frame. When I last saw him, some five or six weeks before his death, his face was haggard with care, and

seamed with thought and trouble. It looked care-plowed, tempest-tossed, and weather-beaten, as if he were some tough old mariner, who had for years been beating up against wind and tide, unable to make his port or find safe anchorage. Judging from that scathed, rugged countenance, I do not believe he could have lived out his second term had no felon hand been lifted against his priceless life.

The chief moral I deduce from his eventful career asserts

The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm !

the majestic heritage, the measureless opportunity of the humblest American youth. Here was an heir of poverty and insignificance, obscure, untaught, buried throughout his childhood in the primitive forests, with no transcendent, dazzling abilities, such as make their way in any country, under any institution, but emphatically in intellect, as in station, one of the millions of strivers for a rude livelihood who, though attaching himself stubbornly to the less popular party, and especially so in the State which he had chosen as his home, did nevertheless become a central figure of the Western Hemisphere, and an object of honor, love, and reverence throughout the civilized world. Had he been a genius, an intellectual prodigy, like Julius Cæsar, or Shakspeare, or Mirabeau, or Webster, we might say: "This lesson is not for us—with such faculties any one could achieve and succeed"; but he was not a born king of men, ruling by the resistless might of his natural superiority, but a child of the people, who made himself a great persuader, therefore a leader, by dint of firm resolve, and patient effort, and dogged perseverance. He slowly won his way to eminence and renown by ever doing the work that lay next to him—doing it with all his growing might—doing it as well as he could, and learning by his failure, when failure was encountered, how to do it better. Wendell Phillips once coarsely said: "He grew because we watered him," which was only true in so far as this—he was open to all impressions and influences, and gladly profited by all the teachings of events and circumstances, no matter how adverse or unwelcome. There was probably no year of his life in which he was not a wiser, cooler, better man than he had been the year preced-

ing. It was of such a nature—patient, plodding, sometimes groping, but ever towards the light—that Tennyson sings:

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,

At last he beat his music out.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

There are those who profess to have been always satisfied with his conduct of the war, deeming it prompt, energetic, vigorous, masterly. I did not, and could not, so regard it. I believed then—I believe this hour—that a Napoleon I., a Jackson, would have crushed secession out in a single short campaign—almost in a single victory. I believed that an advance to Richmond 100,000 strong might have been made by the end of June, 1861; that would have insured a counter-revolution throughout the South, and the voluntary return of every State, through a dispersion and disavowal of its rebel chiefs, to the counsels and the flag of the Union. But such a return would have not merely left slavery intact—it would have established it on firmer foundations than ever before. The momentarily alienated North and South would have fallen on each other's necks, and, amid tears and kisses, have sealed their Union by ignominiously making the Blacks the scapegoat of their by-gone quarrel; and wreaking on them the spite which they had purposed to expend on each other. But God had higher ends to which a Bull Run, a Ball's Bluff, a Gaines's Mill, a Groveton, were indispensable; and so they came to pass, and were endured and profited by. The Republic needed to be passed through chastening, purifying fires of adversity and suffering; so these came and did their work, and the verdure of a new national life springs greenly from their ashes. Other men were helpful to the great renovation, and nobly did their part in it; yet, looking back through the lifting mists of seven eventful, tragic, trying, glorious years, I clearly discern that the one providential leader, the indispensable hero of the great drama—faithfully reflecting even in his hesitations and seeming vacillations the sentiment of the masses—fitted by his very defects and shortcomings for the burden laid upon him, the good to be wrought out through him, was Abraham Lincoln.

Horace Greeley.



[BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.]

THE SQUIRREL INN.—III.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

XIII.

DECREES OF EXILE.



TOWARDS the end of the afternoon of the day after Mr. Lanigan Beam had been installed as an outside guest of the Squirrel Inn, Miss Calthea Rose sat by the window at the back of her shop. This shop was a small one, but it differed from most other places of business in that it contained very few goods and was often locked up. When there is reason to suppose that when you go to a shop you will not be able to get in, and that, should it be open, you will not be apt to find therein anything you want, it is not likely that such a shop will have a very good run of custom.

This was the case with Miss Calthea's establishment. It had become rare for any one even to propose custom, but she did not in the least waver in regard to her plan of closing up the business left to her by her father. As has been said, she did not wish to continue this business, so she laid in no new stock, and as she had gradually sold off a great deal, she expected to be able in time to sell off everything. She did not adopt the usual methods of clearing out a stock of goods, because these would involve sacrifices, and, as Miss Calthea very freely said to those who spoke to her on the subject, there was no need whatever for her to make sacrifices. She was good at waiting, and she could wait. When she sold the few things which remained on the shelves—and she, as well as nearly every one in the village, knew exactly what these things were without the trouble of looking—she would retire from business, and have the shop altered into a front parlor. Until then the articles which remained on hand were for sale.

Miss Calthea was busily sewing, but she was much more busily engaged in thinking. So earnestly was her mind set upon the latter occupation that she never raised her head to look out at the special varieties of hollyhocks, dahlias, and marigolds which had lately begun to show their beauties in the beds beneath her window, nor did she glance towards the door to see if any one was coming in. She had much more important things to think about than flowers or customers.

Mrs. Petter had driven over to Lethbury that morning, and had told Calthea all the news of the Squirrel Inn. She had told her of the unexpected arrival of Lanigan Beam; of his unwillingness to go to Lethbury, as he had originally intended, and of the quarters that had been assigned to him in the ladder-room. She also told how Lanigan, who now wished to be called Mr. Beam, had a wonderful plan in his mind for the improvement of Lethbury, but whether it was electric lights, or gas, or water, or street railroads, or a public library, he would not tell anybody. He was going to work in his own way, and all he would say about the scheme was that he did not want anybody to give him money for it. And this, Mrs. Petter had remarked, had helped Mr. Petter and herself to believe what Lanigan had said about his amendment, for if anything could show a change in him it would be his not wanting people to give him money.

Mrs. Petter had said a great deal about the newcomer, and had declared that whatever alterations had gone on in his mind, soul, and character, he certainly had improved in appearance, and was a very good-looking young man, with becoming clothes. In one way, however, he had not changed, for in a surprisingly short time he had made friends with everybody on the place. He talked to Mr. Lodloe as if he had been an old chum; he had renewed his acquaintance with Mrs. Cristie, and was very gallant to her; he was hand-in-glove with Mr. Tippengray, both of them laughing together and making jokes as if they had always known each other; and, more than that, it was n't an hour after breakfast when he and Mrs. Cristie's nurse-maid were sitting on a bench under the trees, reading out of the same book, while Mr. Tippengray was pushing the baby-carriage up and down on the grass, and Mrs. Cristie and Mr. Lodloe were putting up the lawn-tennis net.

"I could see for myself," Mrs. Petter had remarked at this point, "that you were right in saying that there was no use in my talking about the boarders associating with servants, for when they made up the lawn-tennis game it turned out that Mr. Tippengray did n't play, and so that girl Ida had to take a hand while he kept on neglecting his Greek for the baby."

At last Miss Calthea let her sewing drop into

her lap, and sat looking at an empty shelf opposite to her.

"Yes," she said to herself, her lips moving, although no sound was audible, "the first thing to do is to get Lanigan away. As long as he is here I might as well not lift a finger, and it looks as if that impertinent minx of a child's nurse would be my best help. If he does n't have one of his changeable fits, he will be ready in three days to follow her anywhere, but I must look sharp, for at this very minute he may be making love to the widow. Of course he has n't any chance with her, but it would be just like Lanigan to go in strongest where he knew he had n't any chance. However, I shall see for myself how matters stand, and one thing is certain—Lanigan has got to go."

About this time Mr. Lanigan Beam, finding himself with a solitary quarter of an hour on his hands, was reflecting on a bench upon the lawn of the Squirrel Inn. "Yes," he thought, "it is a great plan. It will elevate the social tone of Lethbury, it will purify the moral atmosphere of the surrounding country, and, above all, it will make it possible for me to live here. It will give me an opportunity to become a man among men in the place where I was born. Until this thing is done, I can have no chance to better myself here, and, more than that, the community has no chance to better itself. Yes, it must be done; Calthea Rose must go."

At this moment Mr. Petter came along, on his way to supper.

"Well, Lanigan," said he, "are you thinking about your great enterprise?"

"Yes," said the other, rising and walking with him; "that is exactly what my mind was working on."

"And you are going to do it all yourself?" said Mr. Petter.

"Not exactly," said Beam. "I shall not require any pecuniary assistance, but I shall want some one to help me."

"Is there anybody about here who can do it?"

"Yes; I hope so," said Lanigan. "At present I am thinking of Mr. Tippengray."

"A very good choice," said Mr. Petter; "he is a man of fine mind, and it will certainly be to your advantage if you can get him to work with you."

"Indeed it will be," said Lanigan Beam, with much earnestness.

XIV.

BACKING OUT.

IDA MAYBERRY was walking on the narrow road which led through the woods from the Squirrel Inn to the public highway. She had

been much interested in the road when she had been driven through it on the day of her arrival, and had availed herself of the opportunity given her this pleasant afternoon, by the prolonged slumbers of Master Douglas Cristie, to make a close acquaintance with its attractions.

It was indeed a pleasant road, where there were tall trees that often met overhead, and on each side there were bushes, and vines, and wild flowers, and little vistas opening into the woods, and rabbits running across the roadway; a shallow stream tumbling along its stony bed, sometimes to be seen and sometimes only heard; yellow butterflies in the air; and glimpses above, that afternoon, of blue sky and white clouds.

When she had walked about half the length of the road Miss Mayberry came to a tree with a large branch running horizontally about three feet from the ground and then turning up again, so as to make a very good seat for young people who like that sort of thing. Ida was a young person who liked that sort of thing, and she speedily clambered upon the broad horizontal branch and bestowed herself quite comfortably there. Taking off her hat and leaning her head against the upright portion of the branch, she continued the reflections she had been making while walking.

"Yes," she said to herself, "it will be wise in me not only to make up my mind that I will not grow to be an old maid but to prevent people from thinking I am going to grow to be one. I believe that people are very apt to think that way about teachers. Perhaps it is because they are always contrasted with younger persons. There is no reason why girl teachers should be different from other girls. Marriage should be as practically advantageous to them as to any others, only they should be more than usually circumspect in regard to their partners; that is, if they care for careers, which I am sure I do."

"Now the situation in this place seems to me to be one which I ought seriously to consider. It is generally agreed that propinquity is the cause of most marriages, but I think that a girl ought to be very careful not to let propinquity get the better of her. She should regulate and control propinquinities."

"Here, now, is Mr. Lodloe. He seems to be a very suitable sort of man, young and good-looking, and, I think, endowed with brains; but I have read two of his stories, and I see no promise in them, and I doubt if he would sympathize with good, hard study; besides, he is devoting himself to Mrs. Cristie, and he is out of the question. Mr. Tippengray is an exceedingly agreeable man and a true student. To marry him would be in itself a higher education; but he is not a bit young. I think he is at least fifty, perhaps more, and then, supposing that he should retain his mental vigor until he is sev-

enty, that would give only twenty years of satisfactory intellectual companionship. That is a point that ought to be very carefully weighed.

"As to Mr. Beam, he is older than I am, but he is young enough. Upon the probable duration of his life one might predicate forty years of mental activity, and from what I have seen of him he appears to have a good intellect. They talk about an aqueduct and waterworks he is about to construct. That indicates the study of geology, and engineering capacity, and such a bias of mind would suit me very well. Mrs. Petter tells me that he is really and truly engaged to that old thing from Lethbury; but as she also said that he is heartily tired of the engagement, I don't see why it should be considered. He is as likely to correct his errors of matrimonial inclination as he is those of mathematical computation, and as for her, I should not let her stand in my way for one minute. Any woman who is as jealous about a man as she is about Mr. Tippetgray has waived her right in all other men."

About this time a phaeton, drawn by a stout sorrel horse, and containing Miss Calthea Rose, was turning from the highroad into this lane. As a rule, Miss Calthea greatly preferred walking to driving, and although her father had left her a horse and several vehicles, she seldom made personal use of them; but to-day she was going to Romney, which was too far away for walking, and she had planned to stop at the Squirrel Inn and ask Mrs. Cristie to go with her.

It was necessary, for the furtherance of Miss Calthea's plans, that she should be on good terms with Mrs. Cristie. She ought, in fact, to be intimate with her, so that when the time came she could talk to her freely and plainly. It was desirable, indeed, that she should maintain a friendly connection with everybody at the Squirrel Inn. She had not yet met Lanigan Beam, and it would be well if he should be made to feel that she looked upon him merely as an old companion, and cared for him neither more nor less than one cares for ordinary old companions. Thus he would feel perfectly free to carry out his own impulses and her desires.

Towards Mr. Tippetgray she had decided to soften. She was still very angry with him, but it would not do to repel him from herself, for that might impel him towards another,

and spoil two of her plans. Even to that impertinent child's nurse she would be civil. She need have but little to do with the creature, but she must not let any one suppose that she harbored ill feeling towards her, and, with the exception of Mrs. Petter, no one would suppose she had any reason for such feelings. In fact, as Miss Calthea's mind dwelt upon this



IDA MAKES HERSELF COMFORTABLE.

subject, she came to think that it would be a very good thing if she could do some kindness or service to this girl. This would give effect to what she might afterward be obliged to say about her.

Having reached this point in her cogitations, she also reached the point in the road where Ida Mayberry still sat making her plans, and concealed from the view of those coming from the direction of the highroad by a mass of projecting elderberry bushes. Hearing an approaching vehicle, the young woman on the horizontal limb, not wishing to be seen perched upon this elevated seat, sprang to the ground, which she touched about four feet from the nose of the sorrel horse.

This animal, which was trotting along in a quiet and reflective way, as if he also was making plans, was greatly startled by this sudden flash of a light-colored mass, this rustle, this waving, this thud upon the ground, and

he bounded sidewise entirely across the road, stopping with his head in the bushes on the other side.

Miss Calthea, who was nearly thrown from her seat, could not repress a scream, and, turning, perceived Ida Mayberry.

"Did you do that?" she cried.

"I am sorry that I made your horse shy," said Ida, approaching the vehicle; "but he seems to be perfectly quiet now, and I hope nothing is broken. Horses ought to be taught not to shy, but I suppose that would be difficult, considering the small size of their brain cavities."

"If some people had as much brains as a horse," muttered Miss Calthea, "it would be better for them. Back, Sultan! Do you hear

"I am afraid you are not strong enough to back him out of that," said Ida; "and if there were not so much water all around him I would go and take him by the head."

"Let him alone," cried Miss Calthea. "Back, Sultan! Back, I say!" And she pulled and pulled, tiring herself greatly, but making no impression upon the horse.

Now appeared upon the scene Mrs. Cristie, pushing her baby-carriage. She had come to look for Ida. She was full of sympathy when she heard what had happened, and, pushing Douglas into a safe place behind a tree, came forward and proposed that some one go for a man. But Calthea Rose did not want a man. She was very proud of her abilities as a horse-woman, and she did not wish a man to behold



"BACK!"

me? Back!" And she tugged with all her strength upon the reins.

But the sorrel horse did not move; he had two reasons for refusing to obey his mistress. In the first place, on general principles he disliked to back, and was fully conscious that Miss Calthea could not make him do it, and, in the second place, he wanted a drink, and did not intend to move until he got it. Just here the brook was at its widest and deepest, and it came so near the road that in shying Sultan had entered it so far that the front wheels of the phaeton nearly touched the water. Standing more than fetlock deep in this cool stream, it is no wonder that Sultan wanted some one to loosen his check-rein and let him drink.

her inferiority in emergencies of this sort. She therefore opposed the suggestion, and continued to pull and tug.

"That will never do," said Ida Mayberry, who had been earnestly regarding the situation. "You cannot make him move, and even if we did go into the water, he might jump about and tread on us; but I have thought of a way in which I think we can make him back. You are pretty heavy, Miss Rose, and Mrs. Cristie is lighter than I am, so she ought to get into the phaeton and take the reins, and you and I ought to help back the phaeton. I have seen it done, and I can tell you how to do it."

To this Miss Calthea paid no immediate attention; but as Mrs. Cristie urged that if Ida

knew about such things it would be well to let her try what she could do, and as Miss Calthea found that tugging at Sultan's bit amounted to nothing, she stepped out of the low vehicle and demanded to know what the child's nurse proposed to do.

"Now jump in, Mrs. Cristie," said Ida,



"HE BEGAN SLOWLY TO PUSH IT
TOWARDS THE SQUIRREL INN."

"and when I give the word you pull the reins with all your might, and shout, 'Back!' at him. Miss Rose, you go to that hind wheel, and I will go to this one. Now put one foot on a spoke, so, and take hold of the wheel, and

when I say, 'Now!' we will both raise ourselves up and put our whole weight on the spoke, and Mrs. Cristie will pull on him at the same instant."

Somewhat doggedly, but anxious to get out of her predicament, Miss Calthea took her position at the wheel and put one foot upon an almost horizontal spoke. Ida did the same, and then, giving the word, both women raised themselves from the ground; Mrs. Cristie gave a great pull, and shouted, "Back!" and as the hind wheels began slowly to revolve, the astonished horse, involuntarily obeying the double impulse thus given him, backed a step or two.

"Now! Again!" cried Ida, and the process was repeated, this time the horse backing himself out of the water.

"Bravo!" cried Lanigan Beam, who, with Walter Lodloe, had arrived on the scene just as Calthea Rose and Ida Mayberry had made their second graceful descent from an elevated spoke to the ground.

XV.

THE BABY IS PASSED AROUND.

"GOOD for you, Calthy," cried Lanigan Beam, advancing with outstretched hands. "How do you do? Old Sultan is at his tricks again, is he, declining to back? But you got the better of him that time, and did it well, too."

In his admiration of the feat he had witnessed, the credit of which he gave entirely to his old and well-tried fiancée, Lanigan forgot for the moment his plan for the benefit of Lethbury.

Irritated and embarrassed as she was, Miss Calthea did not forget her intention of treating

Lanigan Beam as a person between whom and herself there could be nothing of a connecting order which could be set up as something of an obstructing order between herself and anyone else. She therefore took his hand, made a few commonplace remarks about his return, and then, excusing herself, approached Mrs. Cristie, who was just about to alight from the phaeton, and gave her the invitation to drive to Romney. That lady hesitated a few moments, and then, remembering some shopping she would like to do, accepted; and the attention of Miss Mayberry having been called to the baby-carriage behind the tree, the two ladies drove off.

Ida Mayberry gazed for a moment at the parting vehicle, and then, turning to Mr. Beam, she said:

"She might at least have thanked me for getting her out of that scrape."

"Was that your idea?" said Lanigan.

"Of course it was," said the young woman; "if I had n't shown her how to make the horse back, she would have pulled her arms out for nothing. It is easy to see that she does not know anything about managing horses."

Lanigan laughed outright.

"I would advise you not to say that to her," he said.

"I would as soon say it to her as not," said Ida; "somebody ought to do it. Why, if that horse had shied towards me instead of away from me when I jumped from that tree, I might have been very much hurt."

Lanigan laughed again, but this time inwardly.

"Do you like yellow flowers, Miss Mayberry?" said he. "The largest wild coreopsis I ever saw grows in this region. I noticed some in a field we just passed. Shall I gather a few for you?"

"I am very fond of that flower," said Ida; and Mr. Beam declaring that if she would step a little way with him he would show her a whole field of them, the two walked up the road.

Walter Lodloe had been gazing with some dissatisfaction at the departing phaeton. His mind was getting into a condition which made it unpleasant for him to see people take Mrs. Cristie away from him. He now turned and looked at the baby-carriage, in which the infant Douglas was sitting up, endeavoring by various noises to attract attention to himself. Lodloe pulled the vehicle into the road, and, finding that the motion quieted its occupant, he began slowly to push it towards the Squirrel Inn. When Walter Lodloe turned into the open space about the inn he met Mr. Tippengray with a book in his hand.

"Really," said the latter, elevating his eye-

brows, "I heard the creaking of those little wheels, and I —"

"Thought Miss Mayberry was making them creak," said Lodloe. "But she is not, and you may as well postpone the lesson I suppose you want to give her. She is at present taking lessons in botany from another professor"; and he hereupon stated in brief the facts of the desertion of the infant Douglas. "Now what am I going to do with the little chap?"

he continued; "I must search for Mrs. Petter."

"Don't do that," said the Greek scholar, quickly; "it would look badly for the youngwoman. Let me have the child; I will take care of it until she comes. I will wheel it down to my summer-house, where it is cool and shady."

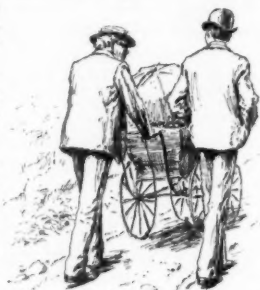
"And an excellent spot to teach Greek," said Lodloe, laughing.

"A capital place," gaily replied Mr. Tippetgray, putting his book into his pocket, and taking hold of the handle of the little carriage, elated by the feeling that in so doing he was also, for a time, getting a hold upon Miss Mayberry.

"Yes," he continued, "it is just the place for me; it suits me in all sorts of ways, and I have a mind to tell you of a most capital joke connected with it. It is too good a thing to keep to myself any longer, and now that I know you so well, I am perfectly willing to trust you. Would you believe it? I know the Rockmores of Germantown. I know them very well, and hate them for a lot of prigs. But I never told Stephen Petter. Not I. In some way or other he took it for granted that I did not possess the valuable acquaintanceship, and I let him think so. Ha! ha! That's the way I got the summer-house, don't you see? Ha! ha! ha!"

Lodloe laughed. "Your secret is safe with me," said he; and the two having reached the little garden, he left the Greek scholar and went to his room.

When Ida Mayberry had her arms full of the great yellow flowers she suddenly appreciated the fact that she must be a long way from the baby, and ought immediately to return to it. She thereupon hastened back across the uneven surface of the field. When she reached the spot where the baby had been left, no baby was there.



"I WILL WHEEL IT DOWN TO MY SUMMER-HOUSE, WHERE IT IS COOL AND SHADY."

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Lodloe has taken the child away, and there is no knowing which way he has gone."

"Oh, the youngster's all right," said Lanigan. "Sit down and rest yourself, and then we will walk to the inn."

"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Ida. "You go that way, and I will go this, and if you see him, call out as loud as you can."

Very reluctantly Mr. Beam obeyed orders, and hurried in the direction of the highroad.

As he sat down by his open window Walter Lodloe looked out and saw Ida Mayberry running. Instantly there was a shout from the summer-house and the wave of a handkerchief. Then the nurse-maid ceased to run, but walked rapidly in the direction of the handkerchief-waver, who stood triumphantly pointing to the baby-carriage. After a glance at the baby to see that he was all right, Miss Mayberry seated herself on a bench in the shade, and took off her hat. In a few moments the Greek scholar was seated by her, the book was opened, and two heads were together in earnest study.

About ten minutes later Lodloe saw Lanigan Beam appear upon the lawn, walking rapidly. In a moment he caught sight of the group at the summer-house, and stopped short. He clenched his fists and slightly stamped one foot.

Lodloe now gave a low whistle, and Lanigan glancing upward at the sound, he beckoned to him to come to his tower-room. The young man at first hesitated, and then walked slowly towards the little garden, and ascended the outside stairway.

Lodloe greeted him with a smile.

"As you seem doubtful about joining the little company down there, I thought I would ask you up here," he said.

Lanigan walked to the window and gazed out at the summer-house.

"They are having a good, cozy time of it," said he, "but that won't do. That sort of thing has got to be stopped."

"Why won't it do?" asked Lodloe. "What is the matter with it, and who is going to stop it?"

"It's sheer nonsense," said Beam, turning away from the window and throwing himself into a chair; "why should an old fellow like Tippetgray take up all the spare time of that girl? She does n't need to learn anything. From what she has said to me I judge that she knows too much already."

"It strikes me," said Lodloe, "that if he likes to teach her, and she likes to learn, it is nobody's business but their own, unless Mrs. Cristie should think that her interests were being neglected." He spoke quietly, although

he was a little provoked at the tone of his companion.

"Well," said Mr. Beam, stretching his legs upon a neighboring chair, "I object to that intimacy for two reasons. In the first place, it keeps me away from Miss Mayberry, and I am the sort of person she ought to associate with, especially in her vacation; and in the second place, it keeps old Tippengray away from Calthea Rose. That is bad, very bad. Mrs. Petter tells me that before Miss Mayberry arrived Calthea and the Greek were as chummy and as happy together as any two people could be. It is easy to see that Calthea is dead in love with him, and if she had been let alone I am confident she would have married him before the summer was over."

"And you think that desirable?" asked Lodloe.

"Of course I do," cried Lanigan, sitting up straight in his chair and speaking earnestly; "it would be the best thing in the world. Calthea has had a hard time with her various engagements,—all of them with me,—and now that she has found the man she likes she ought to have him. It would be a splendid match; he might travel where he pleased, and Calthea would be an honor to him. She could hold her own with the nobility and gentry, and the crowned heads, for that matter. By George! it would make him two inches taller to walk through a swell crowd with Calthea on his arm, dressed as she would dress, and carrying her head as she would carry it."

"You seem to be a matchmaker," said Lodloe; "but I don't meddle in that sort of thing. I greatly prefer to let people take care of their own affairs; but I feel bound to say to you that after Ida Mayberry neglected her duty to go off with you, I determined to advise Mrs. Cristie to dispense with the services of such a very untrustworthy nurse-maid."

Lanigan Beam sprang to his feet. "Don't you do that!" he cried. "I beg of you not to do that."

"Why not?" said Lodloe. "That would aid your philanthropic plan in regard to Miss Rose and Mr. Tippengray. The maid away, there is no reason why they should not come together again."

"Now I am a straightforward, honest man," said Lanigan, "and I tell you plainly that that would be very hard on me. I've come here to my native place to settle down, and if I settle I've got to marry, and I have never seen a girl whom I would rather marry and settle with than Miss Mayberry. She may be a little slack about taking care of the baby, but I'll talk to her about that, and I know she will keep a closer eye on him. Now if you want to see

everybody happy, don't prejudice Mrs. Cristie against that girl. Give me a chance, and I'll win her into the right way, and I'll do it easily and naturally, without making hard blood or hurting anybody. Then old Tip and Calthea will come together again, and everything will be jolly. Now don't you go and blast the happiness of all of us, and get that poor girl turned off like a drunken cook. And as for taking good care of the baby, just look at her now."

Lodloe looked out of the window. Ida Mayberry was leaning forward on the bench, twirling a great yellow flower before the child, who was laughing and making snatches at it. In a moment appeared Mr. Tippengray with a large white daisy; he leaned over the other side of



"HE LEANED OVER THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CARRIAGE."

the carriage and twirled his flower in front of the baby. The little fellow was in great glee, first clutching at one blossom and then at the other, and Mr. Tippengray laughed, and Miss Mayberry laughed, and the three laughed together.

"Confound it!" said Lanigan Beam, with a frown, "this thing must be stopped."

Lodloe smiled. "Work matters your own way," he said; "I shall not interfere."

An hour later, when Calthea Rose and Mrs. Cristie returned from Romney, Ida Mayberry was walking by the side of the baby-carriage, which Lanigan Beam was pushing towards the spot from which there was the best view of the western sky, while Mr. Lodloe and Mr. Tippengray were engaged in a game of quoits on the other side of the summer-house.

Mrs. Cristie looked at the couple in charge of the baby, and said to herself:

"I don't altogether like that sort of thing, and I think it must be stopped."

Calthea Rose appeared to have recovered her good humor. She looked about her apparently satisfied with the world and its ways, and readily accepted Mrs. Petter's invitation to stay to tea.

XVI.

MESSRS. BEAM AND LODLOE DECLINE TO
WAIT FOR THE SECOND TABLE.

As has been before mentioned, Walter Lodloe had grown into a condition of mind which made it unpleasant for him when people took Mrs. Cristie away or occupied her time and attention to the exclusion of his occupancy of the same. As a literary man he had taken an interest in studying the character of Mrs. Cristie, and he had now come to like the character even better than he liked the study.

A pretty woman, of a lively and independent disposition, and quick wit, and yet with certain matronly and practical points in her character which always surprised as well as pleased him when they showed themselves, Mrs. Cristie could not fail to charm such a man as Lodloe, if the two remained long enough together. She had charmed him, and he knew it and liked it, and was naturally anxious to know whether, in the slightest degree, she thought of him as he thought of her. But he had never been able to perceive any indication of this. The young widow was kind, gracious, and at times delightfully intimate with him, but he knew enough of the world to understand that this sort of thing in this sort of place might not in the least indicate that what was growing up in him was growing up in her.

On the afternoon of the day after Miss Calthea Rose had taken tea at the Squirrel Inn Walter Lodloe came down from his room in the tower with no other object in life than to find Mrs. Cristie. It was about the hour that she usually appeared on the lawn, and if there should follow tennis, or talking, or walking, or anything else, one thing would be the same as another to Lodloe, provided he and she took part. But when he saw Mrs. Cristie her avocation was one in which he could not take part.

She was sitting on a bench by Mr. Tippetgray, Ida Mayberry was sitting at his other side, and the everlasting baby-carriage was standing near by. The Greek scholar and the nurse-maid each had a book, but these were closed, and Mr. Tippetgray was talking with great earnestness and animation, while the young women appeared to be listening with eager interest. It was plain that the two were taking a lesson in something or other.

As Lodloe walked slowly from the gate of the little garden Mrs. Cristie looked up for a moment, saw him, but instantly resumed her attentive listening. This was enough; he perceived that for the present, at least, he was not wanted. He strolled on towards the field, and just below the edge of the bluff he saw Lanigan Beam sitting under a tree.

"Hello!" said the latter, looking up, "are they at that stupid business yet?"

Lodloe smiled. "Are you waiting for Miss Mayberry to get through with her lesson?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," said Lanigan. "I have been hanging around here for half an hour. I never saw such a selfish old codger as that Tippetgray. I suppose he will stick there with them the whole afternoon."

"And you want him?" said Lodloe.

"Want him!" exclaimed Lanigan; "not much. But I want her. If there were only two together I would do as I did yesterday, I would join them, take a part, and before long carry her off; but I can't do that with Mrs. Cristie there. I have n't the cheek to break up her studies."

Lodloe laughed. "Don't let us wait for the second table," he said; "come and take a walk to Lethbury."

It was now Lanigan's turn to smile.

"You think you would better not wait for the second table," he said; "very well, then; come on."

The lesson on the bench had been deliberately planned by Mrs. Cristie. She had been considering the subject of her nurse-maid and Lanigan Beam, and had decided that it was her duty to interfere with the growth of that intimacy. She felt that it was her duty to exercise some personal supervision over the interests of the young person in her service, and had given her some guarded advice in regard to country-resort intimacies.

Having given this advice to Ida Mayberry, it struck Mrs. Cristie that it would apply very well to herself. She remembered that she was also a young person, and she resolved to take to herself all the advice she had given to her nurse-maid, and thus it was that she was sitting on the bench by Mr. Tippetgray, listening to his very interesting discourse upon some of the domestic manners and customs of the ancients, and their surprising resemblance in many points to those of the present day. Therefore it was, also, that she allowed Walter Lodloe to pass on his way without inviting him to join the party.

When Lodloe and Beam reached Lethbury, the latter proposed that they should go and worry Calthea Rose; and to his companion's surprised exclamation at being asked to join in this diversion Lanigan answered, that having been used to that sort of thing all his life, it seemed the most natural sport in which to indulge now that he found himself in Lethbury again.

"Very good," said Lodloe, as they approached Miss Rose's place of business; "I shall not interfere with your native sports, but

I do not care to join them. I shall continue my walk, and stop for you on my way back."

When Lanigan Beam entered Miss Rose's shop she was sitting, as was her custom, by the back window, sewing. A neighbor had dropped in to chat with her a half-hour before, but had gone away very soon. The people of Lethbury had learned to understand when Calthea Rose did not wish to chat.

Miss Calthea was not happy; she was disappointed. Things had not gone as she hoped they would go, and as she had believed they would go when she accepted Mrs. Petter's invitation to tea. That meal had been a very pleasant one; even the presence of Ida Mayberry, who came to table with the family when the baby happened to be asleep, did not disturb her. On the contrary, it gratified her, for Lanigan Beam sat by that young person and was very attentive to her. She carefully watched Mr. Tippetgray, and perceived that this attention, and the interest of the child's nurse in Lanigan's remarks, did not appear to give him the least uneasiness. Thereupon she began gradually, and she hoped imperceptibly, to resume her former method of intercourse with the Greek scholar, and to do so without any show of restoring him to favor. She did this so deftly that Mrs. Christie was greatly interested in the performance, and an outside observer could have had no reason to suppose that there had been any break in the friendly intercourse between Miss Rose and Mr. Tippetgray.

But this satisfactory state of things soon came to an end. When the daylight began to wane, and Miss Calthea's phaëton had been brought to the door, she went to it with her plans fully formed. As Mr. Tippetgray assisted her into the vehicle, she intended to accept his proposition to drive her to Lethbury. She had slightly deferred her departure in order that the growing duskness might give greater reason for the proposition. There would be a moon about nine o'clock, and his walk back would be pleasant.

But when she reached the phaëton Mr. Tippetgray was not there. Ida Mayberry, eager to submit to his critical eye two lines of Browning which she had put into a sort of Greek resembling the partly cremated corpse of a dead language, and who for the past ten minutes had been nervously waiting for Master Douglas to close his eyes in sleep that she might rush down to Mr. Tippetgray while he was yet strolling on the lawn by himself, had rushed down to him, and had made him forget everything else in the world in his instinctive effort to conceal from his pupil the shock given him by the sight of her lines. He had been waiting for Miss Calthea to come out, had been intending to hand her to her vehicle, and had thought of proposing to accompany

her to the village; but he had not heard the phaëton roll to the door, the leave-taking on the porch did not reach his ear, and his mind took no note whatever of the fact that Miss Rose was on the point of departure.

As that lady, stepping out upon the piazza, swept her eyes over the scene and beheld the couple on the lawn, she gave a jerk to the glove she was drawing on her hand that tore in it a slit three inches long. She then turned her eyes upon her phaëton, declined the offer of Mr. Petter to see her home, and, after a leave-taking which was a little more effusive than was usual with her, drove herself to Lethbury. If the sorrel horse had behaved badly in the early part of that afternoon, he was punished for it in the early part of that evening, for he completely broke all previous records of time made between the Squirrel Inn and Lethbury.

Thus the hopes of Miss Calthea had been doubly darkened; the pariah with the brimstone blossoms had not only treacherously deserted Lanigan, but had made Mr. Tippetgray treacherously desert her. She had been furiously angry; now she was low-spirited and cross. But one thing in the world could have then cheered her spirits, and that would have been the sight of her bitterest enemy and Lanigan Beam driving or walking together past her shop door; but when Lanigan alone entered that shop door she was not cheered at all.

Mr. Beam's greeting was very free and unceremonious, and without being asked to do so he took a seat near the proprietress of the establishment.

"Well, well," he said, "this looks like old times. Why, Cally, I don't believe you have sold a thing since I was here last."

"If you had any eyes in your head," said Miss Calthea, severely, "you would see that I have sold a great deal. Nearly everything, in fact."

"That proves my point," said Lanigan; "for nearly everything was gone when I left."

"And some of the things that are gone," said she, "you still owe me for."

"Well put, Cally," said Lanigan, laughing; "and after that, let's drop the business. What's new and what's stale in Lethbury?"

"You are about the newest as well as the stalest thing here," said she.

Lanigan whistled. "Cally," said he, "would you mind my smoking a cigar here? There will be no customers coming in."

"You know very well you cannot smoke here," she said; "what is the matter with you? Has that pincushion-faced child's nurse driven you from the inn?"

A pang went through Lanigan. Was Calthea jealous of Miss Mayberry on his account? The thought frightened him. If he could

have said anything which would have convinced Caltha that he was on the point of marrying Miss Mayberry, and that therefore she might as well consider everything at an end between herself and him, he would have said it. But he merely replied:

"She is a nice girl, and very much given to learning."

Now Miss Caltha could restrain herself no longer.

"Learning!" she exclaimed. "Stuff and deception! Impudent flirting is what she is fond of, as long as she can get a good-for-naught like you, or an old numskull like that Tippetgray, to play her tricks on."

Now Lanigan Beam braced himself for ac-

treating Mr. Tippetgray with your usual impartiality and fairness. From what I have seen of him, I am sure that the great object of his life is to teach, and when he gets a chance to do that, he does it, and for the moment forgets everything else. You may be right in thinking that he prefers to teach young persons, and this is natural enough, for young people are much more likely than older ones to want to learn. Now, to prove that he does n't care to teach young girls just because they are girls, I will tell you that I saw him, this very afternoon, hard at work teaching Mrs. Cristie and Ida Mayberry at the same time, and he looked twice as happy as when he was instructing only one of them. If there were enough people



"CALTHY, THIS TRULY IS LIKE OLD TIMES."

tion. This sort of thing would not do; whatever she might say or think about the rest of the world, Caltha must not look with disfavor on the Greek scholar.

"Numskull!" said he. "You're off the track there, Calthy. I never knew a man with a better skull than Mr. Tippetgray, and as to his being old—there is a little gray in his hair, to be sure, but it's my opinion that that comes more from study than from years."

"Nonsense!" said Caltha; "I don't believe he cares a snap for study unless he can do it with some girl. I expect he has been at that all his life."

Now Lanigan's spirits rose; he saw that it was not on his account that Caltha was jealous of Ida Mayberry. His face put on an expression of serious interest, and he strove to speak impressively, but not so much so as to excite suspicion.

"Caltha," said he, "I think you are not

here so that he could make up a class, and could have a sort of summer school, I expect he would be the happiest man on earth.

"I am afraid that is Mr. Tippetgray's fault," continued Lanigan, folding his hands in his lap and gazing reflectively at his outstretched legs. "I am afraid that he gives too much of his mind to teaching, and neglects other things. He is carried away by his love of teaching, and when he finds one person, or a dozen persons, who want to learn, he neglects his best friends for that one person, or those dozen persons. He ought n't to do it; it is n't right—but then, after all, no man is perfect, and I suppose the easiest way for us to get along is to stop looking for perfection."

Miss Caltha made no answer. She gazed out of the window as if she was mildly impressed with a solicitude for the welfare of her garden. There flitted into her mind a wavering, indeterminate sort of notion that perhaps

Lanigan was a better fellow than he used to be, and that if she should succeed in her great purpose it might not be necessary that he should go away. But still,—and here prudence stepped in front of kindness,— if that child's nurse remained in the neighborhood, it would be safer if Lanigan kept up his interest in her; and if she ultimately carried him off, that was his affair.

Leaning forward, Miss Calthea took a match from a box on a shelf, and handed it to Lanigan.

"You may as well smoke if you want to," she said; "it's not likely any one will be coming in, and I don't object when the window is open."

Gratefully Lanigan lighted his cigar.

"Calthy, this truly is like old times," he said. "And to finish up with Tippengray, I'll say that if Lodloe and I had not our minds so filled with our own businesses and projects, I'd get him to go in with me, and help make up a class; but if I were to do that, perhaps people might say that all I wanted was to get in with the girls."

Here was a chance for Calthea to give her schemes a little push.

"There is only one girl," she said, "who would be likely to take part in that sort of thing, and that is the child's nurse at the Squirrel Inn; but if she really is given to study, I suppose she might help you to improve your mind, and if you are what you used to be, it will stand a good deal of improving."

"That's so, Calthy," said Lanigan; "that's so." He was in high good humor at the turn the conversation had taken, but did his best to repress his inclination to show it. "It might be well to go in for improvement. I'll do that, anyway." Lanigan blew out a long whiff of purple smoke. "Calthy is a deep one," he said to himself; "she wants me to draw off that girl from the old man. But all right, my lady; you tackle him and I will tackle her. That suits me beautifully."

At this moment Lodloe entered the shop, and Miss Calthea Rose greeted him with much graciousness.

"You must have taken a short walk," said Lanigan. "Don't you want to wait until I finish my cigar? It's so much pleasanter to smoke here than in the open air. Perhaps Miss Calthea will let you join me."

Lodloe was perfectly willing to wait, but did not wish to smoke. He was interested in what he had heard of the stock of goods which was being sold off about as fast as a glacier moves, and was glad to have the opportunity to look about him.

"Do you know, Calthy," said Lanigan, "that you ought to sell Mr. Lodloe a bill of goods." He said this partly because of his own love of teasing, but partly in earnest. To help

Calthea sell off her stock was an important feature of his project.

"Mr. Lodloe shall not buy a thing," said Calthea Rose. "If he is ever in want of anything, and stops in here to see if I have it in stock, I shall be glad to sell it to him if it is here, for I am still in business; but I know very well that Mr. Lodloe came in now as an acquaintance and not as a customer."

"Beg your pardons, both of you," cried Lanigan, springing to his feet, and throwing the end of his cigar out of the window; "but I say, Calthy, have you any of that fire-blaze calico with the rocket sparks that's been on hand ever since I can remember?"

"Your memory is pretty short sometimes," said Calthea, "but I think I know the goods you mean, and I have seven yards of it left. Why do you ask about it?"

"I want to see it," said Lanigan. "There it is on that shelf; it's the same-sized parcel that it used to be. Would you mind handing it down to me?"

Lanigan unrolled the calico upon the counter, and gazed upon it with delight. "Is n't that glorious!" he cried to Lodloe; "is n't that like a town on fire! By George! Calthea, I will take the whole seven yards."

"Now, Lanigan," said Miss Calthea, "you know you have n't the least use in the world for this calico."

"I know nothing of the sort," said Lanigan; "I have a use for it. I want to make Mrs. Petter a present, and I have been thinking of a fire-screen, and this is just the thing for it. I'll build the frame myself, and I'll nail on this calico, front and back the same. It'll want a piece of binding, or gimp, tacked around the edges. Have you any binding, or gimp, Calthy, that would suit?"

Miss Calthea laughed. "You'd better wait until you are ready for it," she said, "and then come and see."

"Anyway, I want the calico," said he. "Please put it aside for me, and I'll come in to-morrow and settle for it. And now it seems to me that if we want any supper we had better be getting back to the inn."

"It's not a bad idea," said Miss Calthea Rose, when she was left to herself; "but it shall not be in a class. No, indeed! I will take good care that it shall not be in a class."

XVII.

BANANAS AND OATS.

WHEN Walter Lodloe walked to Lethbury because he could not talk to Mrs. Cristie, it could not have been reasonably supposed that his walk would have had more practical influence on his feelings towards that lady than a

conversation with her would have had; but such was the case.

It would have been very pleasant to talk, or walk, or chat, or stroll, or play tennis, with her, but when he reached the quiet little village, and wandered by himself along the shaded streets, and looked into the pretty yards and gardens, on the profusion of old-fashioned flowers and the cool green grass under the trees, and here and there a stone well-curb with a great sweep and an oaken bucket, and the air of quaint comfort which seemed to invade the interiors of those houses that were partly opened to his view, it struck him, as no idea of the sort had ever struck him before, what a charming and all satisfying thing it would be to marry Mrs. Cristie and live in Lethbury in one of these cool, quaint houses with the quiet and the shade and the flowers — at least for a few years until his fortunes should improve.

He had a notion that Mrs. Cristie would like that sort of thing. She seemed so fond of country life. He would write, and she would help him. He would work in the vegetable garden, and she among the flowers. It would be Arcadia, and it would be cheap. Even with his present income every rural want could be satisfied.

An infusion of feasibility — or what he looked upon as such — into the sentimentality of such a man as Walter Lodloe generally acts as a stiffener to his purposes. He was no more in love with Mrs. Cristie than he had been when he left the Squirrel Inn, but he now determined, if he saw any reason to suppose that she would accept them, to offer himself and a Lethbury cottage to Mrs. Cristie.

He had a good opportunity to think over this matter and come to decisions, for his companion walked half the way home without saying a word.

Suddenly Lanigan spoke.

"Do you know," said he, "that I have about made up my mind to marry the governess?"

"She is n't a governess," said Lodloe; "she is a nurse-maid."

"I prefer to invest her with a higher grade," said Lanigan; "and it is pretty much the same thing, after all. Anyway, I want to marry her, and I believe I can do it if nobody steps in to interfere."

"Who do you suppose would do that?" asked Lodloe.

"Well," said Lanigan, "if the Lethbury people knew about it, and had a chance, every man jack of them, and every woman jack, too, would interfere, and under ordinary circumstances Calthea Rose would take the lead; but just now I think she intends to lend me a hand — not for my good, but for her own. If she does that, I am not afraid of all Lethbury

and the Petters besides. The only person I am afraid of is Mrs. Cristie."

"Why do you fear her?" asked Lodloe.

"Well," said Lanigan, "when she was at the inn some years ago I was at my wildest, and her husband did not like me. He was in bad health, very touchy, and I suppose I gave him reason enough to consider me an extremely black sheep. Of course Mrs. Cristie naturally thought pretty much as he did, and from what you told me of the conference over my advent, I suppose her opinions have n't changed much. She has treated me very well since I have been here, but I have no doubt that she would consider it her duty to let Miss Mayberry know just the sort of fellow she thinks I am."

"Of course she would do that," said Lodloe; "and she ought to do it."

"No, sir," said Lanigan; "you are wrong, and I am going to prove it to you, and you shall see that I trust you as if I had known you years instead of days. I want you to understand that I am not the same sort of fellow that I used to be, not by any means. I told old Peter that so that he might have a little practice in treating me with respect, but I did n't give him any reasons for it, because Calthea Rose would be sure to suspect that he knew something, and she'd worm it out of him; but I don't believe she could worm anything out of you. When I left this place some eighteen months ago I went down to Central America and bought a banana farm, paying very little money down. In less than three months I sold my land to a company, and made a very good thing out of it. Then, thinking the company after a while might want more land, I bought another large tract, and before the end of the year I sold that to them, doubling my money. Then I left the tropics, fearing I might go too deep into that sort of speculation and lose every cent I had. I traveled around, and at last landed in Chicago, and here the money-making fever seized me again. It is a new thing to me, and a lot more intoxicating, I can tell you. I invested in oats, and before I knew it that blessed grain went up until, if its stalks had been as high as its price, it would have been over my head. I sold out, and then I said to myself: 'Now, Lanigan, my boy, if you don't want to be a beastly pauper for the rest of your life, you had better go home.' Honestly, I was frightened, and it seemed to me I should never be safe until I was back in Lethbury. Look here," he said, taking from a pocket a wallet filled with a mass of papers and a bank-book; "look at those certificates, and here is my New York bank-book, so you can see that I am not telling you lies."

"Now you may say that the fact of my

having money does n't prove that I am any better than I used to be, but if you think that, you are wrong. There is no better way to reform a fellow than to give him something to take care of, and take an interest in. That's my case now, and all I've got I've given myself, which makes it better, of course. I'm not rich, but I've got enough to buy out any business in Lethbury. And to go into business and to live here are what will suit me better than anything else, and that's not counting in Ida Mayberry at all. To live here with her would be better luck than the biggest rise in oats the world ever saw. Now you see where I stand. If Mrs. Cristie goes against me, she does a cruel thing to me, and to Ida Mayberry besides."

"Why don't you tell her the facts?" said Lodloe. "That would be the straightforward and sensible thing to do."

"My dear boy," said Lanigan, "I cannot put the facts into the hands of a woman. No matter how noble or honorable she may be, without the least intention on her part they would leak out, and if Calthea Rose should get hold of them I should be lost. She'd drop old Tippetgray like a hot potato and stick to me like one of those adhesive plasters that have holes in them. No, sir; I don't want Calthea Rose to think well of me. I want her to keep

on considering me as a good-for-nothing scape-grace, and, by George! it's easy enough to make her do that. It's all in her line of business. But I want other people to think well of me in a general way, and when Calthy and Tippetgray have settled things between them, and are traveling on the Continent, which they certainly ought to do, I'll start in business, and take my place as one of the leading citizens of Lethbury; and, as things look now, all will be plain sailing if Mrs. Cristie thinks well enough of me not to interfere between me and Ida Mayberry. Now all I ask of you is to say a good word for me if you can get a chance."

"After what you have told me," said Lodloe, "I think I shall say it."

"Good for you!" cried Lanigan. "And if I go to Calthy and ask her to lend me the money to get a frame made for Mrs. Petter's fire-screen, don't you be surprised. What I'm doing is just as much for her good as for mine. In this whole world there could n't be a better match for her than old Tippetgray, and she knows it, and wants him."

"If there was a society for the prevention of cruelty to Greek scholars, I don't know but that it might interfere in this case," said Lodloe.

(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.



LOVE LETTERS.

HOW easily they burn! And yet they cost
 Thought deep as life, that even now, methinks,
 Might struggle 'gainst destruction, though the links
 Of past and present long ago were lost.
 Ah, records of a time when fiercely tost
 From hopes to fears, from rapture to the brinks
 Of doubt and pain, the lover soars or sinks,
 Calm now long since! What then was prized the most
 Of life's rich flavors dead! Quick heats devoured
 By quicker, cheaper flames,—to ashes turned
 The glory of the precious past,—deflowered
 Of all the ideal charms therein inured,
 Of all the entrancing Spring therein embowered.
 Gone, gone! Alas, how easily they burned!

C. P. Cranch.


THE FAITH DOCTOR.¹

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XXIII.

A SHINING EXAMPLE.

RS. HILBROUGH

and Phillida Callender sat together that day at Mrs. Frankland's readings and heard her with very different feelings discourse of discipleship, culling texts from various parts of the four gospels to set forth the courage and self-denial requisite and the consolation and splendid rewards that awaited such as were really disciples. Now that she had undertaken to look after Phillida in the interest of Millard, Mrs. Hilbrough trembled at the extreme statements that Mrs. Frankland allowed herself to make in speaking of self-denial as the crowning glory of the highest type of discipleship. The speaker was incapable of making allowance for oriental excess in Bible language; it suited her position as an advocate to take the hyperbolic words of Jesus in an occidental literalness. But Mrs. Hilbrough thought her most dangerous when she came to cite instances of almost inconceivable self-sacrifice from Christian biography. The story of Francis of Assisi defending himself against the complaint of his father by disrobing in the presence of the judge and returning into his father's hands the last thread of raiment bought with the father's money that he might free himself from the parental claim, was likely to excite a Platonic admiration in the minds of Mrs. Van Horne's friends, but such sublime self-sacrifice is too far removed from prevailing standards to be dangerous in New York. Mrs. Frankland no more expected her hearers to emulate St. Francis than she dreamed of refusing anything beautiful herself. But Mrs. Hilbrough knew Phillida, and, having known the spirit that was in her father, she was able to measure pretty accurately the tremendous effect of this mode of speech upon her in her present state of mind. While the address went on Mrs. Hilbrough planned. She reflected that Mrs. Frankland's influence could only be counteracted by the orator herself. Could she not talk confidentially with

Mrs. Frankland and make her see the necessity for moderating Phillida's tendency to extreme courses of action? But when she tried to fancy Mrs. Frankland counseling moderation in an address, she saw the impossibility of it. Prudence makes poor woof for oratory. It would "throw a coldness over the meeting," as the negroes express it, for her to attempt to moderate the zeal of her disciples; the more that exhortations to moderation were what they seemed least to require. Another alternative presented itself. She would appeal from Mrs. Frankland public to Mrs. Frankland private, from the orator aflame to the woman cool. If Mrs. Frankland could be rightly coached and guided, she might by private conversation with Phillida counteract the evil wrought by her public speech.

Mrs. Hilbrough continued in a state of antagonism to the words of the speaker to the very close of the address, and then while many were thanking and congratulating the speaker, and receiving the greetings she gave with ever-fresh effusiveness, Mrs. Hilbrough came in her turn, and Mrs. Frankland extended both hands to her, saying, "My dear Mrs. Hilbrough, how are you?" But Mrs. Hilbrough did not offer her any congratulations. She only begged Mrs. Frankland to make an appointment with her at which she might consult with her on a matter of importance.

"Certainly, certainly, dear friend," said Mrs. Frankland, beaming; "*whenever* you wish and *wherever* you say."

"Perhaps you could drive with me in the Park to-morrow, if the weather is fine," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "Shall I call for you about half-past three?"

"With pleasure, Mrs. Hilbrough"; and Mrs. Frankland made an affectionate farewell nod backward at Mrs. Hilbrough as she stretched out her hand to one of her hearers who was waiting on the other side for a share of her sunshine.

Mrs. Hilbrough turned about at this moment to find Phillida, meaning to take her home in the carriage, but Phillida, engrossed with thoughts and feelings excited by the address, had slipped away and taken the Madison Avenue car.

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She had counted that this address should give her personal guidance; she had prayed that it might throw light on her path. Its whole tenor brought to her conscience the sharpest demand that she should hold to the rigor of her vocation at every cost. All the way home the text about leaving "father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake," was ringing in her memory. Even Mrs. Frankland, in the rush of oratorical extravagance, had not dared to give this its literal sense. But she had left in it strenuousness enough to make it a powerful stimulant to Phillida's native impulse towards self-sacrifice.

Once at home, Phillida could not remain there. She felt that a crisis in her affairs had arrived, and in her present state of religious exaltation she was equal to the task of giving up her lover if necessary. But the questions before her were not simple, and before deciding she thought to go and privately consult Mrs. Frankland, who lived less than half a mile away in one of those habitable, small high-stoop houses in East Fifteenth street which one is surprised to find lingering so far down as this into the epoch of complicated flats and elevated apartments.

Phillida was begged to come without ceremony up to the front room on the second floor. Here she found Mrs. Frankland in a wrapper, lying on a lounge, her face still flushed by the excitement of her speech.

"Dear child, how are you?" said Mrs. Frankland in a tone of semi-exhaustion, reaching out her hand, without rising. "Sit here by me. It is a benediction to see you. To you is given the gift of faith. The gift of healing and such like ministration is not mine. I cannot do the work you do. But if I can comfort and strengthen those chosen ones who have these gifts, it is enough. I will not complain." Saying this last plaintively, she pressed Phillida's hand in both of hers.

If her profession of humility was not quite sincere, Mrs. Frankland at least believed that it was.

"Mrs. Frankland, I am in trouble, in a great deal of trouble," said Phillida in a voice evidently steadied by effort.

"In trouble? I am *so* sorry." Saying this she laid her right hand on Phillida's lap caressingly. "Tell me, beloved, what it is all about?" Mrs. Frankland was still in a state of stimulation from public speaking, and her words were pitched in the key of a peroration. At this moment she would probably have spoken with pathos if she had been merely giving directions for cooking the dinner spinach.

The barriers of Phillida's natural reserve were melted away by her friend's effusive sympathy, and the weary heart lightened its burdens,

as many another had done before, by confessing them to the all-motherly Mrs. Frankland. Phillida told the story of her lover, of his dislike to the notoriety of her faith-cures. She told of her own struggles and of the grave questions she might soon have to settle. Should she yield, if ever so little, to the demands of one who was to be her husband? Or should she maintain her course as she had begun? And what if it should ever come to be a question of breaking her engagement? This last was spoken with faltering, for at the very suggestion Phillida saw the abyss open before her.

A person of Mrs. Frankland's temperament is rarely a good counselor in practical affairs, but if she had been entirely at herself she would perhaps have advised with caution, if not with wisdom, in a matter so vital and delicate. But the exhilaration of oratorical inebriety still lingered with her, and she heard Phillida professionally rather than personally. She was hardly conscious, indeed, of the personality of the suffering soul before her. What she perceived was that here was a new and beautiful instance of the victory of faith and a consecrated spirit. In her present state of mind she listened to Phillida's experience with much the feeling she would have had if some one had brought her a story of martyrdom in the days of Nero. St. Francis himself was hardly finer than this, and the glory of this instance was that it was so modern and withal so romantic in its elements. She exulted in the struggle, without realizing, as she might have done in a calmer mood, the vast perspective of present and future sorrow which it presented to Phillida. The disclosure of Phillida's position opened up not the modicum of practical wisdom which she possessed but the floodgates of her eloquence.

"You will stand fast, my dear," she said, rising to a sitting posture and flushing with fresh interest. "You will be firm. You will not shrink from your duty."

"But what is my duty?" asked Phillida.

"To give the Lord and his work no second place in your affections. He has honored your faith and works above those of other people. Therefore stand unflinchingly faithful, my dear Phillida. It is a hard saying, that of Christ: 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' But you are one of those able to receive the hard words of Christ."

All this was said as it might have been in an address, with little realization of its application to the individual case before her. Mrs. Frankland would have been the last person to advise an extreme course of action. She admired the extravagance of religious devotion for its

artistic effect when used in oratory. It was the artistic effect she was dreaming of now. Phillida got little from her but such generalities, pitched in the key of her recent address; but what she got tended to push her to yet greater extremes.

In the hour that followed, Phillida's habitually strenuous spirit resolved and held itself ready for any surrender that might be demanded of it. Is the mistaken soul that makes sacrifice needlessly through false perceptions of duty intrinsically less heroic than the wiser martyr for a worthy cause?

XXIV.

THE PARTING.

ON that Thursday evening Millard dined at his club. Instead of signing a joint order with a friend for a partnership dinner, he ordered and ate alone. He chose a table in a deep window from which he could look out on the passers-by. A rain had set in, and he watched the dripping umbrellas that glistened in the lamplight as they moved under the windows, and took note of the swift emergence of vehicles and their disappearance. His interest in the familiar street-world was insipid enough, but even an insipid interest in external affairs he found better than giving his mind up wholly to the internal drizzle of melancholy thoughts.

Presently Millard became dimly conscious of a familiar voice in conversation at the table in the next window. Though familiar, the voice was not associated with the club-restaurant; it must be that of some non-member brought in as the dinner-guest of a member. He could not make out at first whose it was without changing his position, which he disliked to do, the more that the voice excited disagreeable feelings, and by some association not sufficiently distinct to enable him to make out the person. But when the visitor, instead of leaving the direction of the meal to his host, called out an exasperatingly imperative, "Hist! waitah!" Millard was able to recognize his invisible neighbor. Why should any member of a club so proper as the Terrapin ask Meadows? But there he was with his inborn relish for bulldozing whatever bulldozable creature came in his way. Once he had made him out, Millard engaged in a tolerably successful effort to ignore his conversation, returning again to his poor diversion of studying the people plashing disconsolately along the wet street. It was only when he heard Meadows say, "You know I am a director of that bank," that his attention was sharply arrested.

"Farnsworth is cashier," continued Meadows. "He ought to have resigned long ago, but he is n't that sort of a man. So he's at

last taken to bed, has he? Some complication of the heart, I believe. Won't live long and—well, I'll have on hand a hard fight about the filling of his place. But I did n't hear of that faith-doctor plan before."

"I don't believe they've carried it out," said the club man who had invited Meadows and who was a stranger to Millard. "Farnsworth would n't agree. I used to dine with Farnsworth often, and my sister knows Mrs. Farnsworth; they go to the same church. Mrs. Farnsworth has heard of a Miss Callender that can pray a person up out of the grave almost, and she's nearly persuaded Farnsworth to send for her. His mind is weakening a little, and I should n't wonder if he did consent to have her pray over him. The doctors have given him up, and—"

"Who is this Miss Callender?" interrupted Meadows; and though Millard could not see him he knew that in the very nature of things Meadows's pugnacious chin must be shoved forward as he asked this.

"She's a young woman that won't take any money for her services. That's the greatest miracle of all," said the other. "If anything could make me believe her mission supernatural, it would be that."

"Don't you believe it," said Meadows; "don't you believe a word of it. The dead may be raised, but not for nothing. There's money below it all. Money makes the mare go"; and Meadows laughed complacently at the proverb, giving himself credit for it with a notion that adopted wit was as good as the native born.

"No; she won't have it. I heard that Mrs. Maginnis sent her a check for curing her little girl, and that she sent it back."

"Was n't enough," sneered Meadows.

"Well, I believe they tried a larger check with the same result. She does n't seem to be an impostor; only a crank."

"These people that refuse money when it's pushed under their noses are the worst knaves of all," said Meadows. "She knows that Maginnis is very rich. She's laying for something bigger. She'll get into Mrs. Maginnis for something handsome. More fool if she does n't, I say"; and Meadows laughed in an unscrupulous, under-breath fashion, as of a man who thought a well-played trick essentially meritorious.

Millard was debating. Should he protest against these words? Or should he knock Meadows down? That is not just the form it took in his mind. Any rowdy or a policeman may knock a man down. Your man of fashion, when he wishes to punish an enemy or have an affray with a friend, only "punches his head." It is a more precise phrase, and has no

boast in it. No one knows which may go down, but the aggressor feels sure that he can begin by punching his enemy's head. Millard was on the point of rising and punching Meadows's head in the most gentlemanly fashion. But he reflected that a head-punching affray with Meadows in the club-room would make Phillida and her cures the talk of the town, and in imagination he saw a horrible vision of a group of newspaper reporters hovering about Mrs. Callender's house, and trying to gain some information about the family from the servant girl and the butcher boy. To protest, to argue, to say anything at all, would be but an awful aggravation. Having concluded not to punch the head of a bank director, he rose from the table himself, and, avoiding Meadow's notice, beckoned the waiter to serve his coffee in the reading-room. When he had swallowed the coffee, he rose and went out. As he stood in the door of the club-house and buttoned up his coat, a cabman from the street called, "Kerrige, sir?" but not knowing where he should go, Millard raised his umbrella and walked. Mechanically he went towards Mrs. Callender's. He had formed no deliberate resolution, but he became aware that a certain purpose had taken possession of him all uninvited and without any approval of its wisdom on his part. Right or wrong, wise or unwise, there was that which impelled him to lay the condition of things before Phillida in all its repulsiveness and have it out with her. He could not think but that she would recoil if she knew how her course was regarded. He fancied that his own influence with her would be dominant if the matter were brought to an issue. But these considerations aside, there was that which impelled him to the step he was about to take. In crises of long suppressed excitement the sanest man sometimes finds himself bereft of the power of choosing his line of action; the directing will seems to lie outside of him. It is not strange that a Greek, not being a psychologist, should say that a Fate was driving him to his destiny, or that his Dæmon had taken the helm and was directing affairs as a sort of *alter ego*.

When at length Millard found himself in front of Mrs. Callender's, and saw by the light that the family were sitting together in the front basement, his heart failed him, and he walked past the house and as far as the next corner, where his Fate, his Dæmon, his blind impulsion, turned him back, and he did not falter again until he had rung the door-bell; and then it was too late to withdraw.

"You are wet, Charley; sit nearer the register," said Phillida, when she saw how the rain had beaten upon his trousers and how recklessly he had plunged his patent-leather

shoes into the street puddles. This little attention to his comfort softened Millard's mood, but it was impossible long to keep back the torrent of feeling. Phillida was alarmed at his ominous abstraction.

"I don't care for the rain," he said.

"But you know there is a good deal of pneumonia about."

"I—I am not afraid of pneumonia," he said. "I might as well die as to suffer what I do."

"What is the matter, Charley?" demanded Phillida, alarmed.

"Matter? Why, I have to sit in the club and hear you called a crank and an impostor."

Phillida turned pale.

"Vulgar cads like Meadows," he gasped, "not fit for association with gentlemen, call you a quack seeking after money, and will not be set right. I came awfully near to punching his head."

"Why, Charley!"

"I should have done it, only I reflected that such an affray might drag you into the newspapers. I tell you, Phillida, it is undeniable that you should go on in this way."

Phillida's face was pale as death. She had been praying all the afternoon that the bitterness of this cup might not be pressed to her lips. She now saw that the issue was joined. She had vowed that not even her love for the man dearest to her should swerve her from her course. The abyss was under her feet, and she longed to draw back. She heard the voice of duty in the tones of Mrs. Frankland saying: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." It was a cruel alternative that was set before her, and she trembled visibly.

"I—I can't neglect what I believe to be duty," she said. She wished she could have softened the words that she spoke by some circumlocution or some tenderness in the tone, but all her forces had to be rallied to utter the decision, and there was no power left to qualify the bare words which sounded to Millard hard and cruel. A suspicion crossed his mind that Phillida wished to be released from the engagement.

"You do not consider that you owe any duty to me at all," he said in a voice smothered by feeling.

Phillida tried to reply, but she could not speak.

Millard was now pacing the floor. "It is all that Mrs. Frankland's work. She is n't worthy to tie your shoes. She never fed the hungry, or clothed the naked, or visited the sick. It's all talk, talk, talk, with her. She talks beauti-

fully, and she knows it. She loves to talk and to have people crowd around her and tell her how much good she is doing. She denies herself nothing; she feeds her vanity on the flattery she gets, and then thinks herself a saint besides. She exhorts people to a self-sacrifice she would n't practise for the world. She 's making more money out of her piety than her husband can out of law. And now she comes with her foolish talk and breaks up the happiness you and I have had." This was spoken with bitterness. "We cannot go on in this way," he said, sitting down exhausted, and looking at her.

Phyllida had listened in silence and anguish to his words, spoken hurriedly but not loudly. What he said had an effect the opposite of what he had expected. The first impression produced by his words was that the engagement had become a source of misery to Millard; the second thought was that, considering only her duty to him, she ought to release him from bonds that had proved so painful. His last words seemed to indicate that he wished the engagement broken, and after what he had said it was evident that she must break with him or swerve from the duty she had vowed never to desert. Taking up the word where he had left off, she said in a low, faltering voice:

"We certainly cannot go on in this way."

Then, rising, she turned to the antique desk in the corner of the parlor. With a key from her pocket she unlocked a drawer, and from it took hurriedly every keepsake she had had from her lover, not allowing herself to contemplate them, but laying them all at last on the ancient center-table in the middle of the room. With a twinge of regret, visible to Millard, she drew her engagement ring from her finger, and with an unsteady hand laid it softly down with the rest.

Millard was too much startled at first to know what to say. Had she misunderstood the intent of his last remark? Or did she wish to be released?

"It is all over, Mr. Millard. Take them, please."

"I—I have not—asked you to release me, Phyllida."

"You have said that we cannot go on in this way. I say the same. It—" she could not speak for a quarter of a minute; then she slowly finished her sentence with an effort of desperation and without raising her eyes to his—"it is better that it is over."

"Is it over?" he asked, stunned. "Think what you say."

"We have agreed that we cannot go on," she answered. "You must take these. I cannot keep them."

"Don't make me take them. Why not keep them?"

"I will send them to-morrow. I cannot retain them."

Millard could not take them. He would have felt much as he might in rifling a grave of its treasures had he lifted those tokens from the table. But he saw, or thought he saw, that remonstrances might make Phyllida more unhappy, but that it would be perfectly useless. It was better to accept his fate, and forbear. He tried to say something to soften the harshness of parting, but his powers of thought and speech deserted him, and he knew that whatever he should say must be put into one or two words. He looked up, hesitatingly stretched out his hand, and asked huskily:

"Part friends?"

Phyllida, pale and speechless, took his hand a moment, and then he went out. She leaned her head against the window-jamb, lifted the shade, and watched his form retreating through the drizzly night until he disappeared from view, and then she turned out the lights. But instead of returning to her mother and Agatha in the basement, she threw herself on the floor, resting her arms on the sofa while she sobbed in utter wretchedness. All her courage was spent; all her faith had fled: helpless, wounded, wretched as a soul in bottomless perdition, she could see neither life nor hope in any future before her. She had believed herself able to go on alone and to bear any sacrifice. But in losing him she had lost even the power to pray.

About an hour after Millard's departure, Mrs. Callender came up the stairs and called gently:

"Phyllida!"

Then she entered the parlor. The shutters were not closed, and the room was faintly lighted by rays that came through the shades from the lamp on the other side of the street.

"I 'm here, mother," said Phyllida, rising and coming towards her. Then, embracing her mother, she said, "And I 'm so unhappy, mother, so utterly wretched."

Such an appeal for sympathy on the part of the daughter was an occurrence almost unknown. She had been the self-reliant head of the family, but now she leaned helplessly upon her mother and whispered, "It's all over between Charley and me."

XXV.

MRS. FRANKLAND'S REPENTANCE.

FOR some time after Phyllida had left Mrs. Frankland resting on the lounge that lady had felt an additional exaltation in contemplating this new and admirable instance of faith and devotion—an instance that seemed to owe

much to the influence of her own teachings. Her mind had toyed with it as a brilliant jewel having many faces. She had unconsciously reduced it to words; she could only get the virtue out of anything when she had phrased it. Phillida she had abstracted into a "young woman of a distinguished family," "beautiful as the day," "who had all the advantages of high associations," and "who might have filled to the brim the cup of social enjoyment." The lover, whose name and circumstances she did not know, she yet set up in her mind as "an accomplished young man of brilliant gifts and large worldly expectations." It would have been a serious delinquency in him had he failed to answer to this personal description, for how else could this glorious instance be rounded into completeness. Incapable of intentional misrepresentation, Mrs. Frankland could never help believing that the undisclosed portion of any narrative conformed to the exigencies of artistic symmetry and picturesque effect. She set the story of Phillida's sacrifice before her now in one and now in another light, and found much exhilaration—spiritual joy and gratitude in her phraseology—in contemplating it. How beautifully it would fit into an address!

But as the hours wore on the excitement of her oratorical effort subsided and a natural physical reaction set in. Her pulses, which had been beating so strenuously as to keep her brain in a state of combustion, were now correspondingly below their normal fullness and rapidity, and the exhausted nerves demanded repose. It was at such times as these that Mrs. Frankland's constitutional buoyancy of spirit sank down on an ebb tide; it was at such times that her usually sunny temper chafed under the irritations of domestic affairs. On this evening, when the period of depression set in, Mrs. Frankland's view of Phillida's case suffered a change. She no longer saw it through the iridescent haze of excited fancy. She began to doubt whether it was best that Phillida should break with her lover for the mere sake of being a shining example. In this mood Mrs. Frankland appreciated for the first time the fact that Phillida could hardly feel the same exultation in slaughtering her affections and hopes that Mrs. Frankland had felt in advising such a course of spiritual discipline. Just a little ripple of remorse flecked the surface of her mind, but she found consolation in a purpose to make the matter right by seeing Phillida the next day and inquiring more fully into the matter. Her natural hopefulness came to her rescue, and Mrs. Frankland slept without disturbance from regrets.

When she awaked in the morning it was with a dull sense that there was something which needed to be righted. She had to rum-

mage her memory awhile to discover just what it was. Having placed it at length in Phillida's affair, she suddenly reflected that perhaps Mrs. Hilbrough could throw light on it, and she would postpone seeing Phillida until after her drive with Mrs. Hilbrough in the afternoon. "It is better to give counsel advisedly," was the phrase with which she ticketed this decision and sustained it.

The day was fine, and the drive in Mrs. Hilbrough's easy-rolling open carriage was exhilarating, and in that sort of bird-chatter about nothing in particular that two people enjoying motion are prone to engage in Mrs. Frankland was in danger of forgetting her purpose to inquire about Phillida Callender, until at length, when the carriage was fairly within the Park, Mrs. Hilbrough, whose businesslike brain never let go its grasp on a main purpose, said:

"Mrs. Frankland, I wanted to speak to you about Miss Callender."

"The very person I wished to ask your advice about," said Mrs. Frankland. "She called on me yesterday late in the afternoon."

"Did she?" Mrs. Hilbrough asked this with internal alarm. "Did she say anything to you about her love affair?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Frankland; "I suppose I ought not to repeat what she said, but you are her friend and you will be able to advise me in the matter. I'm afraid I did n't say just the right thing—I mean that I did n't advise her as fully as I should have done. It's hard to know what to say about other people's affairs. I felt worried about her, and I came near going to see her this morning. But I remembered that you were her friend, and I thought it best to see what you would say. It's always best to give counsel advisedly, I think."

"May I ask what you said to her?" said Mrs. Hilbrough, characteristically refusing to be shunted from the main line of her purpose.

Mrs. Frankland winced at the question, and especially at the straightforward thrust with which it was asked. But she said: "I only advised her in a very general way. It was just after I had finished speaking, and I was n't able to take up the matter as carefully as I should have liked to have done; you know, until after I had rested."

"Did you advise her to break her engagement?" The steadiness with which Mrs. Hilbrough pushed her inquiry was disagreeable to her companion, who liked to find refuge from an unpleasant subject in vagueness of statement. But at least she was not driven to bay yet; she had not definitely advised Phillida to break with her lover.

"No; not that. I only gave her general advice to be faithful to her convictions."

Mrs. Frankland's avoidance of the explicit confirmed Mrs. Hilbrough's suspicion as to the tenor of the advice given. The latter blamed herself for having moved too slowly, and she was impatient, moreover, with Mrs. Frankland; for one is apt to be vexed when a person very clever in one way is conspicuously stupid in other regards. When Mrs. Hilbrough spoke again a trace of irritation showed itself.

"Phillida is the only person I know to whom I think your Bible readings may do harm."

"My Bible readings?" queried Mrs. Frankland. She had been used so long to hear her readings spoken of in terms not of praise but rather of rapture, as though they were the result of a demi-divine inspiration, that this implied censure or qualification of the universality of their virtue and application came to her, not exactly as a personal offense, but with the shock of something like profanation; and she reddened with suppressed annoyance.

"I don't mean that it is your fault," said Mrs. Hilbrough, seeking to get on a more diplomatic footing with her companion. "Phillida is very peculiar and enthusiastic in her nature, and she knows nothing of the world. She is prone to take all exhortations rather too literally."

"But my words have often encouraged Phillida," said Mrs. Frankland, who had been touched to the quick. "You would rob me of one of the solid comforts of my life if you took from me the belief that I have been able to strengthen her for her great work."

"I am sure you have encouraged her to go on," said Mrs. Hilbrough, desirous not to antagonize Mrs. Frankland. "But she also needs moderating. She is engaged to an admirable man, a man getting to be very well off, and who will be made cashier of our bank very soon. He is kind-hearted, liberal with his money, and universally beloved and admired in society."

Mrs. Frankland was not the person to undervalue such a catalogue of qualities when presented to her in the concrete. True, on her theory, a Christian young woman ought to be ready in certain circumstances to throw such a lover over the gunwale as ruthlessly as the sailors pitched Jonah headlong. That is to say, a Christian young woman in the abstract ought to be abstractly willing to discard a rich lover in the abstract. But presented in this concrete and individual way the case was different. She was a little dazzled at the brightness of Phillida's worldly prospects, now that they were no longer merely rhetorical, but real, tangible, and, in commercial phrase, convertible.

"True, true," she answered reflectively. "She would be so eminently useful if she had money." This was the way Mrs. Frankland phrased

her sense of the attractiveness of such a man. "She might exert an excellent influence in society. We do need more such people as the leaven of the kingdom of heaven in wealthy circles."

"Indeed we do," said Mrs. Hilbrough, "and for Phillida to throw away such prospects, and such opportunities for usefulness,"—she added this last as an afterthought, taking her cue from Mrs. Frankland,—"*seems to me positively wrong.*"

"It would certainly be a mistake," said Mrs. Frankland. Mrs. Hilbrough thought she detected just a quiver of regret in her companion's voice. "Does he object strongly to her mission work?"

"No; he does n't object to her work, I am sure, for she was already absorbed in it when he first met her at my house, and if he had objected there would have been no beginning of their attachment. But he is greatly annoyed that she should be talked about and ridiculed as a faith-doctor. He is a man of society, and he feels such things. Now, considering how much danger of mistake and of enthusiasm there is in such matters, Phillida might yield a little to so good a man."

"Perhaps I had better see her, Mrs. Hilbrough," was Mrs. Frankland's non-committal reply.

"It would be necessary to see her at once, I fear. She is very resolute, and he is greatly distressed by what people are saying about her, and a little provoked, no doubt, at what he thinks her obstinacy."

"Perhaps I had better see her this evening," said Mrs. Frankland, with a twinge of regret that she had not spoken with more caution the day before.

"I do wish you would," said Mrs. Hilbrough. Just then the driver sent the horses into a swift trot on a down grade, and the conversation was broken off. When talk began again it was on commonplace themes, and therefore less strenuous. Mrs. Frankland was glad to get away from an affair that put her into an attitude of apology.

Phillida had passed the day miserably. She had tried to bolster herself with the consciousness of having acted from the sincerest motives, and from having only done what was right. But consciousness of rectitude, whatever the moralists may say, is an inadequate balm for a heart that is breaking. Phillida had not dared to enter the parlor to gather up the little presents Millard had given her and despatch them to him until after supper, when she made them all into a bundle and sent them away. The messenger boy had hardly left the door when Mrs. Frankland rang. Her husband had accompanied her, and she dismissed him at the

steps with instructions to call for her in about an hour.

Phyllida was glad to see Mrs. Frankland. A cruel doubt had been knocking at her door the livelong day. It had demanded over and over whether her tremendous sacrifice was necessary after all. She had succeeded indifferently well in barring out this painful skepticism by two considerations. The one was, that Millard, who had almost asked to be released, would hereafter be saved from mortification on her account. The other was, that Mrs. Frankland's authority was all on the side of the surrender she had made. And now here was Mrs. Frankland, sent like a messenger to confirm her faith and to console her in her sorrow.

"You are looking troubled," said Mrs. Frankland, kissing her now on this cheek and now on the other. "Dear child, if I could only bring you some comfort!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Frankland," said Phyllida; "I am so glad that you have come. I have wished for you all day."

"Maybe I am sent to console you. Who knows? Perhaps, after all, things may turn out better than you think." This was said in a full round voice and an under manifestation of buoyant hopefulness and self-reliance characteristic of Mrs. Frankland; but Phyllida shook her head despondently.

"Since I saw you I have heard a good deal about your Mr. Millard; I get the most favorable accounts of him; they say he is good, and every way a worthy, liberal, and charming man."

Phyllida sat up straight in her chair with eyes averted, and made no reply.

"I have been thinking that, after all, perhaps you ought to make some concessions to such a man."

Phyllida trembled visibly. This was not what she had expected.

"You would n't wish me to be unfaithful to my duty, would you?" she asked in a low voice.

"No, dear; I don't say you ought to sacrifice anything that is *clearly* your duty. Some duties are so clear that they shine like the pole-star which guides the mariner. But there are many duties that are not quite clear. We should be careful not to insist too strongly on things in which we may be mistaken. There would be no such thing as marriage if there was not some yielding on both sides; I mean in matters not certainly essential to a Christian life."

Phyllida was now looking directly at her visitor with a fixed and hopeless melancholy which puzzled Mrs. Frankland, who had expected that she would seize gratefully upon any advice tending to relax the rigor of her self-sacrifice. Phyllida's attitude was incom-

prehensible to her visitor. Could it be that she had resolved to break with her lover at all hazards?

"You know, dear," said Mrs. Frankland, sailing on a new tack now, as was her wont when her audience proved unresponsive, "I think, as the wife of a man with increasing wealth and of excellent social position, like Mr. Millard, you would be very useful. We need such devoted and faithful people as you are in society. And, after all, your gift of healing might be exercised without publicity—you might, I think, defer a good deal to one whom you have promised to love. Love is also a gift of God and a divine ordinance. In fact, considering how ample your opportunities would be as the wife of a man of wealth and position, such as Mr. Millard, it seems to be your duty to examine carefully and prayerfully whether there is not some reasonable ground on which you can meet him. At least, my dear, do not act too hastily in a matter of so much moment."

Advice pitched in this key did not weigh much at any time with Phyllida. A thin veil of religious sentiment served a purpose of self-deception with Mrs. Frankland, but such disguises could not conceal from Phyllida's utterly sincere spirit the thoroughly worldly standpoint of Mrs. Frankland's suggestions. The effect of this line of talk upon her mind was very marked, nevertheless. It produced a disenchantment, rapid, sudden, abrupt, terrible. Mrs. Frankland, the oracle upon whose trustworthiness she had ventured her all, had proven herself one of the most fallible of guides. The advice given yesterday with an assurance that only a settled and undoubting conviction could possibly excuse, was to-day pettified away mainly on the ground of Charley's worldly prosperity. Phyllida had revered Mrs. Frankland as a sort of divine messenger, had defended her against Millard's aspersions, had followed her counsel at the most critical moment of her life in opposition to the judgment of her family and of the man she loved. And now, too late, the strenuous exhortation was retracted, not so much in the interest of a breaking heart as in that of a good settlement in life.

When, after a pause, Phyllida spoke, the abrupt and profound change in the relations of the two became manifest. Her voice was broken and reproachful as she said, "You come this evening to take back what you said yesterday."

"I spoke without time to think yesterday," said Mrs. Frankland, making a movement of uneasiness. One accustomed to adulation does not receive reproach gratefully.

"You spoke very strongly," said Phyllida.

"I thought you must feel very sure that you were right, for you knew how critical my position was." The words were uttered slowly and by starts. Mrs. Frankland did not reply. Phillida presently went on: "I don't care anything about the worldly prospects you think so much of to-day. But God knows what an awful sacrifice I have made. In following your advice, which was very solemnly given, I have thrown away the love and devotion of one of the best men in the world." She lifted her hands from her lap as she spoke and let them fall when she had finished.

"Have you broken your engagement already?" said Mrs. Frankland, with a start.

"What else could I do? You told me to stand by my work of healing. I hope you were right, for it has cost me everything—everything. I thought you had come to comfort me to-night and to strengthen my faith. Instead of that you have taken back all that you said before."

"I only spoke generally before. I did n't know the circumstances. I did not know anything about Mr. Millard, or—" Here she paused.

"You did n't know about Mr. Millard's property or social position, I suppose. These are what you have talked to me about this evening. They are not bad things to have, perhaps, but, if they were all, I could give them up—trample them under foot, and be glad."

"Don't be provoked with me, Phillida dear. Indeed, I hardly realized what I said yesterday. I had just got through with speaking, I was very much exhausted, and I did not quite understand."

"You may have been right yesterday," said Phillida; "I hope you were. If you were wrong, it was a dreadful mistake." She made a long pause, and then went on. "I thought the course you advised yesterday a brave course at least. But what you have said to-day, about social position and so on, I hate. And it makes me doubt it all."

Phillida thrust out the toe of her boot, unconsciously giving expression to her disposition to spurn Mrs. Frankland's worldly-wise counsel.

"You're excited, my dear," said Mrs. Frankland. "Your break with Mr. Millard may not be so irretrievable as you think it. Providence will direct. If, on the whole, it is thought best, I have no doubt things may be replaced on their old footing. I am sure Mrs. Hilbrough and I could manage that. You ought not to be unreasonable."

"I sent him in agony out into the rainy night, forsaken and discarded." Phillida could not quite suppress a little sob as she stretched her hand a moment in the direction in which Millard had gone. "God knows I thought I was doing right. Now because you have heard

that he has money and moves in fashionable circles you wish me to intrigue with you and Mrs. Hilbrough to bring him back."

Phillida rose to her feet, excitement breaking through the habitual reserve with which her emotional nature was overlaid. "I tell you, Mrs. Frankland," she went on with a directness verging on vehemence, "that I will have none of your interference, nor any of Mrs. Hilbrough's. What I have done, is done, and can never be recalled."

"Indeed, Phillida, you are excited," said Mrs. Frankland. "You reject the advice and assistance of your best friends. You have quite misunderstood what I have said. I only wished to repair my error."

Phillida remained silent, but she resumed her seat.

"Think the matter over. Take time to make your decision. I have acted only in your interest, and yet you blame me." Mrs. Frankland said this with persuasive plaintiveness of tone.

But Phillida said nothing. Not seeing anything else to do, Mrs. Frankland rose and said: "Good-by, Phillida. When you have had time to think you will see things differently." She did not extend her hand, and Phillida felt that her own was too chill and limp to offer. She contrived, however, to utter a "Good-by."

When she had shut the door after Mrs. Frankland one swift thought and bitter came into her mind. "Charley was not wholly wrong as to Mrs. Frankland. Perhaps he was nearer right in other regards than I thought him."

Half an hour later the door-bell rang, and Agatha answered the call. Then she put her head into the parlor where Phillida sat, back to the door, gazing into the street.

"I say, Philly, what do you think? Mr. Frankland came to the door just now for his wife, and seemed quite crestfallen that she had forgotten him, and left him to go home alone. Did n't like to be out so late without an escort, I suppose."

It was one of a hundred devices to which Agatha had resorted during this day to cheer her sister. But seeing that this one served its purpose no better than the rest, Agatha went over and put her arms about her sister's neck and kissed her.

"You dear, dear Philly! You are the best in the world," she said, and the speech roused Phillida from her despair and brought her the balm of tears.

XXVI.

ELEANOR ARABELLA BOWYER.

It is a truth deep and wide, that a brother is born for adversity. The spirit of kin and clan, rooted in remote heredity, outlives other and

livelier attachments. It not only survives rude blows, but its true virtue is only extracted by the pestle of tribulation. Having broken with her lover, and turned utterly away from her spiritual guide and adviser, Phillida found herself drawn more closely to her mother and her sister. It mattered little that they differed from her in regard to many things. She could at least count on their affection, and that sympathy which grows out of a certain entanglement of the rootlets of memory and consciousness, out of common interest and long and intimate association.

Mrs. Callender had been habituated when she was a little girl at home to leave the leadership to her sister Harriet, now Mrs. Gouverneur, and to keep her dissents to herself. Her relation with her husband was similar; she had rarely tried to influence a man whose convictions of duty were so pronounced, though the reasons for these convictions were often quite beyond the comprehension of his domestically minded wife. Towards Phillida she had early assumed the same diffident attitude; it was enough for her to say that Phillida was her father over again. That settled it once for all. Phillida was to be treated as her father had been; to be trusted with her own destiny without impertinent inquiries from one who never could understand, though she deeply respected, the mysterious impulses which urged these superior beings to philanthropic toil. For her own part she would have preferred to take the universe less broadly.

A second effect of this crisis in Phillida's life was to drive her back upon the example and teaching of her father. Having utterly abandoned the leadership of Mrs. Frankland, she naturally sought support for her self-sacrificing course of action outside of her own authority. All her father's old letters, written to her when she was a child, were unbundled and read over again, and some of his manuscript sermons had the dust of years shaken from their leaves that she might on their pages written in the dear, familiar hand.

If she had had her decision to make over again without any bolstering from Mrs. Frankland she would have sought, for a while at least, to establish a *modus vivendi* between her love for Millard and the ultra form of her religious work. But the more she thought of it the more she considered it unlikely that her decision regarding her lover would ever come up for revision. She accepted it now as something providential, because inevitable, to which she must grow accustomed, an ugly fact with which she must learn to live in peace. She had a knack of judging of herself and her own affairs in an objective way. She would not refuse to see merely because it was painful to her that

a woman of her tastes and pursuits was an unsuitable mate for a man of society. She admitted the incongruity; she even tried to console herself with it. For if the break had not come so soon, it might have come after marriage in forms more dreadful. There was not much comfort in this — might have been worse is but the skim-milk of consolation.

To a nature like Phillida's one door of comfort, or at least of blessed forgetfulness, is hardly ever shut. After the first bitter week she found hours of relief from an aching memory in her labors among the suffering poor. Work of any kind is a sedative; sympathy with the sorrows of others is a positive balm. Her visits to the Schulenberg tenement were always an alleviation to her unhappiness. There she was greeted as a beneficent angel. The happiness of Wilhelmina, of her mother, and of her brother, for a time put Phillida almost at peace with her destiny.

Her visits to and her prayers for other sufferers were attended with varying success as to their ailments. The confidence in the healing power of her prayers among the tenement people was not based altogether on the betterment of some of those for whom she prayed. Knowing her patient long-suffering with the evil she contended against, they reasoned, in advance of proof, that her prayers ought to have virtue in them. The reverence for her was enhanced by a report, which began to circulate about this time, that she had refused to marry a rich man in order to keep up her labor among the poor. Rumor is always an artist, and tradition, which is but fossil rumor, is the great saint-maker. The nature and extent of Phillida's sacrifice were amplified and adapted until people came to say that Miss Callender had refused a young millionaire because he wished her not to continue her work in Mackerelville. This pretty story did not mitigate the notoriety which was an ingredient of her pain.

In spite of the sedative of labor and the consolation of altruism, Poe's raven would croak in her ears through hours spent in solitude. In the evenings she found herself from habit and longing listening for the door-bell, and its alarm would always give her a moment of fluttering expectation, followed by a period of revulsion. Once the bell rang at about the hour of Millard's habitual coming, and Phillida sat in that state in which one expects without having reason to expect anything in particular until the servant brought her a card bearing the legend, "Eleanor Arabella Bowyer, Christian Scientist and Metaphysical Practitioner."

"Eleanor Arabella Bowyer," she said, reading it to her mother as they sat in the front basement below the parlor. "Who is she? I've never heard of her."

"I don't know, Phillida. I don't seem to remember any Bowyers."

"Where is the lady, Sarah?" asked Phillida of the servant.

"She is in the parlor, Miss."

Phillida rose and went up-stairs. She found awaiting her a woman rather above medium height. Phillida noted a certain obtrusiveness about the bony substructure of her figure, a length and breadth of framework never quite filled out as it was meant to be, so that the joints and angles of her body showed themselves with the effect of headlands and rocky promontories. She had a sallow complexion and a nose that was retroussé, with a prompt outward and upward thrust about the lower half of it, accompanied by a tendency to thinness as it approached its termination, quite out of agreement with the prominent cheek-bones. The whole face had a certain air of tough endurance, of determination, of resolute go-forwardness untempered by the recoil of sensitiveness. Miss Bowyer was clad in good clothes without being well-dressed.

"Miss Callender, I suppose," said the visitor, rising, and extending her hand with confidence. Her voice was without softness or resonance, but it was not nasal—a voice admirably suited, one would think, for calling cows. Her grasp of the hand was positive, square, unreserved, but as destitute of sympathetic expression as her vowels. "I've heard a good deal about you, one way and another," she said. "You've been remarkably successful in your faith-cures, I am told. It's a great gift, and you must be proud of it—grateful for it, I should think." She closed this speech with a smile which seemed not exactly spontaneous but, rather, habitual, as though it were a fixed principle with her to smile at about this stage of every conversation.

Phillida was puzzled to reply to this speech. She did not feel proud of her gift of faith-healing; hardly was she grateful for it. It was rather a burden laid on her, which had been mainly a source of pain and suffering. But she could not bring herself to enter on a subject so personal with a stranger.

"I don't know that I am," was all she said.

"Well, there's a great deal in it," said Miss Bowyer. "I have had a good deal of experience. There's a great deal more in it than you think."

"I don't quite understand you," said Phillida.

"No; of course not. I am a faith-healer myself."

"Are you?" said Phillida, mechanically, with a slight mental shudder at finding herself thus classified with one for whom she did not feel any affinity.

"Yes; that is, I was. I began as a faith-

doctor but I found there was a great deal more in it, don't you know?"

"A great deal more in it?" queried Phillida. "A great deal more of what, may I ask?"

"Oh, everything, you know."

This was not clarifying, and Phillida waited without responding until the metaphysical practitioner should deign to explain.

"I mean there's a great deal more science in it, as well as a great deal more success, usefulness, and—and—and remuneration to be had out of it than you think."

"Oh," said Phillida, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes," said Eleanor Arabella Bowyer with a smile. She had a way of waiting for the sense of her words to soak into the mind of her hearers, and she now watched Phillida for a moment before proceeding. "You see when I began I did n't know anything about Christian Science,—the new science of mental healing, faith-cure, psychopathy,—by which you act on the spirit and through the spirit upon the body. Matter is subject to mind. Matter is unreal. All merely physical treatment of disease is on the mortal plane." Miss Bowyer paused here, waiting for this great truth to produce its effect; then she said, "Don't you think so?" and looked straight at Phillida.

"I have n't thought a great deal about it," said Phillida.

"No?" This was said with the rising inflection. "I thought not; mere faith-healing does n't require much thought. I know, you see, having been a faith-healer at first. But we must go deeper. We must always go deeper. Don't you think so?"

"I don't understand just what you mean," said Phillida.

"You see," said Miss Bowyer, "faith-healing is a primitive and apostolic mode of healing the sick."

Miss Bowyer paused, and Phillida said, "Yes," in a hesitant way; for even the things she believed seemed false when uttered by Eleanor Bowyer.

"Well, ours is a scientific age. Now we practise—we revive this mode of healing, but in a scientific spirit, in the spirit of our age, and with a great deal more of knowledge than people had in ancient times. We reject the belief in evil; we call it unreal. Disease is a mistake. We teach faith in the unity of God the All-good."

Miss Bowyer evidently expected Phillida to say something at this point, but as she did not, Miss Bowyer was forced to proceed without encouragement.

"When I found that there was a great deal in it, I took the subject up and studied it. I studied mind-cure, or metaphysical healing, which

strikes at the root of disease; I went into hypnotism, mesmerism, and phreno-magnetism, and the od force — I don't suppose you know about the *od* which Reichenbach discovered."

"No."

"Well, it's wonderful, but mysterious. Blue blazes seen by the sensitive, and all that. I studied that, and theosophy a little too, and I took up Swedenborg; but he was rather too much for me. You can't quite understand him, and then life is too short to ever get through him. So I only read what somebody else had printed about Swedenborgianism, and I understand him a good deal better that way. That's the best way to tackle him, you know. Well, now, all of these go to explain the unity of truth, and how the miracles of the Bible were worked."

Phyllida said nothing, though her interlocutor gave her an opportunity.

"Well," proceeded Miss Bowyer, "this is what we call Christian Science. It's the science of sciences. It's as much above the rude method of primitive faith-cure practised by the apostles as the heavens are above the earth. We understand from knowing the philosophy of miracles the reason why we do not always succeed. We cannot always secure the impressive condition by producing the quiescence of the large brain. But if we understand the theory of hypnotism we shall be able to put the cerebrum at rest and secure the passive impressive state of the cerebellum; that is, an introverted condition of the mind. This securing of interior perception is the basis of all success."

"Then you do not believe that God does it all," said Phyllida, with a twitch of the shoulder expressing the repulsion she felt from this incomprehensible explication.

"Oh, yes. Faith in God the All-good is at the root of it all. It is one of the things that induces passive receptivity. We must convince the patient that the unity of God excludes the real existence of evil."

"But still you do not admit the direct action of God?" queried Phyllida.

"God works through the forces in nature, according to law," said Miss Bowyer, glibly.

"That is just as true of the action of medicine," said Phyllida. "I don't like this affecting to put God in while you leave him out of your mixture. Besides, I don't pretend that I understand your explanation."

"It is somewhat fine; all philosophy of man's internal nature is so. It's not a thing to argue about. Intellect argues; spirit perceives. But if you would give your mind to Truth in a receptive way, Truth would set you free. I am sure you would be convinced after reading the books on the question."

Phyllida made no offer to read the books,

and this seemed to disappoint Miss Bowyer. After a pause she began again.

"You might as well know, Miss Callender, that I had a business object in view in coming to see you. Some of our Christian Science people are all enthusiasm, but I am trained to business, and I carry on my practice on business principles. There is no reason why a doctor who treats diseases on the mortal plane by medication should be paid for his time, and you and I not be. Is there?"

"I don't know," said Phyllida, mechanically.

"Well, now, I have given my time to the beautiful work of Christian Science healing. I have an office in East Fourteenth street. It is a blessed religious work. But I can't work without pay; I follow it as a business, and it's got to support me. I have as much right to get on in the world as anybody else. Now I've cleared over and above my office-rent, including what I get for teaching a class in Christian Science, almost eighteen hundred dollars in the very first year since I set up. That's pretty good for a lone woman; don't you think so?"

Phyllida slightly inclined her head to avoid speaking.

"Well, now, I haven't got many advantages. My brother kept a health-lift a few years ago when everything was cured by condensed exercise. But people got tired of condensed exercise, and then he had a blue-glass solarium until that somehow went out of fashion. I helped run the female side of his business, you know, for part of the profits. My education is all business. I did n't have any time to learn painting or fine manners, or any music except to play Moody and Sankey on the melodeon. My practice is mostly among the poor or the people that are only so-so. I have n't got the ways that go down with rich people, nor anybody to give me a start among them. Well, now, I say to myself, science is all very well, and faith is all very well, but you want something more than that to get on in a large way. I would rather get on in a large way. Would n't you?"

Here she paused, but Phyllida sat motionless and stoically attentive. She only answered, "Well, I don't know."

"Now when I heard that you'd been sent for to the Maginnis child, and that you have got relations that go among rich people, I says to myself, she's my partner. I'll furnish the science, and I'll do the talking, and the drumming-up business, and the collecting bills, and all that; and you, with your stylish ways, don't you know? and your good looks, and your family connections, and all that, will help me to get in where I want to get in. Once in, we're sure to win. There's no reason, Miss Callender, why we should n't get rich. I will give you

half of my practice already established, and I'll teach you the science and how to manage, you know; the great thing is to know how to manage your patients, you see. I learned that in the health-lift and the blue-glass solarium. We'll move farther up town, say to West Thirty-fourth street. Then you can, no doubt, write a beautiful letter—that'll qualify us to go into what is called "absent treatment." We'll advertise, "Absent treatment a specialty," and altogether we can make ten thousand or even twenty thousand, maybe, a year in a little while. Keep our own carriage, and so on. What do you say to that?" Miss Bowyer's uplifted nose was now turned towards Phillida in triumphant expectation. She had not long to wait for a reply. Phillida's feelings had gathered head enough to break through. She answered promptly:

"I do not believe in your science, and would n't for the world take money from those that I am able to help with my prayers." Phillida said this with a sudden fire that dismayed Miss Bowyer.

"But you'll look into the matter maybe, Miss Callender?"

"No; I will not. I hate the whole business." Phillida wanted to add, "and you besides"; however, she only said: "Don't say any more, please. I won't have anything at all to do with it." Phillida rose, but Miss Bowyer did not take the hint.

"You're pretty high-toned, it seems to me," said the Scientist, smiling, and speaking without irritation. "You're going to throw away the great chance of your life. Perhaps you'll read some books that set forth the mighty truths of Christian Science if I send them. You ought to be open to conviction. If you could only know some of the cases I myself have lately cured—a case of belief in rheumatism of three years' standing, and a case of belief in mental prostration of six years' duration. If you could only have seen the joyful results. I cured lately an obstinate case of belief in neuralgia, and another of cancer—advanced stage. A case of belief in consumption with goitre was lately cured in the West. Perhaps you'll look over some numbers of the 'International Magazine of Christian Science' if I send them to you; under the head of 'Sheaves from the Harvest Field,' it gives many remarkable cases."

"I have no time to read anything of the sort," said Phillida, still standing.

"Oh, well, then, I'll just come in now and then and explain the different parts of the science to you. It's a great subject, and we may get mutual benefit by comparing notes."

The prospect of repeated calls from Eleanor Arabella Bowyer put Phillida's already excited nerves into something like a panic. She had reached the utmost point of endurance.

"No," she said; "I will have nothing at all to do with it. You must excuse me; positively, I must be excused. I am very busy, and I cannot pursue the subject further."

"Certainly," said the Metaphysical Practitioner, rising reluctantly; "but I think I'll take the liberty of calling again when you're more at leisure. You won't object, I'm sure, to my coming in next week?"

"Yes," said Phillida; "I will not have anything to do with the matter you propose, and I cannot see you again. You must excuse me."

"Well, we never get offended, Miss Callender. Christian Science does not argue. We never resent an affront, but live in love and charity with all. That is Christian Science. Our success depends on purity and a Christian spirit. I think I'll send you a little book," added Miss Bowyer, as reluctantly she felt herself propelled towards the door by the sheer force of Phillida's manner. "Just a little book; it won't take long to read."

As Miss Bowyer said this she paused in the vestibule with her back to Phillida. She was looking into the street, trying to think of some new device for gaining her end.

"I won't read a book if you send it. Save yourself the trouble," said Phillida, softly closing the inner door behind Miss Bowyer, leaving her standing face outwards in the vestibule.

"You had a hard time shaking her off, didn't you, Philly?" said Agatha, issuing from the back part of the dark hall, having come out of the back room just in time to catch a glimpse of Eleanor Bowyer. "I declare, the way you closed the door on her at the last was too good."

"Sh-h!" said Phillida, pointing to the shadow cast against the ground glass of the inner door by the tall form of the Christian Scientist and Metaphysical Practitioner in the light of the street lamp.

"I don't care whether she hears or not," said Agatha, dropping her voice, nevertheless; "she ought to be snubbed. You're a little too easy. That woman is meditating whether she sha'n't break into the house to preach Christian Science. There, she's going at last; she won't commit Christian burglary this time. I suppose she thinks burglary does n't really exist, since it's contrary to the unity of God. Anyhow, she would n't commit burglary, because housebreaking is a physical thing that's transacted on the mortal plane."

Agatha said this in Miss Bowyer's tone, and Phillida's vexation gave way to laughter.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.



W. TAGER.

"A PIONEER PALACE CAR."

ADAPTED FROM A SKETCH BY A. P. HILL.

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN THE DONNER PARTY (1846).

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.



WAS a child when we started to California, yet I remember the journey well and I have cause to remember it, as our little band of emigrants who drove out of Springfield, Illinois, that spring morning of 1846 have since been known in history as the "Ill-fated Donner party" of "Martyr Pioneers." My father, James F. Reed, was the originator of the party, and the Donner brothers, George and Jacob, who lived just a little way out of Springfield, decided to join him.

All the previous winter we were preparing for the journey—and right here let me say that we suffered vastly more from fear of the Indians before starting than we did on the plains; at least this was my case. In the long winter evenings Grandma Keyes used to tell me Indian stories. She had an aunt who had been taken prisoner by the savages in the early settlement of Virginia and Kentucky and had remained a captive in their hands five years before she made her escape. I was fond of these stories and evening after evening would go into grandma's room, sitting with my back close against the wall so that no warrior could slip behind me with a tomahawk. I would coax her to tell me more about her aunt, and would sit listening to the recital of the fearful deeds of the savages, until it seemed to me that everything in the room, from the high old-fashioned bed-posts down even to the shovel and tongs in the chimney corner, was transformed into the dusky tribe in paint and feathers, all ready for the war dance. So when I was told that we were going to California and would have to pass through a region peopled by Indians, you can imagine how I felt.

Our wagons, or the "Reed wagons," as they

were called, were all made to order and I can say without fear of contradiction that nothing like our family wagon ever started across the plains. It was what might be called a two-story wagon or "Pioneer palace car," attached to a regular immigrant train. My mother, though a young woman, was not strong and had been in delicate health for many years, yet when sorrows and dangers came upon her she was the bravest of the brave. Grandma Keyes, who was seventy-five years of age, was an invalid, confined to her bed. Her sons in Springfield, Gersham and James W. Keyes, tried to dissuade her from the long and fatiguing journey, but in vain; she would not be parted from my mother, who was her only daughter. So the car in which she was to ride was planned to give comfort. The entrance was on the side, like that of an old-fashioned stage coach, and one stepped into a small room, as it were, in the centre of the wagon. At the right and left were spring seats with comfortable high backs, where one could sit and ride with as much ease as on the seats of a Concord coach. In this little room was placed a tiny sheet-iron stove, whose pipe, running through the top of the wagon, was prevented by a circle of tin from setting fire to the canvas cover. A board about a foot wide extended over the wheels on either side the full length of the wagon, thus forming the foundation for a large and roomy second story in which were placed our beds. Under the spring seats were compartments in which were stored many articles useful for the journey, such as a well filled work basket and a full assortment of medicines, with lint and bandages for dressing wounds. Our clothing was packed—not in Saratoga trunks—but in strong canvas bags plainly marked. Some of mama's young friends

added a looking-glass, hung directly opposite the door, in order, as they said, that my mother might not forget to keep her good looks, and strange to say, when we had to leave this wagon, standing like a monument on the Salt Lake desert, the glass was still unbroken. I have often thought how pleased the Indians must have been when they found this mirror which gave them back the picture of their own dusky faces.

ever started across the plains with more provisions or a better outfit for the journey; and yet we reached California almost destitute and nearly out of clothing.

The family wagon was drawn by four yoke of oxen, large Durham steers at the wheel. The other wagons were drawn by three yoke each. We had saddle horses and cows, and last but not least my pony. He was a beauty and his name was Billy. I can scarcely remember



THIRSTY OXEN STAMPEDING FOR WATER.

We had two wagons loaded with provisions. Everything in that line was bought that could be thought of. My father started with supplies enough to last us through the first winter in California, had we made the journey in the usual time of six months. Knowing that books were always scarce in a new country, we also took a good library of standard works. We even took a cooking stove which never had had a fire in it, and was destined never to have, as we cached it in the desert. Certainly no family

when I was taught to sit a horse. I only know that when a child of seven I was the proud owner of a pony and used to go riding with papa. That was the chief pleasure to which I looked forward in crossing the plains, to ride my pony every day. But a day came when I had no pony to ride, the poor little fellow gave out. He could not endure the hardships of ceaseless travel. When I was forced to part with him I cried until I was ill, and sat in the back of the wagon watching him be-



CROSSING WATER TO ESCAPE A PRAIRIE FIRE.

come smaller and smaller as we drove on, until I could see him no more.

Never can I forget the morning when we bade farewell to kindred and friends. The Donners were there, having driven in the evening before with their families, so that we might get an early start. Grandma Keyes was carried out of the house and placed in the wagon on a large feather bed, propped up with pillows. Her sons implored her to remain and end her days with them, but she could not be separated from her only daughter. We were surrounded by loved ones, and there stood all my little schoolmates who had come to kiss me good-by. My father with tears in his eyes tried to smile as one friend after another grasped his hand in a last farewell. Mama was overcome with grief. At last we were all in the wagons, the drivers cracked their whips, the oxen moved slowly forward and the long journey had begun.

Could we have looked into the future and have seen the misery before us, these lines would never have been written. But we were full of hope and did not dream of sorrow. I can now see our little caravan of ten or twelve wagons as we drove out of old Springfield, my little black-eyed sister Patty sitting upon the bed, holding up the wagon cover so that Grandma might have a last look at her old home.

That was the 14th day of April, 1846. Our party numbered thirty-one, and consisted chiefly of three families, the other members being young men, some of whom came as drivers.

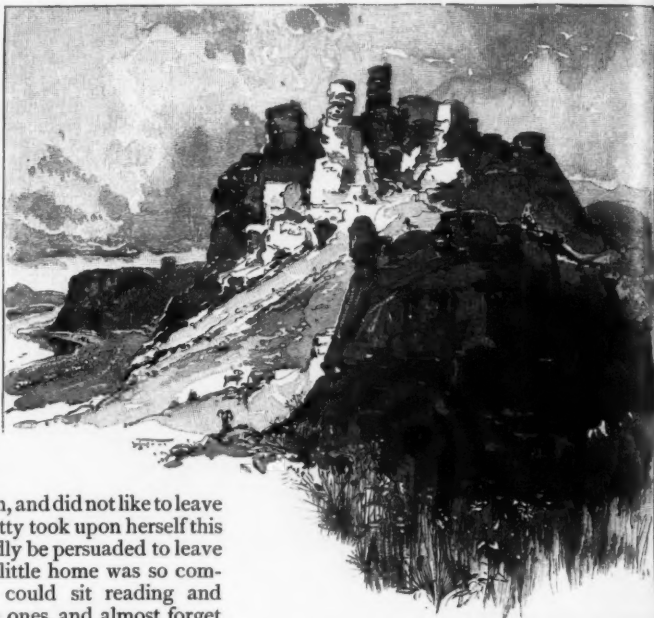
The Donner family were George and Tamsen Donner and their five children, and Jacob and Elizabeth Donner and their seven children. Our family numbered nine, not counting three drivers — my father and mother, James Frazier and Margaret W. Reed, Grandma Keyes, my little sister Patty (now Mrs. Frank Lewis, of Capitola), and two little brothers, James F. Reed, Jr., and Thomas K. Reed, Eliza Williams and her brother Baylis, and lastly myself. Eliza had been a domestic in our family for many years, and was anxious to see California.

Many friends camped with us the first night out and my uncles traveled on for several days before bidding us a final farewell. It seemed strange to be riding in ox-teams, and we children were afraid of the oxen, thinking they could go wherever they pleased as they had no bridles. Milt Elliott, a knight of the whip, drove our family wagon. He had worked for years in my father's large saw-mill on the Sangamon River. The first bridge we came to, Milt had to stop the wagon and let us out. I remember that I called to him to be sure to make the oxen hit the bridge, and not to forget that grandma was in the wagon. How he laughed at the idea of the oxen missing the bridge! I soon found that Milt, with his "whoa," "haw," and "gee," could make the oxen do just as he pleased.

Nothing of much interest happened until we reached what is now Kansas. The first Indians we met were the Caws, who kept the ferry, and had to take us over the Caw River. I watched

them closely, hardly daring to draw my breath, and feeling sure they would sink the boat in the middle of the stream, and was very thankful when I found they were not like grandma's Indians. Every morning, when the wagons were ready to start, papa and I would jump on our horses, and go ahead to pick out a camping-ground. In our party were many who rode on horseback, but mama seldom did; she preferred the wagon, and did not like to leave grandma, although Patty took upon herself this charge, and could hardly be persuaded to leave grandma's side. Our little home was so comfortable, that mama could sit reading and chatting with the little ones, and almost forget that she was really crossing the plains.

Grandma Keyes improved in health and spirits every day until we came to the Big Blue River, which was so swollen that we could not cross, but had to lie by and make rafts on which to take the wagons over. As soon as we stopped traveling, grandma began to fail, and on the 29th day of May she died. It seemed hard to bury her in the wilderness, and travel on, and we were afraid that the Indians would de-



SCOTT'S BLUFFS (FROM NATURE, 1890).



CHIMNEY ROCK, ON THE NORTH PLATTE (1890).

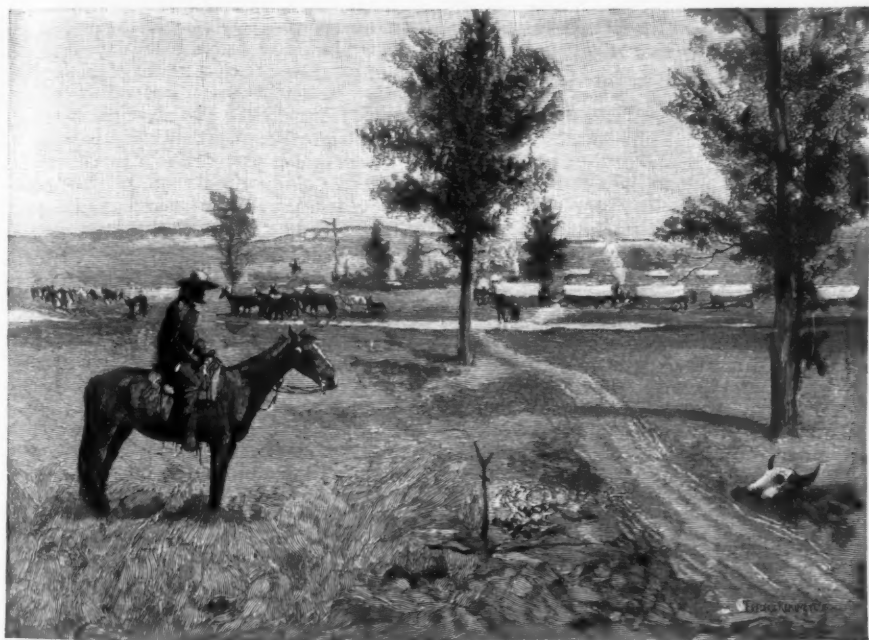
stroy her grave, but her death here, before our troubles began, was providential, and nowhere on the whole road could we have found so beautiful a resting place. By this time many emigrants had joined our company, and all turned out to assist at the funeral. A coffin was hewn out of a cottonwood tree, and John Denton, a young man from Springfield, found a large gray stone on which he carved with deep letters the name of "Sarah Keyes; born in Virginia," giving age and date of birth. She was buried under the shade of an oak, the slab being placed at the foot of the grave, on which were planted wild flowers growing in the sod. A minister in our party, the Rev. J. A. Cornwall, tried to give words of comfort as we stood about this lonely grave. Strange to say, that grave has never been disturbed; the wilderness blossomed into the city of Manhattan, Kansas, and we have been told that the city cemetery surrounds the grave of Sarah Keyes.

As the river remained high and there was no prospect of fording it, the men went to work cutting down trees, hollowing out logs and making rafts on which to take the wagons over. These logs, about twenty-five feet in length, were united by cross timbers, forming rafts, which were firmly lashed to stakes driven into the bank. Ropes were attached to both ends, by which the rafts were pulled back and forth across the river. The banks of this stream

being steep, our heavily laden wagons had to be let down carefully with ropes, so that the wheels might run into the hollowed logs. This was no easy task when you take into consideration that in these wagons were women and children, who could cross the rapid river in no other way. Finally the dangerous work was accomplished and we resumed our journey.

The road at first was rough and led through a timbered country, but after striking the great valley of the Platte the road was good and the country beautiful. Stretching out before us as far as the eye could reach was a valley as green as emerald, dotted here and there with

Traveling up the smooth valley of the Platte, we passed Court House Rock, Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluffs, and made from fifteen to twenty miles a day, shortening or lengthening the distance in order to secure a good camping ground. At night when we drove into camp, our wagons were placed so as to form a circle or corral, into which our cattle were driven, after grazing, to prevent the Indians from stealing them, the camp-fires and tents being on the outside. There were many expert riflemen in the party and we never lacked for game. The plains were alive with buffalo, and herds could be seen every day coming to the Platte



AN EMIGRANT ENCAMPMENT.

flowers of every imaginable color, and through this valley flowed the grand old Platte, a wide, rapid, shallow stream. Our company now numbered about forty wagons, and, for a time, we were commanded by Col. William H. Russell, then by George Donner. Exercise in the open air under bright skies, and freedom from peril combined to make this part of our journey an ideal pleasure trip. (How I enjoyed riding my pony, galloping over the plain, gathering wild flowers! At night the young folks would gather about the camp fire chatting merrily, and often a song would be heard, or some clever dancer would give us a barn-door jig on the hind gate of a wagon.)

to drink. The meat of the young buffalo is excellent and so is that of the antelope, but the antelope are so fleet of foot it is difficult to get a shot at one. I witnessed many a buffalo hunt and more than once was in the chase close beside my father. A buffalo will not attack one unless wounded. When he sees the hunter he raises his shaggy head, gazes at him for a moment, then turns and runs; but when he is wounded he will face his pursuer. The only danger lay in a stampede, for nothing could withstand the onward rush of these massive creatures, whose tread seemed to shake the prairie.

Antelope and buffalo steaks were the main



OLD TRAIL CROSSING HORSESHOE CREEK, A TRIBUTARY OF THE PLATTE.

article on our bill-of-fare for weeks, and no tonic was needed to give zest for the food; our appetites were a marvel. Eliza soon discovered that cooking over a camp fire was far different from cooking on a stove or range, but all hands assisted her. I remember that she had the cream all ready for the churn as we drove into the South Fork of the Platte, and while we were fording the grand old stream she went on with her work, and made several pounds of butter. We found no trouble in crossing the Platte, the only danger being in quicksand. The stream being wide, we had to stop the wagon now and then to give the oxen a few moments' rest. At Fort Laramie, two hundred miles farther on, we celebrated the fourth of July in fine style. Camp was pitched earlier than usual and we prepared a grand dinner. Some of my father's friends in Springfield had given him a bottle of good old brandy, which he agreed to drink at a certain hour of this day looking to the east, while his friends in Illinois were to drink a toast to his success from a companion bottle with their faces turned west, the difference in time being carefully estimated; and at the hour agreed upon, the health of our friends in Springfield was drunk with great enthusiasm. At Fort Laramie was a party of Sioux, who were on the war path going to fight the Crows or Blackfeet. The Sioux are fine-looking Indians and I was not in the least afraid of them. They fell in love with my pony and set about bargaining to buy him. They brought buffalo robes and beautifully tanned buckskin, pretty beaded moccasins, and ropes made of grass, and placing these articles in a heap alongside several of their ponies, they made my father understand by signs that they would give them all for Billy and his rider. Papa smiled and shook his head; then the number of ponies was increased and, as a last tempting inducement, they brought an old coat, that had been worn by some poor soldier, thinking my father could not withstand the brass buttons!

On the sixth of July we were again on the march. The Sioux were several days in passing our caravan, not on account of the length of our train, but because there were so many Sioux. Owing to the fact that our wagons were strung so far apart, they could have massacred our whole party without much loss to themselves. Some of our company became alarmed, and the rifles were cleaned out and loaded, to let the warriors see that we were prepared to fight; but the Sioux never showed any inclination to disturb us. Their curiosity was annoying, however, and our wagon with its conspicuous stove-pipe and looking-glass attracted their attention. They were continually swarming about trying to get a look at themselves in the mirror, and their desire to possess my pony was so strong that at last I had to ride in the wagon and let one of the drivers take charge of Billy. This I did not like, and in order to see how far back the line of warriors extended, I picked up a large field-glass which hung on a rack, and as I pulled it out with a click, the warriors jumped back, wheeled their ponies and scattered. This pleased me greatly, and I told my mother I could fight the whole Sioux tribe with a spy-glass, and as revenge for forcing me to ride in the wagon, whenever they came near trying to get a peep at their war-paint and feathers, I would raise the glass and laugh to see them dart away in terror.

A new route had just been opened by Lansford W. Hastings, called the "Hastings Cut-off,"¹ which passed along the southern shore of the Great Salt Lake rejoining the old "Fort Hall Emigrant" road on the Humboldt. It was said to shorten the distance three hundred miles. Much time was lost in debating which course to pursue; Bridger and Vasques, who were in charge of the fort, sounded the praises of the new road. My father was so eager to reach California that he was quick to take ad-

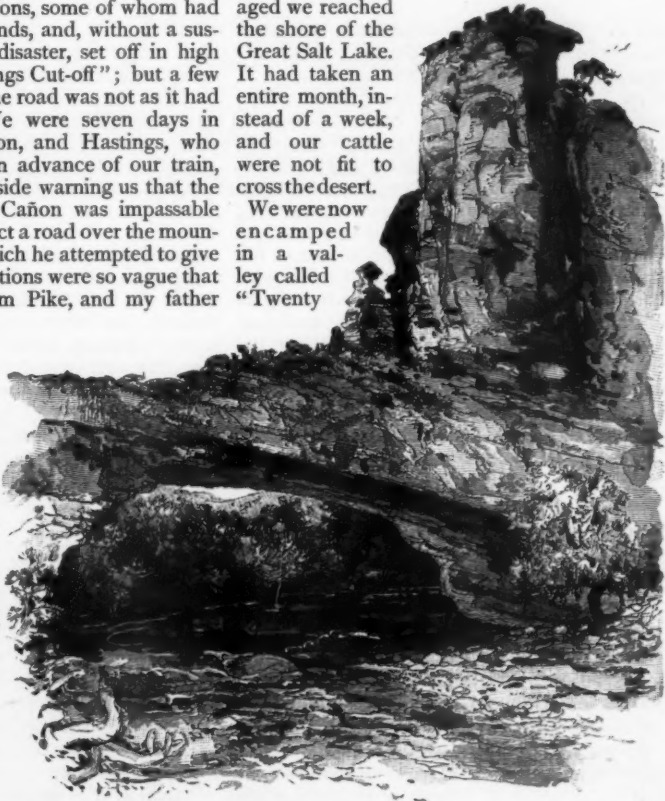
¹ For an account of Hastings, see *THE CENTURY* for December 1890, p. 176.—ED.

vantage of any means to shorten the distance, and we were assured by Hastings and his party that the only bad part was the forty-mile drive through the desert by the shore of the lake. None of our party knew then, as we learned afterwards, that these men had an interest in the road, being employed by Hastings. But for the advice of these parties we should have continued on the old Fort Hall road. Our company had increased in numbers all along the line, and was now composed of some of the very best people and some of the worst. The greater portion of our company went by the old road and reached California in safety. Eighty-seven persons took the "Hastings Cut-off," including the Donners, Breens, Reeds, Murphys (not the Murphys of Santa Clara County), C. T. Stanton, John Denton, Wm. McClutchen, Wm. Eddy, Louis Keseburg, and many others too numerous to mention in a short article like this. And these are the unfortunates who have since been known as the "Donner Party."

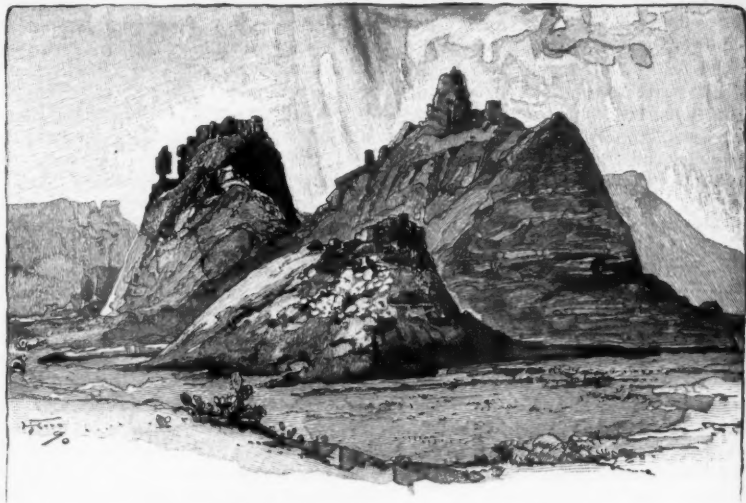
On the morning of July 31 we parted with our traveling companions, some of whom had become very dear friends, and, without a suspicion of impending disaster, set off in high spirits on the "Hastings Cut-off"; but a few days showed us that the road was not as it had been represented. We were seven days in reaching Weber Cañon, and Hastings, who was guiding a party in advance of our train, left a note by the wayside warning us that the road through Weber Cañon was impassable and advising us to select a road over the mountains, the outline of which he attempted to give on paper. These directions were so vague that C. T. Stanton, William Pike, and my father rode on in advance and overtook Hastings and tried to induce him to return and guide our party. He refused, but came back over a portion of the road, and from a high mountain endeavored to point out the general course. Over this road my father traveled alone, taking notes, and blazing trees, to assist him in retracing his course, and reaching camp after an absence of four days. Learning of the hardships of the advance train, the party decided

to cross towards the lake. Only those who have passed through this country on horseback can appreciate the situation. There was absolutely no road, not even a trail. The cañon wound around among the hills. Heavy underbrush had to be cut away and used for making a road bed. While cutting our way step by step through the "Hastings Cut-off," we were overtaken and joined by the Graves family, consisting of W. F. Graves, his wife and eight children, his son-in-law Jay Fosdick, and a young man by the name of John Snyder. Finally we reached the end of the cañon where it looked as though our wagons would have to be abandoned. It seemed impossible for the oxen to pull them up the steep hill and the bluffs beyond, but we doubled teams and the work was, at last, accomplished, almost every yoke in the train being required to pull up each wagon. While in this cañon Stanton and Pike came into camp; they had suffered greatly on account of the exhaustion of their horses and had come near perishing. (Worn with travel and greatly discouraged we reached the shore of the Great Salt Lake. It had taken an entire month, instead of a week, and our cattle were not fit to cross the desert.

We were now encamped in a valley called "Twenty



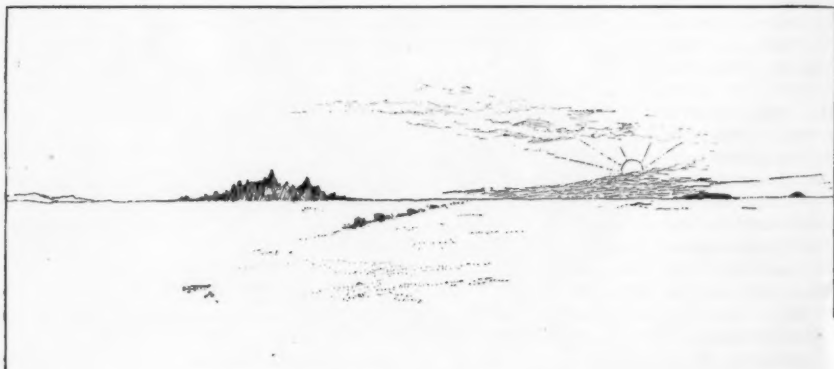
NATURAL BRIDGE ON LA PEÑE RIVER.



THE EMIGRANT TRAIL THROUGH THE BAD LANDS, WYOMING.

Wells." The water in these wells was pure and cold, welcome enough after the alkaline pools from which we had been forced to drink. We prepared for the long drive across the desert and laid in, as we supposed, an ample supply of water and grass. This desert had been represented to us as only forty miles wide but we found it nearer eighty. It was a dreary, desolate, alkali waste; not a living thing could be seen; it seemed as though the hand of death had been laid upon the country. We started in the evening, traveled all that night, and the following day and night — two nights and one day of suffering from thirst and heat by day and piercing cold by night. When the third night fell and we saw the barren waste stretching away apparently as boundless as

when we started, my father determined to go ahead in search of water. Before starting he instructed the drivers, if the cattle showed signs of giving out to take them from the wagons and follow him. He had not been gone long before the oxen began to fall to the ground from thirst and exhaustion. They were unhitched at once and driven ahead. My father coming back met the drivers with the cattle within ten miles of water and instructed them to return as soon as the animals had satisfied their thirst. He reached us about daylight. We waited all that day in the desert looking for the return of our drivers, the other wagons going on out of sight. Towards night the situation became desperate and we had only a few drops of water left; another night there meant death. We



GREAT DESERT TO THE WEST OF SALT LAKE.

must set out on foot and try to reach some of the wagons. Can I ever forget that night in the desert, when we walked mile after mile in the darkness, every step seeming to be the very last we could take! Suddenly all fatigue was banished by fear; through the night came a swift rushing sound of one of the young steers crazed

oxen before reaching Bridger's Fort from drinking poisoned water found standing in pools, and had bought at the fort two yoke of young steers, but now all were gone, and my father and his family were left in the desert, eight hundred miles from California, seemingly helpless. We realized that our wagons must be abandoned.



REGISTER ROCK, IDAHO, A LANDMARK OF WESTERN EMIGRATION.

by thirst and apparently bent upon our destruction. My father, holding his youngest child in his arms and keeping us all close behind him, drew his pistol, but finally the maddened beast turned and dashed off into the darkness. Dragging ourselves along about ten miles, we reached the wagon of Jacob Donner. The family were all asleep, so we children lay down on the ground. A bitter wind swept over the desert, chilling us through and through. We crept closer together, and, when we complained of the cold, papa placed all five of our dogs around us, and only for the warmth of these faithful creatures we should doubtless have perished.

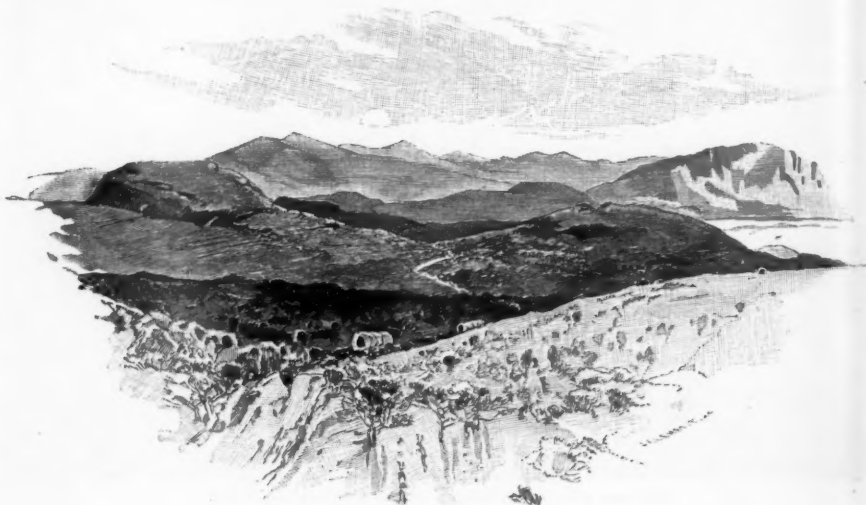
At daylight papa was off to learn the fate of his cattle, and was told that all were lost, except one cow and an ox. The stock, scenting the water, had rushed on ahead of the men, and had probably been stolen by the Indians, and driven into the mountains, where all traces of them were lost. A week was spent here on the edge of the desert in a fruitless search. Almost every man in the company turned out, hunting in all directions, but our eighteen head of cattle were never found. We had lost our best yoke of

The company kindly let us have two yoke of oxen, so with our ox and cow yoked together we could bring one wagon, but, alas! not the one which seemed so much like a home to us, and in which grandma had died. Some of the company went back with papa and assisted him in cacheing everything that could not be packed in one wagon. A cache was made by digging a hole in the ground, in which a box or the bed of a wagon was placed. Articles to be buried were packed into this box, covered with boards, and the earth thrown in upon them, and thus they were hidden from sight. Our provisions were divided among the company. Before leaving the desert camp, an inventory of provisions on hand was taken, and it was found that the supply was not sufficient to last us through to California, and as if to render the situation more terrible, a storm came on during the night and the hill-tops became white with snow. Some one must go on to Sutter's Fort after provisions. A call was made for volunteers. C. T. Stanton and Wm. McClutchen bravely offered their services and started on bearing letters from the company to Captain Sutter asking for relief. We resumed our journey

and soon reached Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt.

I now come to that part of my narrative which delicacy of feeling for both the dead and the living would induce me to pass over in silence, but which a correct and lucid chronicle of subsequent events of historical importance will not suffer to be omitted. On the 5th day of October, 1846, at Gravelly Ford, a tragedy was enacted which affected the subsequent

father a violent blow over the head with his heavy whip-stock. One blow followed another. Father was stunned for a moment and blinded by the blood streaming from the gashes in his head. Another blow was descending when my mother ran in between the men. Father saw the uplifted whip, but had only time to cry: "John, John," when down came the stroke upon mother. Quick as a thought my father's hunting knife was out and Snyder fell, fa-



OLD CALIFORNIA TRAIL TO THE NORTH OF SALT LAKE.

lives and fortunes of more than one member of our company. At this point in our journey we were compelled to double our teams in order to ascend a steep, sandy hill. Milton Elliott, who was driving our wagon, and John Snyder, who was driving one of Mr. Graves's, became involved in a quarrel over the management of their oxen. Snyder was beating his cattle over the head with the butt end of his whip, when my father, returning on horse-back from a hunting trip, arrived and, appreciating the great importance of saving the remainder of the oxen, remonstrated with Snyder, telling him that they were our main dependence, and at the same time offering the assistance of our team. Snyder having taken offense at something Elliott had said declared that his team could pull up alone, and kept on using abusive language. Father tried to quiet the enraged man. Hard words followed. Then my father said: "We can settle this, John, when we get up the hill." "No," replied Snyder with an oath, "we will settle it now," and springing upon the tongue of a wagon, he struck my

tally wounded. He was caught in the arms of W. C. Graves, carried up the hill-side, and laid on the ground. My father regretted the act, and dashing the blood from his eyes went quickly to the assistance of the dying man. I can see him now, as he knelt over Snyder, trying to stanch the wound, while the blood from the gashes in his own head, trickling down his face, mingled with that of the dying man. In a few moments Snyder expired. Camp was pitched immediately, our wagon being some distance from the others. My father, anxious to do what he could for the dead, offered the boards of our wagon, from which to make a coffin. Then, coming to me, he said: "Daughter, do you think you can dress these wounds in my head? Your mother is not able, and they must be attended to." I answered by saying: "Yes, if you will tell me what to do." I brought a basin of water and sponge, and we went into the wagon, so that we might not be disturbed. When my work was at last finished, I burst out crying. Papa clasped me in his arms, saying: "I should not have asked so much of you," and

talked to me until I controlled my feelings, so that we could go to the tent where mama was lying.

We then learned that trouble was brewing in the camp where Snyder's body lay. At the funeral my father stood sorrowfully by until the last clod was placed upon the grave. He and John Snyder had been good friends, and no one could have regretted the taking of that young life more than my father.

The members of the Donner party then held a council to decide upon the fate of my father, while we anxiously awaited the verdict. They refused to accept the plea of self-defense and decided that my father should be banished from the company and sent into the wilderness alone. It was a cruel sentence. And all this animosity towards my father was caused by Louis Keseburg, a German who had joined our company away back on the plains. Keseburg was married to a young and pretty German girl, and used to abuse her, and was in the habit of beating her till she was black and blue. This aroused all the manhood in my father and he took Keseburg to task — telling him it must be stopped or measures would be

tell. I have thought the subject over for hours but failed to arrive at a conclusion. The feeling against my father at one time was so strong that lynching was proposed. He was no coward and he bared his neck, saying, "Come on, gentlemen," but no one moved. It was thought more humane, perhaps, to send him into the wilderness to die of slow starvation or be murdered by the Indians; but my father did not die. God took care of him and his family, and at Donner Lake we seemed especially favored by the Almighty as not one of our family perished, and we were the only family no one member of which was forced to eat of human flesh to keep body and soul together. When the sentence of banishment was communicated to my father, he refused to go, feeling that he was justified before God and man, as he had only acted in self-defense.

Then came a sacrifice on the part of my mother. Knowing only too well what her life would be without him, yet fearful that if he remained he would meet with violence at the hands of his enemies, she implored him to go, but all to no avail until she urged him to re-



SALT LAKE, LOOKING SOUTH FROM PROMONTORY.

taken to that effect. Keseburg did not dare to strike his wife again, but he hated my father and nursed his wrath until papa was so unfortunate as to have to take the life of a fellow-creature in self-defense. Then Keseburg's hour for revenge had come. But how a man like Keseburg, brutal and overbearing by nature, although highly educated, could have such influence over the company is more than I can

member the destitution of the company, saying that if he remained and escaped violence at their hands, he might nevertheless see his children starving and be helpless to aid them, while if he went on he could return and meet them with food. It was a fearful struggle; at last he consented, but not before he had secured a promise from the company to care for his wife and little ones.

My father was sent out into an unknown country without provisions or arms—even his horse was at first denied him. When we learned of this decision, I followed him through the darkness, taking Elliott with me, and carried him his rifle, pistols, ammunition and some food. I had determined to stay with him, and begged him to let me stay, but he would listen

My mother's despair was pitiful. Patty and I thought we would be bereft of her also. But life and energy were again aroused by the danger that her children would starve. It was apparent that the whole company would soon be put on a short allowance of food, and the snow-capped mountains gave an ominous hint of the fate that really befell us in the Sierra. Our wagon



A DESPERATE SITUATION. (DRAWN BY CHARLES NAHL.)

to no argument, saying that it was impossible. Finally, unclasping my arms from around him, he placed me in charge of Elliott, who started back to camp with me—and papa was left alone. I had cried until I had hardly strength to walk, but when we reached camp and I saw the distress of my mother, with the little ones clinging around her and no arm to lean upon, it seemed suddenly to make a woman of me. I realized that I must be strong and help mama bear her sorrows.

We traveled on, but all life seemed to have left the party, and the hours dragged slowly along. Every day we would search for some sign of papa, who would leave a letter by the way-side in the top of a bush or in a split stick, and when he succeeded in killing geese or birds would scatter the feathers about so that we might know that he was not suffering for food. When possible, our fire would always be kindled on the spot where his had been. But a time came when we found no letter, and no trace of him. Had he starved by the way-side, or been murdered by the Indians?

was found to be too heavy, and was abandoned with everything we could spare, and the remaining things were packed in part of another wagon. We had two horses left from the wreck, which could hardly drag themselves along, but they managed to carry my two little brothers. The rest of us had to walk, one going beside the horse to hold on to my youngest brother who was only two and a half years of age. The Donners were not with us when my father was banished, but were several days in advance of our train. Walter Herron, one of our drivers, who was traveling with the Donners, left the wagons and joined my father.

On the 19th of October, while traveling along the Truckee, our hearts were gladdened by the return of Stanton, with seven mules loaded with provisions. Mr. McClutchen was ill and could not travel, but Captain Sutter had sent two of his Indian vaqueros, Luis and Salvador with Stanton. Hungry as we were, Stanton brought us something better than food—news that my father was alive. Stanton had met him not far from Sutter's Fort; he had been three days with-

out food, and his horse was not able to carry him. Stanton had given him a horse and some provisions and he had gone on. We now packed what little we had left on one mule and started with Stanton. My mother rode on a mule, carrying Tommy in her lap; Patty and Jim rode behind the two Indians, and I behind Mr. Stanton, and in this way we journeyed on through the rain, looking up with fear towards the mountains, where snow was already falling although it was only the last week in October. Winter had set in a month earlier than usual. All trails and roads were covered; and our only guide was the summit which it seemed we would never reach. Despair drove many nearly frantic. Each family tried to cross the mountains but found it impossible. When it was seen that the wagons could not be dragged through the snow, their goods and provisions were packed on oxen and another start was made, men and

might bring yielded to the many, and we camped within three miles of the summit.

That night came the dreaded snow. Around the camp-fires under the trees great feathery flakes came whirling down. The air was so full of them that one could see objects only a few feet away. The Indians knew we were doomed, and one of them wrapped his blanket about him and stood all night under a tree. We children slept soundly on our cold bed of snow with a soft white mantle falling over us so thickly that every few moments my mother would have to shake the shawl — our only covering — to keep us from being buried alive. In the morning the snow lay deep on mountain and valley. With heavy hearts we turned back to a cabin that had been built by the Murphy-Schallenger party two years before. We built more cabins and prepared as best we could for the winter. That camp, which proved



TRUCKEE CAÑON.

women walking in the snow up to their waists, carrying their children in their arms and trying to drive their cattle. The Indians said they could find no road, so a halt was called, and Stanton went ahead with the guides, and came back and reported that we could get across if we kept right on, but that it would be impossible if snow fell. He was in favor of a forced march until the other side of the summit should be reached, but some of our party were so tired and exhausted with the day's labor that they declared they could not take another step; so the few who knew the danger that the night

the camp of death to many in our company, was made on the shore of a lake, since known as "Donner Lake." The Donners were camped in Alder Creek Valley below the lake, and were, if possible, in a worse condition than ourselves. The snow came on so suddenly that they had no time to build cabins, but hastily put up brush sheds, covering them with pine boughs.

Three double cabins were built at Donner Lake, which were known as the "Breen Cabin," the "Murphy Cabin," and the "Reed-Graves Cabin." The cattle were all killed, and the meat was placed in snow for preservation. My

mother had no cattle to kill, but she made arrangements for some, promising to give two for one in California. Stanton and the Indians made their home in my mother's cabin.

Many attempts were made to cross the mountains, but all who tried were driven back by the

ples, some beans, a bit of tripe, and a small piece of bacon. When this hoarded store was brought out, the delight of the little ones knew no bounds. The cooking was watched carefully, and when we sat down to our Christmas dinner mother said, "Children, eat slowly, for



DONNER LAKE, FROM THE OLD SACRAMENTO TRAIL.

pitiless storms. Finally a party was organized, since known as the "Forlorn Hope." They made snow-shoes, and fifteen started, ten men and five women, but only seven lived to reach California; eight men perished. They were over a month on the way, and the horrors endured by that Forlorn Hope no pen can describe nor imagination conceive. The noble Stanton was one of the party, and perished the sixth day out, thus sacrificing his life for strangers. I can find no words in which to express a fitting tribute to the memory of Stanton.

The misery endured during those four months at Donner Lake in our little dark cabins under the snow would fill pages and make the coldest heart ache. Christmas was near, but to the starving its memory gave no comfort. It came and passed without observance, but my mother had determined weeks before that her children should have a treat on this one day. She had laid away a few dried ap-

this one day you can have all you wish." So bitter was the misery relieved by that one bright day, that I have never since sat down to a Christmas dinner without my thoughts going back to Donner Lake.

The storms would often last ten days at a time, and we would have to cut chips from the logs inside which formed our cabins, in order to start a fire. We could scarcely walk, and the men had hardly strength to procure wood. We would drag ourselves through the snow from one cabin to another, and some mornings snow would have to be shoveled out of the fireplace before a fire could be made. Poor little children were crying with hunger, and mothers were crying because they had so little to give their children. We seldom thought of bread, we had been without it so long. Four months of such suffering would fill the bravest hearts with despair.

During the closing days of December, 1846, gold was found in my mother's cabin at Don-

ner Lake by John Denton. I remember the night well. The storm fiends were shrieking in their wild mirth, we were sitting about the fire in our little dark home, busy with our thoughts. Denton with his cane kept knocking pieces off the large rocks used as fire-irons on which to place the wood. Something bright attracted his attention, and picking up pieces of the rock he examined them closely; then turning to my mother he said, "Mrs. Reed, this is gold." My mother replied that she wished it were bread. Denton knocked more chips from the rocks, and he hunted in the ashes for the shining particles until he had gathered about a teaspoonful. This he tied in a small piece of buckskin and placed in his pocket, saying, "If we ever get away from here I am coming back for more." Denton started out with the first relief party but perished on the way, and no one thought of the gold in his pocket. Denton was about thirty years of age; he was born in Sheffield, England, and was a gunsmith and gold-beater by trade. Gold has never been found on the shore of the lake, but a few miles from there in the mountain cañons, from which this rock possibly came, rich mines have been discovered.

Time dragged slowly along till we were no longer on short allowance but were simply starving. My mother determined to make an effort to cross the mountains. She could not see her children die without trying to get them food. It was hard to leave them but she felt that it must be done. She told them she would bring them bread, so they were willing to stay, and with no guide but a compass we started—my mother, Eliza, Milt Elliott and myself. Milt wore snow shoes and we followed in his tracks. We were five days in the mountains; Eliza gave out the first day and had to return, but we kept on and climbed one high mountain after another only to see others higher still ahead. Often I would have to crawl up the mountains, being too tired to walk. The nights were made hideous by the screams of wild beasts heard in the distance. Again, we would be lulled to sleep by the moan of the pine trees, which seemed to sympathize with our loneliness. One morning we awoke to find ourselves in a well of snow. During the night, while in the deep sleep of exhaustion, the heat of the fire had melted the snow and our little camp had gradually sunk many feet below the surface until we were literally buried in a well of snow. The danger was that any attempt to get out might bring an avalanche upon us, but finally steps were carefully made and we reached the surface. My foot was badly frozen, so we were compelled to return, and just in time, for that night a storm came on, the most fearful of the winter, and we should have perished had we not been in the cabins.

We now had nothing to eat but raw hides and they were on the roof of the cabin to keep out the snow; when prepared for cooking and boiled they were simply a pot of glue. When the hides were taken off our cabin and we were left without shelter Mr. Breen gave us a home with his family, and Mrs. Breen prolonged my life by slipping me little bits of meat now and then when she discovered that I could not eat the hide. Death had already claimed many in our party and it seemed as though relief never would reach us. Baylis Williams, who had been in delicate health before we left Springfield, was the first to die; he passed away before starvation had really set in.

I am a Catholic although my parents were not. I often went to the Catholic church before leaving home, but it was at Donner Lake that I made the vow to be a Catholic. The Breens were the only Catholic family in the Donner party and prayers were said aloud regularly in that cabin night and morning. Our only light was from little pine sticks split up like kindling wood and kept constantly on the hearth. I was very fond of kneeling by the side of Mr. Breen and holding these little torches so that he might see to read. One night we had all gone to bed—I was with my mother and the little ones, all huddled together to keep from freezing—but I could not sleep. It was a fearful night and I felt that the hour was not far distant when we would go to sleep—never to wake again in this world. All at once I found myself on my knees with my hands clasped, looking up through the darkness, making a vow that if God would send us relief and let me see my father again I would be a Catholic. That prayer was answered.

On his arrival at Sutter's Fort, my father made known the situation of the emigrants, and Captain Sutter offered at once to do everything possible for their relief. He furnished horses and provisions and my father and Mr. McClutchen started for the mountains, coming as far as possible with horses and then with packs on their backs proceeding on foot; but they were finally compelled to return. Captain Sutter was not surprised at their defeat. He stated that there were no able-bodied men in that vicinity, all having gone down the country with Frémont to fight the Mexicans. He advised my father to go to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, and make his case known to the naval officer in command. My father was in fact conducting parties there—when the seven members of the Forlorn Hope arrived from across the mountains. Their famished faces told the story. Cattle were killed and men were up all night drying beef and making flour by hand mills, nearly 200 pounds being made in one night, and a party of seven,



ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT.

commanded by Captain Reasen P. Tucker, were sent to our relief by Captain Sutter and the alcalde, Mr. Sinclair. On the evening of February 19th, 1847, they reached our cabins, where all were starving. They shouted to attract attention. Mr. Breen, clambered up the icy steps from our cabin, and soon we heard the blessed words, "Relief, thank God, relief!" There was joy at Donner Lake that night, for we did not know the fate of the

Forlorn Hope and we were told that relief parties would come and go until all were across the mountains. But with the joy sorrow was strangely blended. There were tears in other eyes than those of children; strong men sat down and wept. For the dead were lying about on the snow, some even unburied, since the living had not had strength to bury their dead. When Milt Elliott died,—our faithful friend, who seemed so like a brother,—my

mother and I dragged him up out of the cabin and covered him with snow. Commencing at his feet, I patted the pure white snow down softly until I reached his face. Poor Milt! it was hard to cover that face from sight forever, for with his death our best friend was gone.

On the 22d of February the first relief started with a party of twenty-three — men, women and children. My mother and her family were among the number. It was a bright sunny morning and we felt happy, but we had not gone far when Patty and Tommy gave out. They were not able to stand the fatigue and it was not thought safe to allow them to proceed, so Mr. Glover informed mama that they would have to be sent back to the cabins to await the next expedition. What language can express our feelings? My mother said that she would go back with her children — that we would all go back together. This the relief party would not permit, and Mr. Glover promised mama that as soon as they reached Bear Valley he himself would return for her children. Finally my mother, turning to Mr. Glover said, "Are you a Mason?" He replied that he was. "Will you promise me on the word of a Mason that if we do not meet their father you will return and save my children?" He pledged himself that he would. My father was a member of the Mystic Tie and mama had great faith in the word of a Mason. It was a sad parting — a fearful struggle. The men turned aside, not being able to hide their tears. Patty said, "I want to see papa, but I will take good care of Tommy and I do not want you to come back." Mr. Glover returned with the children and, providing them with food, left them in the care of Mr. Breen.

With sorrowful hearts we traveled on, walking through the snow in single file. The men wearing snow-shoes broke the way and we followed in their tracks. At night we lay down on the snow to sleep, to awake to find our clothing all frozen, even to our shoe-strings. At break of day we were again on the road, owing to the fact that we could make better time over the frozen snow. The sunshine, which it would seem would have been welcome, only added to our misery. The dazzling reflection of the snow was very trying to the eyes, while its heat melted our frozen clothing, making them cling to our bodies. My brother was too small to step in the tracks made by the men, and in order to travel he had to place his knee on the little hill of snow after each step and climb over. Mother coaxed him along, telling him that every step he took he was getting nearer papa and nearer something to eat. He was the youngest child that walked over the Sierra Nevada. On our second day's journey John Denton gave out and declared it would be im-

possible for him to travel, but he begged his companions to continue their journey. A fire was built and he was left lying on a bed of freshly cut pine boughs, peacefully smoking. He looked so comfortable that my little brother wanted to stay with him; but when the second relief party reached him poor Denton was past waking. His last thoughts seemed to have gone back to his childhood's home, as a little poem was found by his side, the pencil apparently just dropped from his hand.

Captain Tucker's party on their way to the cabins had lightened their packs of a sufficient quantity of provisions to supply the sufferers on their way out. But when we reached the place where the cache had been made by hanging the food on a tree, we were horrified to find that wild animals had destroyed it, and again starvation stared us in the face. But my father was hurrying over the mountains, and met us in our hour of need with his hands full of bread. He had expected to meet us on this day, and had stayed up all night baking bread to give us. He brought with him fourteen men. Some of his party were ahead, and when they saw us coming they called out, "Is Mrs. Reed with you? If she is, tell her Mr. Reed is here." We heard the call; mother knelt on the snow, while I tried to run to meet papa.

When my father learned that two of his children were still at the cabins, he hurried on, so fearful was he that they might perish before he reached them. He seemed to fly over the snow, and made in two days the distance we had been five in traveling, and was overjoyed to find Patty and Tommy alive. He reached Donner Lake on the first of March, and what a sight met his gaze! The famished little children and the death-like look of all made his heart ache. He filled Patty's apron with biscuits, which she carried around, giving one to each person. He had soup made for the infirm, and rendered every assistance possible to the sufferers. Leaving them with about seven days' provisions, he started out with a party of seventeen, all that were able to travel. Three of his men were left at the cabins to procure wood and assist the helpless. My father's party (the second relief) had not traveled many miles when a storm broke upon them. With the snow came a perfect hurricane. The crying of half-frozen children, the lamenting of the mothers, and the suffering of the whole party was heart-rending; and above all could be heard the shrieking of the storm King. One who has never witnessed a blizzard in the Sierra can form no idea of the situation. All night my father and his men worked unceasingly through the raging storm, trying to erect shelter for the dying women and children. At times the hurricane would

burst forth with such violence that he felt alarmed on account of the tall timber surrounding the camp. The party were destitute of food, all supplies that could be spared having been left with those at the cabins. The relief party had cached provisions on their way over to the cabins, and my father had sent three of the men forward for food before the storm set in; but they could not return. Thus, again, death stared all in the face. At one time the fire was nearly gone; had it been lost, all would have perished. Three days and nights they were exposed to the fury of the elements. Finally my father became snow-blind and could do no more, and he would have died but for the exertions of William McClutchen and Hiram Miller, who worked over him all night. From this time forward, the toil and responsibility rested upon McClutchen and Miller.

The storm at last ceased, and these two determined to set out over the snow and send back relief to those not able to travel. Hiram Miller picked up Tommy and started. Patty thought she could walk, but gradually everything faded from her sight, and she too seemed to be dying. All other sufferings were now forgotten, and everything was done to revive the child. My father found some crumbs in the thumb of his woolen mitten; warming and moistening them between his own lips, he gave them to her and thus saved her life, and afterward she was carried along by different ones in the company. Patty was not alone in her travels. Hidden away in her bosom was a tiny doll, which she had carried day and night through all of our trials. Sitting before a nice, bright fire at Woodworth's Camp, she took dolly out to have a talk, and told her of all her new happiness.

There was untold suffering at that "Starved Camp," as the place has since been called. When my father reached Woodworth's Camp, a third relief started in at once and rescued the living. A fourth relief went on to Donner Lake, as many were still there—and many remain there still, including George Donner and wife, Jacob Donner and wife and four of their children. George Donner had met with an accident which rendered him unable to travel; and his wife would not leave him to die alone. It would take pages to tell of the heroic acts and noble deeds of those who lie sleeping about Donner Lake.

Most of the survivors, when brought in from the mountains, were taken by the different relief parties to Sutter's Fort, and the generous hearted captain did everything possible for the sufferers. Out of the eighty-three persons who were snowed in at Donner Lake, forty-two perished, and of the thirty-one emigrants who left Springfield, Illinois, that spring morning, only eighteen lived to reach California. Alcalde Sinclair took my mother and her family to his own home, and we were surrounded with every comfort. Mrs. Sinclair was the dearest of women. Never can I forget their kindness. But our anxiety was not over, for we knew that my father's party had been caught in the storm. I can see my mother now, as she stood leaning against the door for hours at a time, looking towards the mountains. At last my father arrived at Mr. Sinclair's with the little ones, and our family were again united. That day's happiness repaid us for much that we had suffered; and it was spring in California.

Words cannot tell how beautiful the spring appeared to us coming out of the mountains from that long winter at Donner Lake in our little dark cabins under the snow. Before us now lay, in all its beauty, the broad valley of the Sacramento. I remember one day, when traveling down Napa Valley, we stopped at noon to have lunch under the shade of an oak; but I was not hungry; I was too full of the beautiful around me to think of eating. So I wandered off by myself to a lovely little knoll and stood there in a bed of wild flowers, looking up and down the green valley, all dotted with trees. The birds were singing with very joy in the branches over my head, and the blessed sun was smiling down upon all as though in benediction. I drank it in for a moment, and then began kissing my hand and wafting kisses to Heaven in thanksgiving to the Almighty for creating a world so beautiful. I felt so near God at that moment that it seemed to me I could feel His breath warm on my cheek. By and by I heard papa calling, "Daughter, where are you? Come, child, we are ready to start, and you have had no lunch," I ran and caught him by the hand, saying, "Buy this place, please, and let us make our home here." He stood looking around for a moment, and said, "It is a lovely spot," and then we passed on.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

Virginia Reed Murphy.



AT THE HARBOR'S MOUTH.



WHITE shell road runs out from the town and, skirting the river, sweeps along the shore of the sound for about a quarter of a mile at the harbor's mouth, and then turns and comes back to the town again by a higher

ridge of land about a half-mile from the river. Near the harbor's mouth the road is lined on the shore side by summer cottages; it passes a large summer hotel, and reaches a white lighthouse before it makes its turn. In summer it is filled with the carriages of the cottage residents, the teams of the dwellers in the city, and long, yellow beach-wagons carrying young people and children to the bathing-beach on the sound. The cool sea-breeze powders the grass and bushes on the west side of the road with the fine white dust of the shells, pulverized under many wheels and hoofs.

And it is by no means deserted in winter. The beach-wagons are covered in with glass windows that rattle and shake as the vehicles jolt along, and though they run at longer intervals, and carry less hilarious passengers than the shouting, laughing loads of summer, they are seldom empty, and late in the day they are crowded with workmen carrying their tin dinner-pails and returning to their homes. The city itself is not a large one. In fact it is a very small one, and if one compares it with Tyre and Sidon, which were also seaports, it is a very new one. But it is old in the history of the country, a fact of which its inhabitants are justly proud. It was a place of considerable importance in colonial days. It was the center of importing for the surrounding country. Vessels from foreign ports lay at its wharfs, and as late as the beginning of the century merchants advertised their own importations of calamancoes, bombazine, Irish and tandem holland, shallons, damasks, and other stuffs, the names of which have an odd sound to the modern ear. In its old graveyard lies buried Lyon Gardiner, Lord of the Isle of Wight (Gardiner's Island), the only entailed and titled estate in America, and the small building is still standing where Nathan Hale taught children to read before he taught how a brave man could die. In whaling days the city's wharfs were busy with riggers and gaugers and filled with great barrels of whale oil. It was from the profits of these ventures that the captains and agents built the square white houses with

Grecian columns, some of which still remain standing on the main street, and which mark a certain epoch in the domestic architecture of New England. It has its past and its history, and it has, like every well-regulated New England city with a history and a past, its house where Washington slept.

Long before the city had, as it has now, its mayor, aldermen, common councilmen, board of trade, and all that innumerable host of public officials happily numerous enough in small New England cities to give every citizen a reasonable hope of holding public office before he dies; while its ruler was that Georgius Secundus whom Dr. Holmes irreverently calls a "snuffy old drone from a German hive," the road which runs down by the riverside had only started on the journey which it has since completed. It started out ambitiously enough, but after passing one or two houses it became a cart-path, which struggled on in a winding and desultory way until the last house was passed only a few rods from where the railroad now crosses; then giving up the effort to be even a cart-path, it wandered as a foot-path through the coarse salt grass, and finally lost itself in the sand long before the harbor's mouth was reached.

The same white, sandy beach, however, stretched along the shore where the river flows into the sound, and the gray granite rocks where the lighthouse stands even then pushed their way out into the water. It was then, as now, a fair and inviting spot on a hot summer's afternoon. And it was down this path through the salt grasses on a hot summer's afternoon that Ezra Hempstead and two young men walked on their way to the beach for a dip in the sea. The Hempsteads were people of considerable local importance. The Hempstead house was a large gambrel-roof house which stood some distance back from the road, and under the eaves it was pierced with embrasures through which the muzzles of the flint-lock muskets could be pushed to defend the garrison within. For when the house was built Pequot and Mohegan Indians had not always been pacific, though the danger of Indian warfare was now over. The Hempstead acres were broad, and Stephen Hempstead himself was perhaps next to the minister in the councils of church and state. A Puritan of the Puritans was Stephen Hempstead, much distressed by the heresies of the Rogereens, a small sect who greatly annoyed the church by their outlandish beliefs, and bitter against the Quakers.

It was Stephen Hempstead who only a week before had whipped and driven away a foreign-looking woman who had wandered about the town and endeavored to ply her heathenish fortune-telling arts on some of the younger people, and had shrugged his shoulders contemptuously when the woman fiercely cursed him. A man of parts and property, and Ezra was a young man for whom the prudent maiden might well set her cap.

Along the path through the coarse sea-grass the young men walked. "Well, Ezra," said the oldest of the three, who was of a somewhat more thoughtful type than his companions, being indeed a student at Yale, of whom much was expected, "has the harvest been blighted or have the cows gone dry since the old woman's curse?"

"If every curse of a whipped rogue blighted the harvest we should all starve," replied Ezra.

"And yet," added the student, musingly, "there are many odd tales concerning the curses of the aged. England is full of such legends, and surely we in this country have had our fill of them."

"Old wives' tales, fit to be told in evening before the fire. Winter tales, not meet for such a glorious summer day," said Ezra.

"Then you do not believe in witchcraft," said the student.

"No, indeed; a baleful superstition, as our neighbors in Massachusetts found to their cost."

"It is in young eyes that Ezra finds witchcraft, I warrant you," said the third member of the trio. "I have seen him hipped for a whole day long when they looked less kindly on him."

"They blight no harvest, though," said Ezra, "and have but to smile again and the clouds have passed."

"There is sometimes a worse undoing than the blighting of harvests," said the student.

"Nay; if you speak of such witches, I believe in them," said Ezra. "Surely it was witchcraft that made you plow through the cold and snow last winter to a fire no warmer than you left at home. And talk of being hipped, man! It was a whole week that you went without smiling when the young lawyer from Hartford was here at court."

"A conceited upstart," said the other, sharply.

"A clear case of witchcraft," laughed Ezra. "Come," he added to the student, "have you no such witches at New Haven?"

"I am too busy with my books to note them," said the student. But he colored as he spoke, and Ezra laughed softly.

It was late in the afternoon of an August day. There was hardly a ripple on the water. Distorted by a mirage, the low shore of Fisher's Island loomed up in high cliffs, and distant Long Island hung quivering far above the ho-

zizon. As the currents of heated air moved slowly up the sound they lifted the farthest shores into sight, suspended them in the air, twisted and contorted, only to let them drop again below the horizon in a few minutes. The incoming tide plashed lazily against the rocks and broke in small waves on the white beach. Drawn up on the beach by the rocks was the boat of some fisherman, who had perhaps that morning set the white buoys that marked his lobster-pots. Ezra and his friends sat on its gunwale. As they stood up to take off their coats they saw on the other side of the ledge farther up the beach at no great distance from them a dingy tent. In front of it an iron pot rested on a few stones over some blackened embers.

"What have we here?" said the student.

"Some strollers who shall be turned out of town to-morrow, I promise you," said Ezra.

"And whipped before they go?" queried the student.

"Aye, if they play any outlandish tricks," answered Ezra.

While they were looking a young girl stepped to the door of the tent and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked off on the water and then, turning slowly, looked at the young men, whose heads she could see over the ledge of rocks; a slight, straight, well-poised figure, with black hair, dark skin, and flashing black eyes.

"Too fair a figure for the whipping-post," said the student.

Ezra leaned against the rock and looked at the girl. She half smiled, turned her head coquettishly, and went back into the tent.

"Too fair a figure for the whipping-post," repeated the student.

"What flashing eyes she had!" said Ezra.

"Come," said the third, "let us take our bath, and Ezra can have the gipsy whipped to-morrow if he wishes."

They threw off their clothes behind the rocks and swam out some hundred feet beyond the ledge. As they floated there in the calm sea the student called their attention to the tent again, and out from the door stepped the girl, a red kerchief twisted round her head, a jacket on her shoulders, and a short skirt which showed her bare, brown feet and ankles.

As they watched her she ran down into the water to her waist, and then, making her jacket and skirt into a small bundle, she threw them back on the shore.

They could see her wet shoulders glisten in the rays of the setting sun as she easily and gracefully swam out from the shore. She passed them, and still swam slowly and easily out towards the sound. They were all good swimmers,—Ezra had swum from point to point, a distance of some three miles,—and without a

word they followed her. So they swam on in silence, following the girl, Ezra slightly in the lead, until they were some distance out from the shore. They had been swimming rapidly, but in spite of their exertions the girl had easily kept her lead and had now and then glanced over her shoulder and half smiled as if to challenge them to a race. The student stopped first. The pace was telling on him.

"Wait, Ezra," he said. As they all stopped the girl stopped too, and, floating in the water, watched them.

"How far are you going?" said the student. "This is swim enough for me. I am going to the shore again."

"And I," said the third. "Come, Ezra; let us go back."

"Swim back if you want to," said Ezra. "This is no swim for me; I will join you presently."

"Come back with us," said the student. "The sun is setting, and it will be late before we get back to town."

"Go back," said Ezra, shortly. "I'm not keeping you; I tell you I will join you presently."

"Come with us now," said the other. As he spoke the girl half lifted herself in the water, smiled towards Ezra, and took a few strokes forward.

Without replying, Ezra swam towards her, and the other two swam slowly shoreward.

The sun was just sinking as they stepped upon the sand. Half the disk was already below the horizon. Far off in the crimson sea they could see Ezra and the girl somewhat nearer together and still swimming outward.

"Ezra! Ezra!" they called.

He stopped and threw up an arm to show them that he heard them, and the girl waved her arm too and seemed to beckon him on. Then they both swam still outward.

"A plague on the gipsy!" said the student, testily. "We shall have to wait till the hot-brained fool is ready to come back."

When they had finished dressing they called again, "Ezra! Ezra!" This time he made no sign, and in the growing dusk they could just see two heads black upon the water and now apparently quite near together.

"Let us take the boat and go after him," said the other.

"Aye," said the student; "and drag him

back by force of arms. Let the gipsy swim to the underworld if she will. You scull, and I will watch them."

So they pushed the boat off from the shore and got into her, and while the student watched in the bow the other sculled the boat out towards the two swimmers as rapidly as he could.

It was growing steadily darker, and it was only by careful watching that the student could see the two black spots far out on the water. He directed the course of the boat now to the right, now to the left. Presently he called for the other to stop.

"I have lost sight of them," he said.

They both stood up and looked out over the water in the direction in which the student had been watching.

"I see them," said the other, presently. And he pointed out over the water.

Surely there were the two black spots, now close together, and he took the oar again. Closer they came to them. It was dusk, and they must be quite near before they could recognize Ezra. Slowly now, for it would not do to lose sight of them again. They were over a mile from the shore, and the water, no longer golden, was fast growing black. Closer—when a wild, mocking laugh startled them both, and two loons flew up from the water and winged their way heavily out towards the sea.

They stopped and looked at each other with pale faces.

"Those were loons," said the student, "those black spots that we saw."

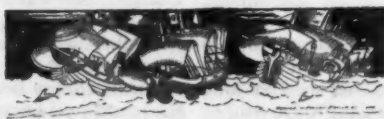
"But where are Ezra and the girl?" said the other.

It was in vain that they scanned the broad water. Not a spot was to be seen on its surface, and they slowly went back to the shore. When they reached it the tent was gone too, and only a few blackened embers showed where it had been.

There on that ledge of rocks stands the lighthouse to-day, and the wife of the lighthouse-keeper, brown and tanned, says that sometimes in the dusk of a summer's evening one can see two heads as of two swimmers far out on the water, and that over the waves comes a sound of mocking laughter.

But the lighthouse-keeper, a grizzled veteran of the war, says that they are only loons swimming on the water and calling to each other.

Walter Learned.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.



IT was in the old time, and it was the old story. A man and a maid sat under a tree, a little stream at their feet, and the lush summer all around. The land was wild and beautiful; the cultivated fields to be seen

by a bird above their heads were only little, irregular islands grouped through the sea of forest. Near the pair—that is, not half a mile away—stood the largest and best farmhouse within many miles; it had a “frame” addition built in front of the older log structure, a big, rough, grassy yard, and at one side a garden equally divided between flowers and vegetables.

Two stout dames sat on the back gallery, one knitting, one with folded hands.

“I tell you, Betty,” said the idle one, “I don’t give my approval to the way you ‘re a-lettin’ Lucindy carry on. That gal is the talk of the county.”

“Now, Sist’ Emmy,” replied the other in an aggrieved, long-suffering tone, “that’s a terrible way to talk; it’s onjust. ‘The talk of the county,’” she repeated, flaring into a little unusual vigor of utterance, “sounds as if the poor child had done something respectable, and Lord knows I don’t know sence when there’s a law in the land that a gyrl’s got to marry afore she’s ready.”

“The trouble with that gal,” said Sist’ Emmy, “‘pears to be that she won’t git married when she is ready.”

It was the belief of her relatives that Mrs. Emmeline Simms persisted in saying “gal” for the express purpose of mortifying and irritating them, and that she particularly loved to designate Lucinda so, Lucinda being the source of certain innovations in the family English.

“There she sits out there,” said Mrs. Simms, pointing to the pair visible as small blots under the distant, feathery walnut tree, “a-lettin’ that poor fool spark her, and as like as not a-lettin’ him ‘p’int the day ag’in, and then she ‘ll go kick over the traces onct more at the last minute, and—talk about bein’ the talk of the county, do you reckon, Betsey Ann, that anythin’ is a-goin’ to be more talked about on the foot-stool than a gal breakin’ off her weddin’ after they ‘ve begun to bake the cake? Do you?”

“Now, Sist’ Emmy,” began Lucinda’s mother,

exactly as before, “you know there was mighty little cake baked; you ‘d jest come, and had n’t fairly got into the fruit cake, and Lucindy never let it get that far afore, and she won’t ag’in, ‘cept she ‘s goin’ through with it. You forgit the feelin’s of a gyrl. They don’t alluz know their own minds. Ethan Simms is only your nephew by marriage, and Lucindy’s your own blood niece, and my feelin’s is hurt, Sist’ Emmy—”

“Betty Ann, don’t begin like that. You know I ‘m as fond of Lucindy as if she was my own child; but you never did have no gover’nment, and I do say that to have all this courtin’ startin’ up ag’in with that eejet—I think the man’s bewitched—when it was scan’al enough to have the weddin’ broke off after the invites was out”—Mrs. Simms stopped an instant, then escaped the labyrinth of her own sentences by cutting through them directly to the main matter—“The gal ought to be made to drop him or take him.”

“Seems as ef it’s more Ethan’s business than you—than anybody’s else’s, and he ‘pears mighty anxious not to be dropped, whether he’s taken or not.”

“Humph! Ethan’s a plumb eejet—far be any denyin’ of that from me; but Lucindy is full as eager about keepin’ him danglin’ as he is, and you don’t lift your finger about it. I don’t know why the Lord sends fam’blies to women with no gover’nment, but he most certainly do.”

Of course her own caprices were also being discussed by Lucinda and her lover under the walnut tree. Truth to tell, these caprices had always furnished them with conversational material, a commodity which otherwise they often must have lacked.

For four years they had been “courtin’,” and three times a wedding-day had been set. The last time, only three months before, the usual retreat by the unstable Lucinda had been delayed, as we have already learned, until publicity and general condemnation were its well-merited portion.

Lucinda now stood under the walnut tree a lamentably attractive and appealing figure of a culprit. She was only a slip of a thing, though her nineteen years were quoted warningly to her; there were few unmarried girls in the settlement so old.

Little, tricky brown curls had slipped from the bands and knots she tried so hard to keep smooth; her brown eyes were swimming in

tears, which were falling one by one over brown cheeks as round as a child's; she knotted her hands in her apron, though it was her best one, and just ironed, as she said:

"I do care about you, Ethan; you know I do. I want to marry you some time, you know I do; but — but I don't seem ready to settle down right off. It looks sort o' dreadful — everything all fixed one way then for the rest of your life. I like being a gyrl." On this last word this frivolous young person caught her breath and began to sob.

"You would n't think that a-way ef you cared for me," said the seated Ethan, gloomily, prudently keeping his honest, dust-colored head turned from the melting sight beside him.

"I would too-oo; a gyrl ain't like a man."

"No, 'm; yer right, they ain't. It says in all the books that women is withouten no heart, and man's destroyer. That 's the 'pinion of the wise men."

It was sunset before the two could abandon the delights of quarreling and return to the house. There the stir of getting a company supper made a picture of kaleidoscopic activity, half-homely, half-weird, against the soft twilight of the woods and fields; from the kitchen a broad, shifting flare of firelight shone forth, through which dark, turbaned figures flitted deftly back and forth carrying covered dishes, while children and dogs of all colors and sizes appeared and disappeared on every side. Mrs. Todd, Lucinda's mother, treated Ethan with an effusive hospitality intended to atone for what we might call the heated indifference shown by her sister.

It shows how absorbing and delightful a topic was Lucinda's misconduct that this afternoon it had displaced the natural theme of the hour, and that a good one too. Mrs. Simms and Ethan were stopping overnight with the Todds on their way to a wedding. Lucinda was to go with them, and on the morrow the three were to set out. A horseback journey of thirty-five miles was the price — or the premium — for this social experience.

"Ef you had any proper shame," said Mrs. Simms that night after the candle was out, taking an unfair advantage of the fact that she was sharing Lucinda's bed, "you'd be too humbled to show your face at a weddin' — and with Ethan too! I'd never show my face with you if Milly Anson warn't my own cousin's step-daughter, and her mammy's fam'bly all bein' so dreadful thin-skinned about the way Sarah's kin treats her. Now, praise the Lord, this is the last upsettin' botheration Sarah'll have to have with Milly, and she's been trial enough, for a more addlepated fly-up-the-creek than that pasty-faced gal this settlement ain't nêver seed. Howsomever," Mrs. Simms quickly added, re-

membering her text, "'t ain't becomin' in me to talk, long 's she ain't never done nothin' to ekal my own flesh and blood niece. I tried hard enough yesterday to get that fool of a boy to go on with me to old Squire Hunt's for the night, but he jest vowed that he'd come here or nary a step to no weddin' would he stir. He ain't no respect for hisself. I can't see what use a woman's got for sich a sowf mush of a man."

This bait failed of a bite. Mindful of the morning's early start, Lucinda was successfully giving her exclusive attention to the business of getting to sleep. She was not going to disturb herself. She might shed tears of repentance when with Ethan; she had none to spend for Aunt Emmy's delectation. Probably she comprehended that Aunt Emmy was well pleased at the worst. She adored Lucinda, and loved dearly to see her have her own way; her vanity was gratified for the whole sex at the daring with which the girl risked the loss of a lover, and kept him, and she had an unsurpassed opportunity for the dear joy of hectoring her younger sister — the poor lady without "government." In fact she was never better pleased in her life.

The next day's sun was just rising when the three horses were brought up to the great wooden block by the front gate; and such a day as it was, all gold-lighted blue and gold-steeped dewy greenness.

"What 's keepin' Lucindy? Does the gal think we're jest a-goin' to the fork of the road, and that she's got halfen the day to spend puttin' a ridin'-skyter over her head?" fussed Mrs. Simms, as she gathered up the copperas-dyed cotton folds of her own traveling costume and gave a final adjusting punch to the saddlebags.

"Lucindy! Lucindy! come out here," called her mother, sharply, desiring to demonstrate her denied powers of family discipline. "What air you doin' keepin' everybody waitin'? Put down that baby; you're only gettin' him ready to cry when he sees you're a-goin'. You, Rose, take that baby roun' to the kitchen; now pick up that snack-basket and come along."

"She ought to be goin' to her own weddin', ought n't she?" said Ethan to the sympathetic mother, as he lifted his bright-faced, springing sweetheart into the saddle. No horse-blocks for them, if you please.

"I would n't be goin' ef it was my own; I'd be stayin', and I'd have to lose all this yer blessed ridin'," said she. That small saying was afterward remembered, and was quoted for years among the Todds as if it were a witicism; but now it passed without more notice than an irrelevant speech.

"Well, bless you, honey," said her mother, as she settled her skirts for her. Surely it was

not to be expected that government should always prevail, and crossness be the rule of life.

Lucinda was not without a show of reason in reckoning this ride as a pleasure overbalancing the pomp and pride of matrimony. All day they ambled on, with only woods and fields about them, and were oftenest and longest in the depths of the sun-threaded, fragrant forest twilight, everything but the road beneath their feet untouched, pristine, primal, as if man had never been. Ah, who has such journeys now!

Aunt Emmy was as softly accommodating as poor Mrs. Todd herself could have been, and often covered mile after mile, riding on ahead, without once directing her tunnel of a sun-bonnet behind her. Lucinda's bonnet was generally hanging backward over her shoulders. Poor Lucinda's reputation for beauty was sadly injured by her brown skin,—milky whiteness was of all things most admired in her world,—but she took the sweet with the bitter, and absolved herself from the elaborate swathings and bleachings which were the community's chief tribute to esthetic interests.

"A little more or a little less don't matter when one dip more would have sent me to the kitchen anyhow," she declared, when entreated to return from the light of heaven into the cavernous depths of the prevailing sun-bonnet. Even Ethan did not know she was a beauty, but thought it was by some special warping of perception that she seemed so to him.

It was not only in the matter of complexion that Lucinda was out of joint with her lot in life. She had a touch of imagination; had vague desires to see something beyond her world, to try something beyond, to have some chance at the unknown—desires which seemed all unshared by any other being. She was a world away from unhappiness; it was only by some obscure movement of soul that she was frightened when she saw the opportunities of the future about to narrow down to the familiar lot of Ethan's wife. That was the root of all this extravagant coquetry that looked so haughty; she could not have told why, but she was frightened.

Certainly she did not much consider Ethan. As Mrs. Simms complained, she would not leave him any more than she would take him; but, truly, with the world as it is, and a bit of a girl with her life to shape with such a load of biddings and forbiddings upon her, who is going to expect her to rise to fair dealing with free and sovereign man? Certainly Lucinda did not expect it of herself. She never dreamed of such a thing. She vaguely intended to marry Ethan sometime, if—maybe—but—in the mean time she had no notion of permitting him to discover that there was any other woman in the world—not while she had eyes, and

such long lashes as well, and was really very fond of the good Ethan. Pity him? What affection! He was the most entertained man in seven counties. Moreover, he won the game; but this is anticipating.

The travelers went twenty-five miles the first day, and then, all unannounced, descended upon a "neighbor" for the night. Returned prodigals could not have been more heartily welcomed; much squawking and fluttering among the chickens roosting in the apple trees in the back yard followed their arrival, and testified eloquently as to the supper that they were to enjoy; but our business lies now at the end of the journey.

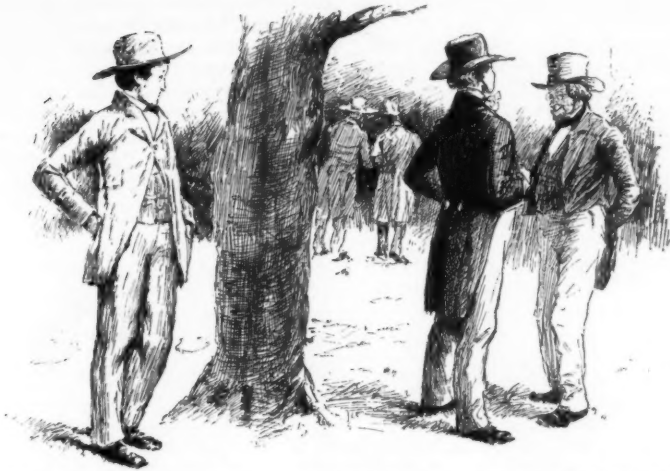
Truly Mrs. Simms had expressed herself with her customary insight and exactness when she called Milly Anson a pasty-faced, addlepated fly-up-the-creek.

On all sides it was felt as an especial evidence of providential consideration that Milly had gotten a husband—or the promise of one. Here again I see strange evidence of the absence of just consideration for the masculine part of the race. No one could regard it as good fortune for a man to have Milly Anson as a wife, but his immediate female relatives alone were occupied with his fate.

Milly was now swimming in all the importance of the occasion, an importance which too often unduly elates the most pleasing woman, and which affected Milly in a way and degree well-fitted to madden any observer—especially if she was an unmarried woman.

The most famous cake-maker of the county, who had been lording it in the kitchen for a week, was by no means unmarried, and she had the toleration born of a large experience of brides elect; yet even she found Milly undurable.

"I have been asked to bake the cake at eleven weddin's sence I was married," said she, afterward, "not only for my own kin but among the Gileses and Simmonses and down to Strathboro' and over the Ridge, and I've seen a heap of fool gyrls, but I'll gin up that Milly Anson that week was a notch beyond any on 'em. I stood her jest as long as I could, and at last I broke out on her. It was jest the day before the thing was to come off, and she kep' teetering' and titterin' in and out, a-jarrin' the floor and makin' my heart come in my mouth for fear my last big pound cake in the oven would fall, and I'd told her more'n a dozen times that very day to stay in the house; but no, sir, she would keep comin' to say how strange her feelin's was, and that she knew she never could l'arn Tummas's ways, and she never would 'd done it ef Tummas had n't pestered her into it,—Tom Simmons! Lor'!—and lastly she bounced in on to me, catchin'



"HE GAZED AT THAT LONG-TAILED, BRASS-BUTTONED BLUE COAT WITH HEAVY-HEARTED ENVY."

hold o' me, and me with my hands all in the flour, and says she, 'O Cousin Liz, I 'm so skeered! I 'm gittin' so skeered!' says she. Now it 's my conviction that she 'd made up her mind then as to what she was goin' to do, and was sure enough gettin' a little fidgety; but in course I never had no such reflection then, and I 'd had all I could stomach. 'Milly Anson,' says I, 'there 's no need of your bein' any bigger eejet then the Lord made you; stop a-clutchin' on to me. I 'm wore out with your pertenses. Ef Tom Simmons 'll marry you, more fool he; but you better have a thankful heart, and I reckon you have. As for bein' skeered, I wish you was skeered enough to break your appetite, and stop you from eatin' them snowballs fast as I git the frostin' on 'em. You 're a livin' illustration of the truth of the Bible and the wisdom of King Solomon,' says I; 'for he tells how the yearth is disquieted for three things, yea, four which it cannot bear,' says I,—for I seen that quotin' the Bible ag'in' her was strikin' her more 'n anythin' else,—'a servant when he reigneth,' I went on, 'a fool when he 's filled with meat, an handmaiden that 's heir to her mistress, and an ojeous women when she 's married, or thinks she 's goin' to be. It 's the same thing. And now ef you think I made that up out 'n my own head, you go 'n read your Bible long enough and you 'll I 'am better. 'T any rate, git back to the house, and don't you step your foot into this kitchen ag'in,' says I, 'for,' says I, hollerin' after her,—she 'd done started, tryin' to keep laughin', 'like 't was a joke,—'ef you does,' says I, 'nary a table will I set for you. I 'm tellin' you the truth, and you know what things is likely to be withouten me,' says I."

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The famous cake-maker had relieved herself, but truth and scripture still failed to make a new Milly, as a little time was to show. It was the afternoon of the wedding-day when Lucinda arrived; the ceremony was to be performed that evening. The house was already full of guests, and was like a hive of swarming bees, such a buzzing, and hurrying, and scurrying was there, for toilets were in the making, and many a white dress, brought, like Lucinda's own, in saddlebags, must now be ironed out, be the kitchen-quarters filled with never so much anxiety and turmoil of their own.

The men, more or less unhappy and stranded, tried to keep out of the way, and staid chiefly out of doors. Despite intermittent, decorous efforts to save himself for the great moment, the bridegroom was painfully conspicuous among them, being a marked and solitary man by reason of his "store" clothes.

Ethan Simms was exactly the sort of male creature that looks upon such eminence as a thing hard to bear; but now, as the common fate of bridegrooms, he gazed at that long-tailed, brass-buttoned blue coat with heavy-hearted envy. He was sadly depressed about his love-affair. He was an excellent fellow, and there is evidence of it in the fact that he had moments of sympathizing with Lucinda's reluctance to marry him.

"Marvel is that she ever thinks she will," he would say to himself. But final reflections always supported him in his desires, as is the way with final reflections, and he would conclude that nothing better than wedding him was likely to come to her. That he argued it out with his passion shows the reasonable temper of the man, and who would have liked him better for

arriving at any other conclusion? Certainly no woman.

Twilight found him sitting alone on the fence, smoking, and meditating means for bringing Lucinda to the altar.

"Ef it ware once done," he said to himself, as he brought his long legs to the ground, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and returned it to his pocket, "she 'd be better content nor

She had long dreamed of following in Lucinda's footsteps. The notoriety which had been thrust upon Lucinda by the gossip-starved community shone before her as a prize to be achieved; and moreover, there was a half-covert and most reprehensible relish in the men's talk about that young damsel's frowardness that acted as a bel-lows upon the flame of folly in Milly's bosom. At last she had seized her opportunity, she was



"THREATS OF IMMEDIATE DEATH FROM HER FATHER."

she is now; but she is that skittish, and she sees through me that quick, that I don't know to the Lawd what sort o' devices to fall upon!"

In the house the candles were now lighted. Sleek-ringleted young women came forth in groups, family potentates disappeared, the store-clothed bridegroom was fellowed a moment by the arriving parson, and then he too became invisible. The air was tense with expectation. Low, eager talk about tucks and embroidery, "fineswiss" and "clocked stockings," was drawing the women's heads together. Finally this died out. The parson was spirited away to the fateful upper regions. Still no bride and bridegroom; the delay was extraordinary. Opinions that it was outrageous were brewing; for supper, you see, was still to come. An odd uneasiness was in the air. In fact, to make a long story short, Milly Anson had chosen this hour to declare that she would not be married to Thomas Simmons, not she!

Tears, revilings, corporal shakings, threats of immediate death from her father, given with a truly awful sincerity of mien, all availed nothing. Milly was a weak creature, and had capacities for stubbornness to be found in no other.

capping all that had ever been heard of reluctant maidens. When the storm broke over her she was frightened; things did not seem exactly as she had forecast. "Tummas," for instance, was unbecomingly inexpressive and inactive amid all these violent energies; but, partly because she was frightened, she clung immovably to the one thing that in all the confusion she seemed able to grasp — the course of conduct marked out in happier moments. Her poor little aborted powers of reasoning had of course left her at the first onslaught, and now to give way seemed to her darkened consciousness to be abandoning her only plank amid the whirling waters.

Imagine Lucinda's feelings. A well of bitterness were they within her, as she sat trying to look unconscious of any special relation to the catastrophe, while the company ebbed and surged about her in suppressed but delicious excitement. But even now, from all sides, she felt eyes turning upon her; to be forever bracketed with this fool was sickening. And peppering her other emotions was undeniably a sense of infringement — Milly Anson of all people to imitate her!

At last such guests as could leave that night tore themselves away. Our trio were not among them. Till morning they must spend the weary, broken, dream-haunted hours in the midst of the shattered household. They kept apart, and spoke little. Lucinda writhed to see how plainly her aunt and Ethan recognized the special shame for their little party in this bigger shame, and how plainly they showed their recognition. She denied to herself first its existence, and then its justice, and denounced Aunt Emmy and Ethan for a "pair of ninnies, goin' round with their heads hangin' 'bout somethin' they had nothin' in this mortal world to do with." Yes, it was true; for once other considerations outweighed Aunt Emmy's appetite for sensation, and she was humbled.

Lucinda got up at dawn; she was pale, and her mouth was shut with a firmness quite absurd on such a becurved little face. Before the sun rose she succeeded in getting hold of Ethan; she dragged him out of doors and into the dewy grass for private converse. The sleepiness left his eyes when she faced him and said fiercely, "I want to go to Strathboro' and git married—just as soon as you can saddle up."

The poor man's head whirled; a hundred things seeming to demand consideration and time sprang to his mind, and withal his arms ached to catch this small Amazon off the ground and to his breast. But he was a wise one, was Ethan; he held himself quite still—as he might if a bird had lighted on his head—until he could answer quietly that he 'd go right off and see about the horses.

"You tell Aunt Emmy," said Lucinda, airily.

"Lord a'mighty!" broke forth Aunt Emmy in tones of real irritation, dropping into a chair in the deserted best room, "I never hearn of anythin' so outdacious in all my days. Let her come home and be married like a Christian. I should think we 'd had enough crazy Janein' to do us the rest of our born lives. I ain't goin' to have her mammy sayin' I!"

"Good Gawd!" broke in Ethan, "have I got to go and co'te you as long as I been co'tin' Lucindy 'fore I kin git married? Can't you see, Aunt Em, that I dasn't stand foolin' and argufyin' with that gyrl? Don't you know I 've got to take her when I can git her? An' ef it ain't now, there 's no sayin' on the wide yearth when 't will be. Lawd! Lawd!"

Ethan mopped his brow on his sleeve. "Shorely, shorely, Aunt Em, 't ain't goin' to be you as 'll knock over the bucket altogether? There 's no tellin' what Lucindy 'll do next, ef she 's riled. Bless you; thanky, thanky! Don't say nothin' to her; don't say nothin' no way; jest help her to git ready as ef she got married at Strathboro' every day in the week."

It is pleasant to know that in this case too the impossible became possible, and that, 'twixt nature, use, and honest purposes, Lucinda's marriage was not a failure, and that she, selfish human that she was, never regretted an experiment which cost poor Milly Anson dear indeed; for only after years of obloquy and sorrow, vain efforts and journeyings to the "Elynois,"—a far country,—was a husband for her at last secured.

Viola Roseboro'.



FOR HELEN.

MY thoughts are like the little birds,
Your heart is like the nest;
They rove the sky on fearless wings,
To you they come for rest,
Well-knowing, though the world be fair,
Your tender love is best.

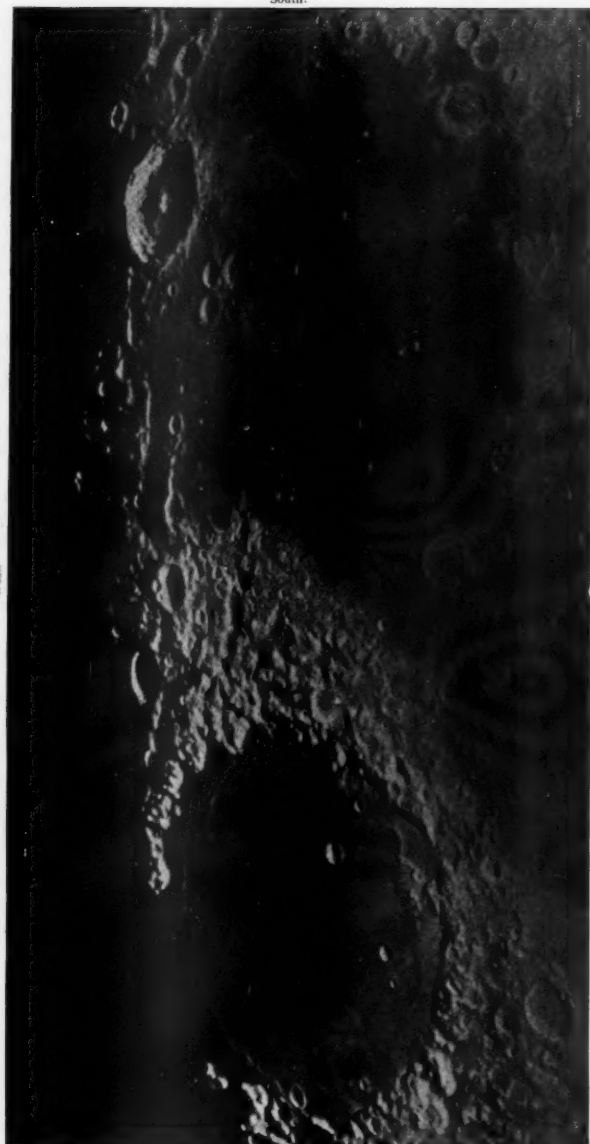
My songs are like the little streams,
Your heart is like the sea;
Though through the woods they wander on
So careless, glad, and free,
They seek at last the silent deep—
They come at last to thee.

Grace H. Duffield.

A LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

South.



A LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

Enlarged copy of a part of the negative reproduced on the next page, showing Mare Crisium, Mare Fecunditatis, the Crater Langrenus, etc.

WITH the coöperation of THE CENTURY, it is hoped to present from time to time some of the results of observations at the Lick Observatory — such as drawings and photographs of the Moon and planets, nebulae, star-clusters, etc. The original pictures accompanied by a word of explanation will put the reader almost in the position of an observer with the great telescope. He can at least see what an observer sees, and what he sees needs only to be correctly interpreted.

We may begin the series by showing (on this page) a typical lunar landscape. The negative from which this was copied represented the whole Moon (see next page), and was some five and a half inches in diameter. It was taken at 2:27 A. M. on the 31st of August, 1890. As the Moon is an excessively bright object the exposure-time has to be very short (something like two-tenths of a second) if the full aperture of thirty-three inches is employed.¹

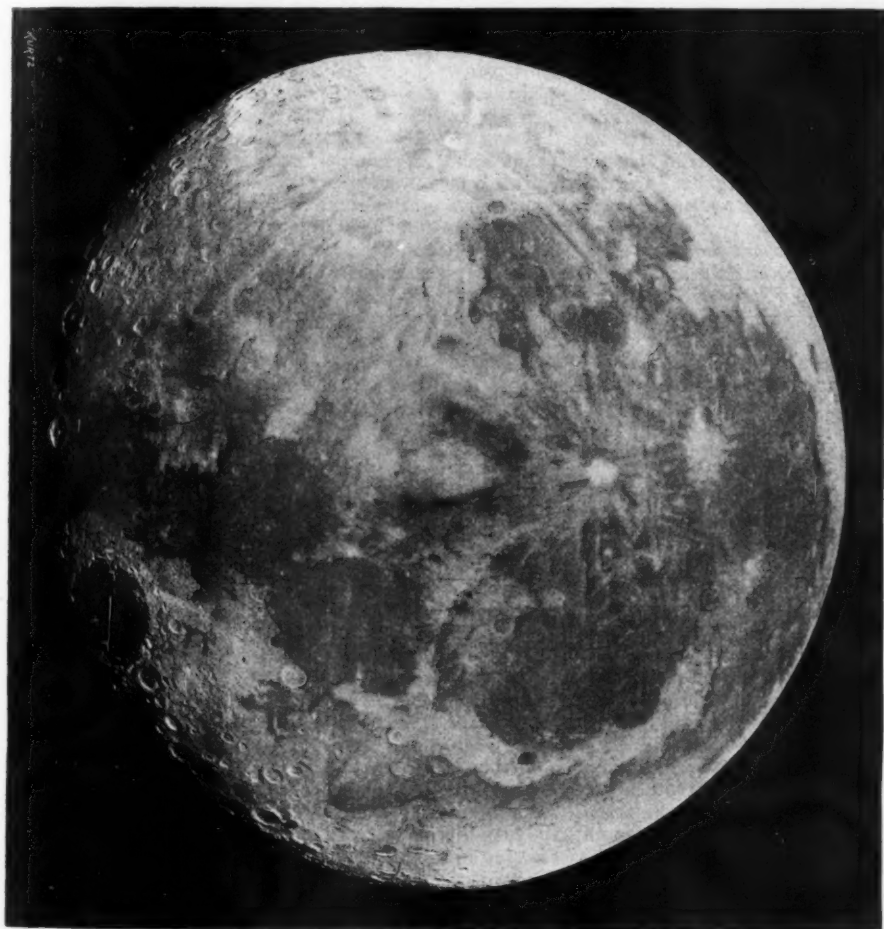
It is extremely difficult to give such short exposures accurately, and for this and other reasons the aperture of the telescope was reduced to a circle of eight inches in diameter, and an exposure-time of exactly three seconds was given. The negative was developed by one of the astronomers precisely as an ordinary landscape, only with unusual care, and the

¹ The visual object-glass is thirty-six inches in aperture, while the photographic is but thirty-three.

result was a representation of the whole of the nearly full Moon. The Moon is full when its age is about fourteen days and eighteen hours. The Moon of our picture was exactly two days older, so that the western limb or border was incomplete and in shadow. The sun was setting to the western regions of the Moon's surface. The original picture was very carefully enlarged in an ordinary camera about three times, so that the Moon's diameter would be nearly eighteen inches or 115 miles to one inch, approximately. The longest diameter of the crater near the top of the plate (page 436) is approximately 90 miles, therefore. The great walled plain at the bottom — *Mare Crisium* —

is about 281 miles from north to south and 355 miles from east to west. So much for the *scale* of the picture. The cardinal points are shown as they would be seen in an astronomical telescope. The top is south, the left-hand side west, the bottom north. The part of the original picture that is shown on a larger scale as a lunar landscape has representatives of all the marked lunar features. Let us begin with the *Mare Crisium* — the "Sea of Crises" — which is foreshortened in the picture, and whose western edge does not show. This spot is larger than Ohio and Indiana together (its area is some 78,000 square miles) and it is even visible to the naked eye. It was called by

South.



North.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.

From a negative taken at the Lick Observatory August 31, 1890, at 14 hours, 27 minutes. Moon's age 16 days, 18 hours.

the ancients a "sea," but it is in fact a great walled plain, and attentive looking will show the rims of ruined craters on its surface, as well as systems of ridges and streaks across the floor. These have been called sand ridges, such as might be at the bottom of an ocean, but it is not certain that the surface is not that of a lava flow. On a grand scale it looks very much as parts of the Island of Hawaii would look if we could see them from above, and if we could clear away the luxuriant tropical forests and the great sugar plantations. A field of the lava which is called *pa-hoe-hoe* in Hawaii looks at least like a miniature of this sea bottom. We must always recollect that the volcanic energy of the earth is a mere trifle to that which has formed the surface of the Moon. The sea is surrounded by very steep mountains and high plateaux. The spur or finger which bounds it on the southwest is the *Promontorium Agarum*, which rises 11,000 feet above the plain. One of the mountains diametrically opposite is as high as Mt. Blanc. The two largest craters on the floor of *Mare Crisium* are *Picard* and *Peirce*. *Picard* is the larger and the further south, and we can fix the scale of the plate in our minds once more by recollecting its diameter, which is a trifle over twenty-one miles. Its walls rise some 3000 feet above the plain, and the cup is more than a mile deep. As a rule, the bottoms of such craters are lower than the general surface of the Moon. The sun is towards the east in our picture, and the eastern and outer wall of *Picard* is bright. This wall casts its shadow into the depths, and beyond the shadow is the bright inner and western wall. This again casts a shadow on the plain which is not well seen in the picture.

The highlands which border the *Mare* terminate in steep and broken cliffs and include great chasms and valleys. If the plate is examined with a common hand magnifier their structure is even better seen. Does this wilderness of mountains (many of them 10,000 to 12,000 feet high) and valleys show any signs of having been carved by water erosion? This is a very important question. I have examined this region many times with the telescope, and have always left it with the impression that the effect of erosion, as we see it on the earth, must have been exceedingly slight to have preserved such abruptness in the cliffs and such acuteness in the angles.

The two craters in the southern edge of the highlands are *Firmicus* and *Apollonius*, the one thirty-nine and the other thirty miles in diameter. From *Firmicus* (the furthest south) a bold ridge of mountains in high relief stretches southward and ends in the small crater *Webb* (fourteen miles in diameter). Southward again, there is a group of three craters, acolytes to

Langrenus. The upper two of these have their walls almost touching. Notice that just where they join, the walls must be low, for in the shadow which lies in the crater to the left hand there is a small break of sunlight which slips through the gap. These craters lie in the *Mare Fecunditatis*. Notice again the similarity of the floors of the two seas, with their variations of color, their ruined crater forms, their sinuous ridges and the crater-pits scattered over them. Notice, too, that the crater-pits are very frequently situated on one of the ridges or streaks, and that where two ridges cross there is nearly always a crater. This is very like what we see on the earth in a region of volcanoes. Craters are usually found at the intersection of two faults. Finally, we come to the magnificent ring-crater *Langrenus*. It is just barely within the terminator. All the eastern half is in the shadow—the sun has set—hidden by walls which are some 9000 feet high. The twin peaks in the center cast their own shadows to the west all across the rugged floor of the crater and even up on the lower steps of the interior terraces. A measure of the length of these shadows has determined the height of the peaks which cast them to be some 3300 feet. Here again, the use of a hand magnifier will show some of the features a little more plainly. There are scores of interesting features which deserve attention but which must be left to the reader to select for himself. One only must not be neglected, as it relates to the vexed question of changes on the Moon's surface. It is absolutely certain that changes *must* take place there, but it is very difficult to be sure that any particular feature has actually changed. One of the chief objects of the lunar photographs which we are making at the Lick Observatory is to settle such points. We shall shortly have photographs of the Moon taken at intervals of a few hours throughout a whole lunation (twenty-nine days), so that each crater will be shown under every variety of illumination. These photographs will tell us exactly how the Moon is *now*. A comparison with similar photographs to be taken in the future will settle all questions of reported changes. We shall not be obliged to trust the verbal descriptions or the imperfect sketches of previous observers.

If the reader will draw an imaginary line two inches below the top of the landscape and parallel to it, and another line one inch from the right-hand border and parallel to this border, the two lines will intersect in two small crater pits which are known as *Messier* and *Messier A* (the latter is towards the right). Between the years 1829 and 1837 Maedler, who was then making his lunar map, examined these two craters more than 300 times, and he describes them as in

every way exactly alike, in diameter, form, height, depth, and color. The merest glance at the picture will show that the left-hand crater (*Messier*) is now oval, while its companion, *Messier A*, is round. There is a whole history connected with these craters and with the changes reported in them. The history is too long and too special to be given here, and it must suffice to say that some very competent authorities conclude that the craters have progressively changed in shape since 1829. Without going into particularities and without reflecting upon the skill of Maedler (who however used a comparatively small telescope), I must record my own conviction that the case is not yet conclusively proved. It was this case and others like it that inspired the plan which we are following at the Lick Observatory to-day, of securing a series of photographs so complete as to settle all such doubts in the future.

Veritable changes on the Moon's surface will be a most important discovery. It will be

equally important, though less interesting, to show that no great changes take place. Topographical alterations on the earth are largely due to the force of gravity aided by the destructive and leveling power of frost (alternate melting and freezing rather) and of running water. It is more than likely that the temperature of the Moon never rises above the freezing point, so that these agents are there bound in chains of ice. Gravity will act to pull down and level, but it lacks the aid of the forces which disintegrate and loosen.

We say that the Moon is a dead planet because it is certain that nothing like human life exists upon it; but it is doubly dead, for even topographical change must take place there far more slowly than it does upon the earth. It is almost impossible to conceive the immense step between the paroxysmal activity of the volcanoes which originally shaped its topography and the icy calm which now preserves its surface almost absolutely unchanged from century to century.

Edward S. Holden.



THE DRUMMER.

AWAY back in those happy times
 When we had little left to vex us,
 On sea or land, save poets' rhymes
 And talk about annexing Texas;
 While yet with all our men and boys
 "Forward, march!" was quite the fashion,
 And the liveliest of our joys —
 The old military passion —
 Was not yet grown cold and numb;

While still full many a household niche
 Enshrined the old-time regimentals,
 And town and country were yet rich
 With relics of the Continentals;
 While still in splendid motley dressed,
 Wonderful to all beholders,
 Men were glad to march abreast
 With their muskets on their shoulders,
 To the sound of fife and drum —



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"It was a beat that would have stirred
The pulses of the very coldest."

In one of those far distant years,
About the time of early tillage,
The proud Bandana Fusileers
Were forming just above the village,
Full fifty and two hundred strong,
For their usual march of glory
Down the turnpike wide and long,
Little dreaming the whole story
Would be told in days to come,

When suddenly the old snare-drum
Pealed out so sharp and rang so cheery
That every man was on the plumb,
However old, however weary;
And lo, as down the lines they gazed,
Wondering what could ail the drummer,
In his place they saw, amazed,
The most curious newcomer
Who had ever drummed a drum.

For all the world as big around
And jolly as a Punchinello,
His white hat with bright scarlet bound,
His old green jacket faced with yellow;
But who he was, or whence had fared
That most iridescent figure,
No one knew, and no one cared,
While with such immortal vigor
He discoursed upon the drum.

It was a beat that would have stirred
The pulses of the very coldest,
And such a stroke had not been heard
Within the memory of the oldest.
Down on the drum's defenseless head
Fell the sticks with such a clatter
As few men, alive or dead,
Ever dreamed of, for that matter—
Drum, drum, drum, der-um, drum, drum!

And now from every side uprose,
Responsive to that roll and rattle,
Great rounds of cheers resembling those
Which rang along the Concord battle,
When, pale as death with patriot ire,
The undaunted Buttrick shouted,
"Soldiers, fire! For God's sake, fire!"
And the British troops were routed,
And at last the war was come.

And so the glorious march began
With here an opening, there a wheeling,
As if it were a living fan,
In part concealing, part revealing,
The secret of those fine deploys

So bewildering to the senses
Of the truant village boys
Who now lined the walls and fences,
Thinking of the day to come.

Ah, nevermore along that street
Will martial music more ecstatic
Sweethearts and wives and children greet
In parlor, oriel, or attic;
Ah, nevermore to cheer and shout
Down that turnpike long and sandy
Will such wizard notes ring out
Of our "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"
From that old colonial drum.

Ah me! ah me! to hear again
That ruddy and gray-headed scorner
Of all the woes that time can rain
As down he swept round Tanyard Corner,
Or when he drummed his very best
Near the elm tree by the Prestons,
Or with very special zest
At the halt in front of Weston's,
Known so well in times to come!

For here it was upon that day
The drummer gave his final touches;
And here it was that, strange to say,
While creeping by upon his crutches,
The oldest man the country round
Suddenly before the drummer
Stopped and gazed as one spellbound.
"No man," sighed he, "but young Plummer
Could so play upon a drum."

"But he is dead, no doubt, no doubt."
And while he stood there marveling greatly,
The other in his turn spoke out,
"It 's Boynton, whom we called 'The
Stately.'"

Ah, what a meeting! Gracious heaven!"
While in tears they kept repeating
"Bennington" and "seventy-seven."
"What a meeting! what a meeting!"
Till it seemed no end would come.

Of all that saw no eye was dry;
And nothing then would do but straightway
To seize a carriage that stood by,
Magnificent, in Barret's gateway,
And carry both to Boynton's door.
"Piny Farm," from that same summer,
Was the hospitable shore
Where the old and world-tossed drummer
Lived for many years to come.

Henry Ames Blood.

TAO: THE WAY.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.



NIKKO, July 28.—Osomi and Tategawa were the architects of Nikko; Osomi planned the lovely pagoda,—so I am told,—and I hasten to put down their names. At that time the great Tenkai was abbot. He was a friend and adviser of Iyéyasü, as he was the teacher of Iyémitsü, the grandson, and of Hidetada, the less illustrious son. It may be with him that Iyéyasü arranged the plan of fixed endowment for the church; an endowment not to be added to or diminished, so that it should be an element of stability and no longer a fluctuating danger.

With this seems to have ended the possible reasons for military dependents in the service of the church. Tenkai is said to have planned or prepared beforehand the temples of Iyéyasü, which might explain the extremely short time given in the record for their building; so that, begun in 1616, the stable, the surrounding edifices, and the shrine were completed in the third month of 1617.

I have been careful to give you some account of the temples of Iyéyasü and Iyémitsü, because I regret having said so little of those temples of Shiba in Tokio, where the remainder of the Tokugawa rulers repose in a state adorned by similar splendors. But these temples of the founders are of a more complete type, and with one exception seem to me more impressive. Yet even with the beauties that I have tried to describe, I am still not quite so carried away as I might have been by such complete works of art. There is a something, a seeming of pretense or effort or ingenuousness, which I cannot seize, but which seems to me to belong to a splendor not quite secure, or perhaps only just secured, something like what I might call the mark of the parvenu.

Yes; I think that is it. It is still, after all this time, just a little new. But what thorough adaptation of means to ends; how delicately subtle the arrangements, and simple; and how impossible to describe through words or drawings. How the result alone is aimed at, and what little parade is made of the intention and preparation. This work, which seems to betray an inferiority to its own ideal—this work, which has even a touch of the vulgar, is charming enough to look like a fairyland. It displays a capacity for arrangement which

none of us to-day could hope to control; has a charm that any passer-by could feel; has more details of beauty than all our architects now living, all together, could dream of accomplishing in the longest life. When I began to reflect how this wood and plaster had more of the dignity of art and of its accessible beauty than all that we have at home, if melted together, would result in, that these frail materials conveyed to the mind more of the eternal than our granite, it seemed to me that something was absolutely wrong with us.

And the cause of this result was not the splendor of line and color; it was not the refinement. The last time I could recall a similar sensation had been before some little church tower of England; it was certainly the subordination of all means to a single end, and their disappearance in one impression.

... Since my first visit to the temples my mind has been dwelling more and more in an involuntary manner upon the contrast with all modern art, and I venture to note down for you some of the thoughts forced upon me. It seems as if I were merely reminded of what I always knew, or ought to have known; and perhaps what I may say about ourselves is as good a way as any other of giving an opinion upon what I see here. For, indeed, what I see here that I admire I feel as though I had always known, had already seen; it is rather most of our own that seems queer, strange, and often unreasonable.

I can make no set and orderly arrangement of my rather confused thinking, but can only trace it out as it occurred to me—as if it were from outside; as if something whispered to me now and then out of small occurrences, and said, "Don't you understand more clearly?"

... On leaving the temples we went back to our friends' house, which was once the residence of the regent of Japan—a large, low wooden building of the kind so carefully described by Mr. Morse in his book. All is extremely simple; there is nothing to call any attention. The woodwork is merely put together with great care; some little panels of the closets are nicely trimmed with metal and highly ornamented. This, with metal nail-heads and a pretty wall-paper, is all the decoration.

Here we found the mail and papers, and

enjoyed the watering-place feeling of news from town. There were copies of "Life" and of the London "Punch," many of whose drawings did not look out of place in this land of clever sketchers. Indeed, that in them which once seemed good across the seas still held its own in presence of the little prodigies of technique that one meets in Japanese drawings.

Indeed, they recalled one another. Both call out one's sudden recollection of some facts in nature; and besides, all good sketches resemble one another as being the nearest approach to the highest finished work. They have in common with it the essential merit of being better than they appear, of indicating more than is necessary to tell the tale, of not being strictly measurable quantities. We grow so ungrateful when too well treated that we forget how Mr. Du Maurier throws in, over and above the social epigram in lines, an elegance and grace that might belong to a poetic picture; that Mr. Keene tells his story over and over again in the very folds of each individual's dress; that he will, unconcernedly, present us with a landscape as full of nature as his human figures, instead of the indifferent background which would have been sufficient for the story of the caricaturist. Now the feeling of disenchantment, of having "found out" appearances, of having gotten to the end of a thing, is never forgiven by the average healthy mind. In greater things one turns, some day, to those which are always richer and fuller of meaning with time,—as one looks to-day at a Corot or a Delacroix or a Millet once uncared-for,—and that means that at length our eyes are opened. The sketch, like the great work of art, is better than it appears, and recalls to me the emperor in the story, whom the old woman could not recognize in the presence of the big drum-major. We can appreciate what suffering the little old woman underwent when she discovered her mistake, and how she never forgave the big drum-major. For mankind has never believed at heart that the work itself is to be judged, but has always (at least in the case of one's neighbor) acknowledged that it is the *work of art which judges us*.

So says a Japanese friend, and I think that he has it exactly. Hence an importance attaches to criticism which otherwise would be inexplicable,—the importance there is in being right,—because we shall be judged ourselves if we are wrong, and often by ourselves as judges.

... And late numbers of the magazines had come, pleasant to look over before dinner,—while the noiseless servants glided over the matting, and our hostess put on her Japanese costume,—serving to make the distance

greater, as we feel that all goes on at home with the usual regularity.

Some architectural sketches in facsimile in a magazine became entangled with the thread of my thinking and brought to my mind an inevitable lesson.

They were charming, and so different from the realities which they were meant to embody. One I dwelt upon, bright and clever, where every dark of window or of shadow intensified the joyfulness of the white wall of a residence at home, which you daily pass—while I am here. In the reality, alas! its Fifth Avenue monotony is unrelieved. The wall is not bright, the windows are paler than the walls, and the projections and adornment are duller yet. The drawing was an abstraction, probably meant for the sweet enticement of the client, and was what the building *should have been*. The draughtsman "knew better than he builded." As my mind analyzed this curious professional misstatement of truth, it seemed to me that I could see how the art of architecture in Japan was real compared to ours, even though none of their architects, any more than those of the great past of the world, could have made such a drawing—such a brilliant promise of a performance not to be, such a beautifully engraved check upon a bank where there were no funds. Not knowing the science and art of perspective drawing, nor the power of representing shadows according to rule, nor having the habit of ruling lines with a ruler to give interest, nor of throwing little witty accents of dark to fill up blanks, they were perhaps the more obliged to concentrate their powers upon the end of the work; and their real motive was the work itself.

This may seem strange and contradictory to the modern western mind, gradually accustomed to polished cartoons for bad paintings and worse glass, to remarkable designs for decoration and architecture which look their best in woodcuts, to great decorative paintings which are carried out so that they may be photographed without any injury to their color, nay, to its vast improvement. Do you remember how B—, the famous sculptor, used to preach to me that to-day no one looked at a thing itself, no one expected to, and that the fame of the artist was for those whose work could be adequately represented in the newspapers. That an excellence which could not be duplicated, that a tone which could not be matched, that a line which could not be copied, was not to be appreciated and could not be cared for. In fact, that such refinements were only worthy of the mind of an Oriental, "of a man accustomed to wear the moon embroidered on his back." Why spend

days in obtaining the color of a wall which any architect will think can be adequately replaced by his description of something like it to the painting firm around the corner? Why make the thing itself, if something like it will do as well? Why strike the note exactly, if any sound near it satisfies the average ear? For us, to-day, things and realities no longer exist. It is in their descriptions that we believe. Even in most cultivated France an architect or designer like Viollet-le-Duc will seriously undertake to restore old work, every square inch of which has had the patient toil of souls full of love and desire of the best, by rubbing it all out, and making a paper drawing or literary description for others to restore again in a few modern weeks the value of ancient years of ineffably intelligent care. Consider this impossibility of getting a decent restoration carried out by our best intelligence, and note that while they are unable with all money and talk and book-learning to replace the past in a way that can deceive us, there exist patient, obscure workmen who, beginning at the other end of the work, produce little marvels of deception in false antiquities—purchased by museums and amateurs for sums their authors never could get in their proper name. But these latter have only one object, the thing itself, and are judged by the result; while we, the arbiters and directors better known, who never employ them, are satisfied, and satisfy others, by our having filed in the archives of to-day notices that we are going to do something in the utterly correct way. I took as an example our friend Viollet-le-Duc, the remarkable architect whose works we have both studied, because he has written well,—in some ways, no one more acutely and more wisely,—because of his real learning, and on account of his very great experience. Is all that this man and his pupils did in their own art of making, worth, as art, the broken carving that I kick to-day out of my path?

Has such a risible calamity ever occurred before in any age? Destruction there has been, replacing of old, good work with better or with worse by people who did not understand, or care, or pretend to care; but the replacing of good with bad by people who do understand, and who claim to care, has never been a curse until to-day. This failure in all restoration, in all doing of the thing itself, must be directly connected with our pedantic education and with our belief in convenient appliances, in propositions, in labor-saving classifications, in action on paper, in projects for future work, in soul-saving theories and beliefs—in anything except being saved by the work itself.

Indeed I have always felt that perhaps in

the case of poor Richardson, just dead, we may begin to see the shape of an exception, and can realize what can be accomplished through what we called deficiencies. He was obliged, in the first place, to throw overboard in dealing with new problems all his educational recipes learned in other countries. Then, do you think that if he had drawn charming drawings beforehand he would have been able to change them, to keep his building in hand, as so much plastic material? No; the very tenacity needed for carrying out anything large would have forced him to respect his own wish once finally expressed, while the careful studies of his assistants were only a ground to inquire into, and, lastly, to choose from.

For many little prettinesses and perfections do not make a great unity. Through my mind passes the reminiscence of something I have just been reading, the words of an old Chinese writer, an expounder of Tao (the Way), who said what he thought of such matters some twenty-five centuries ago. What he said runs somewhat in this way:

The snake hissed at the wind, saying: "I at least have a form, but you are neither this nor that, and you blow roughly through the world, blustering from the seas of the north to the seas of the south."

"It is true," replied the wind, "that I blow roughly, as you say, and that I am inferior to those that point or kick at me, in that I cannot do the same to them. On the other hand, I blow strongly and fill the air, and I can break huge trees and destroy large buildings. *Out of many small things in which I do not excel I make ONE GREAT ONE in which I do excel.*"

In the domains of the one there may not be managing.

Hence, also, the difficulty, I had almost said the impossibility, of finding a designer to-day capable of making a *monument*: say, for instance, a tomb, or a commemorative, ideal building—a cathedral, or a little memorial. There is no *necessity* in such forms of art, nothing to call into play the energies devoted to usefulness, to getting on, to adaptation, to cleverness, which the same Taoist says is the way of man, while integrity is the way of God.

Art alone, pure, by itself, can be here the object of the maker's contemplation; the laws of the universe that men call beauty are the true and only sufficient materials of construction.

With what preparation does a designer of humbugs come to such work, failure in which cannot be excused because of any practical reasons, because of any pressing necessities. That really belongs to the public, to everybody more than to its possessor, or to its owner, or to those who have paid for it—that, finally, can

only be saved from adverse criticism for a short time, while passing interests are concerned in it.

Who knows this better than yourself? Where on earth to-day can you find a thing done by us designers that an artist will go to look at for love, for the deep desire of enjoyment that makes us visit so many little things of the past, and go far for them? If you can, imagine any painter desiring to note, so as to make them his own by copy, a modern set of moldings, the corner of a modern building.

And yet what a rush of delight comes upon us with a few Greek moldings, with a fragment of Greek or Gothic ornament, with the mere look of the walls of some good old building. How the pleasure and the emotions of those who made them have been built into them, and are reflected back to us, like the smile from a human face. I know that I have told you often how the fragment of a Gothic window from old English Boston set into the cloister of Trinity of the new Boston always seemed to me to outweigh the entire building in which it rests. And yet it is only a poor fragment of no great period. But then the makers thought and felt in the materials that they worked in, even if their drawings were rude and incomplete and often incorrect. And no architect seems to realize to-day that his walls could give us the same emotions that we receive from a Rembrandt, or a Van Eyck, or a Veronese, and for the same reasons, and through a similar use of a real technique.

You draw well; you can make a sketch, I am sure, which, like many others, would have spots of light on a black surface, or a pretty wash of sky above it, or little patches of shadow, like clever lichens, spread over it, and that would be correct in artificial perspective, and recall something of older design, and have no great blemishes to take hold of. How far would it help you to have made a million such if you seriously wished to do a thing for itself, not for its effects upon a client, nor for a claim upon the public, nor for a salve to your own vanity?

And now do you see how, as we architects and designers gradually work more and more on paper and not in the real, our energies are worked out in accomplishing before we get to our real work,—that of *building a work of art*,—and the result of our drawings grows feeble and feeble and tamer as it presses to its end. Then, for this weak frame of conception, the men who have come in to help (and that only because the director's time would not admit of his doing all himself, otherwise he would, in his jealous weakness, adorn as poorly as he imagines)—then, I say, if the painter, the sculptor, the decorator, shows any strength or power, there is another danger. There is danger that the sculptor's relief will be more

powerful than the weak projections of solid masonry, that the lines of the painter will be grander and more ample than those which were meant to guide and confine them—that the paint of the decorator will appear more massive and more supporting than the walls of the architect. Whence all will be tamed, all annulled and made worthless and paltry, so as not to disturb the weak efforts of the master directing. And for the first time in the history of art we shall have buildings which the Greek or the Roman, the Medieval or the Oriental, would have been unable to adorn, while in their times the masters who were architects, great and small, found no trouble in placing within their buildings, made famous to all time by this choice, the sculptures of the Parthenon or of Olympia, the glass or the statues of Christian cathedrals, or the carvings of India or of Japan.

So that when the greatest painter of the century left instructions for his tomb, he asked that it should be copied from some former one of antiquity or renaissance, so that it might have—to typify his love and his dislikes—masculine moldings and a manly character, contrary, as he said, “to all that is done to-day in architecture.”

You may say that through all this wandering of thought I am telling you little about Japanese art. Wait; perhaps I may be merely preparing your mind and mine for what I shall have to say later. Or, rather, let us think that I am carried away by the spirit, and that I am certainly talking of what I do not find here; and if there is no novelty in what I say, and that you know it, and have always known it, we shall come back to what you also know, that art is the same everywhere and always, and that I need not come this distance to learn its principles. If there is anything good here, it must resemble some of the good that we have with us. But here at least I am freer, delivered from a world of canting phrases, of perverted thought, which I am obliged to breathe in at home so as to be stained by them. Whatever pedantry they may have here, I have not had to live with it, and I bear no responsibility in its existence. And then again, art here seems to be a common possession, has not been apparently separated from the masses, from the original feeling of mankind.

To-day at dinner, Kato, who was waiting upon us, could give his opinion upon the authenticity of some old master's work, at the request of our host, himself a great authority. So that I could continue my dreaming through the conversation and the semi-European courses,—marked by my first acquaintance with the taste of bamboo shoots—a little delicacy sent in by A-chin, the children's nurse.

Much was talked of the Tokugawa race, and some cruelty was shown to their memory as a family of parvenus who had usurped the power theoretically invested in the mikados—an usurpation practised over and over again by every successful shogun, as by Yoritomo, Taikōsaka. Indeed, the Ashikaga move through Japanese history against a background of mikados. And when O—— comes in later he talks of Masashigi, and of others, who during centuries, at long intervals, attempted to realize what has now been accomplished, the restoration of the mikado to his ancient powers and rulership of twenty centuries ago.

Yes, the Tokugawa splendor was that of parvenus. Their half-divine masters lie in no gilded shrines nor under monumental bronze, but buried beneath the elements, their graves marked only by mounds or trees, as it might have been with their earliest ancestors, the peaceful chieftains of a primitive family; a simplicity recalled to-day by the little fragment of dried fish that accompanies presents, in memory of the original humility of the fishing tribes, the ancestors of this almost over-cultivated race.

These Tokugawa, then, were parvenus, and naturally asked of art, which lasts and has lasted and is to last, an affirmation of their new departure. This splendor was made for them, and its delicious refinement has not quite escaped that something which troubled me at Shiba—an anxiety that all should be splendid and perfect, an unwillingness to take anything for granted. And yet, by comparison, this looks like a fairyland of refinement. What should we do when called to help a new man to assist or to sweeten his acquired position? What vulgarity of vulgarities should we produce? Think of the preposterous dwellings, the vulgar adornments given to the rich; the second-hand clothing in which newly acquired power is wrapped. The English cad and the Frenchman not good enough for home put the finishing touch upon the proofs of culture which are to represent them to their children.

I need not refer to what is seen in San Francisco as an example. At home in New York we have more than are pleasant to think of. I know that some may say that we have only what we deserve for thinking that we can escape, in the laws that govern art, the rules that we have found to hold in everything else.

Some years ago I told you how once a purveyor of decorations for the millionaire, a great man in his line, explained to me how and why he had met his clients half-way. "You despise my work," he said, "though you are too polite to say so,"—for we were friendly in a manner,—“and yet I can say that I am more thoroughly in the right than

those who would seek to give these men an artistic clothing fit for princes. Is there anything more certain than that the artist represents his age, and is all the greater for embodying it. Now, that is what I do. You will say, that my work is not deeply considered, though it is extremely careful in execution; that its aims are not high; that it is not sober; that it is showy, perhaps even more; that it is loud occasionally—when it is not tame; that it shows for all it is worth, and is never better than it looks. And who, pray, are the people that live surrounded by what I make? Are they not represented by what I do? Do they not want show of such a kind as can be easily understood, refinement that shall not remind others of a refinement greater than theirs, money spent largely, but showing for every dollar? They want everything quick, because they have always been in a hurry; they want it on time, whatever happens, because they are accustomed to time bargains; they want it advertisable, because they live by advertising; and they gradually believe in the value of the pretences they have made to others. They are not troubled by what they feel is transient, because their experience has been to pass on to others the things they preferred not to keep. They feel suspicious of anything that claims or seems to be better than it looks; is not their business to sell dearer than they buy? They must not be singular, because they must fit into some place already occupied.

"I claim to have fully expressed all this of them in what I do, and I care little for the envious contempt of the architects who have to employ me and who would like to have my place and wield my influence. And so I reflect my clients, and my art will have given what they are."

Thus the great German rolled out his mind with the Teutonic delight at giving an appearance of pure intellect to the interested working of his will—incidentally sneering at the peacock feathers, the sad-eyed dados, the poverty-stricken sentimentality, half esthetic, half shopkeeper, of his English rivals, or at the blunders in art which Mr. Stanford White once called our "native Hottentot style."

Of course my German was merely using a current sophistry that is only worth quoting to emphasize the truth.

Augustus, the greatest of all parvenus, did not ask of Virgil to recall in verse the cruelties of civil war. No true artist has ever sought to be degraded; no worker of the Middle Ages has reflected the brutality of the world around him. On the contrary, he has appealed to its chivalry and its religion. No treacherous adventurer of the Renaissance is pictured

in the sunny, refined architecture that was made for him. You and I know that art is not the attempt at reflecting others, at taking possession of others, who belong to themselves, but that it is an attempt at keeping possession of one's self. It is often a protest at what is displeasing and mean about us; it is an appeal to what is better. That is its most real value. It is an appeal to peace in time of brutal war, an appeal to courageous war in time of ignoble peace; it is an appeal to the permanent reality in presence of the transient; it is an attempt to rest for a moment in the true way.

We are augurs conversing together, and we can afford to laugh at any respected absurdity. We know that cleverness is not *the way* to the reality; cleverness is only man's weak substitute for integrity, which is from God.

All these words—miscalled ideas—poured out by my German friend and his congeners are merely records of merchants' ways of looking at the use of a thing, not at the thing itself. Such people are persuaded that they must surely know about the thing they sell or furnish. If not they, then who? For none can be so impartial, as none are so disinterested, in the use of the thing sold.

It is too far back for you to remember the charming Blanco, the great slave-dealer, but you may have heard of his saying, which covers the side of the dealer. He had been asked why he felt so secure in his judgment of his fellow creatures, and especially of women. "Because," said he, "I have traded in so many" — *J'en ai tant vendu*. I have sometimes quoted this saying to dealers in works of art, to dealers in knowledge about art, without, however, any success in pleasing them. In fact one has no judgment of one's own in regard to anything sold that is not a matter of utility until one feels quite thoroughly, as if it were one's own, the sense of Talleyrand's treatment of the persuasive dealer. I am sure that you do not know the story. Two friends of his, ladies of rank, had chosen his study as a place of meeting. They wished to select some ring, some bracelet, for a gift, and the great jeweler of Paris was to send one of his salesmen with sufficient to choose from. Of course the choice was soon limited to two, and there paused, until Talleyrand, sitting at the farther end of the long library, called out, "Let me undertake to help you to make your decision. Young man, of these two trinkets tell me which you prefer." "This one, certainly, your Excellency." "Then," ended the experienced cynic, "please accept it for your sweetheart, and I think, ladies, that you had better take the other." I tell you anecdotes; are they not as good as reasons?

Listen to what my Chinese writer says:

"Of language put into other people's mouths, nine-tenths will succeed. Of language based upon weighty authority, seven-tenths. But language which flows constantly over, as from a full goblet, is in accord with God. When language is put into other people's mouths, outside support is sought. Just as a father does not negotiate his son's marriage, for any praise he could bestow would not have the same value as praise by an outsider. Thus the fault is not mine, but that of others, who would not believe me as the original speaker." Again a story of China comes back to me, told by the same writer, who lived before our purer era, and who was, as a Japanese friend remarks, a strategist in thought, fond of side attacks, of presenting some point apparently anecdotic and unimportant, which once listened to turns the truthful mind into channels of fresh inquiry. The anecdote is old, told by the old writer many centuries before Christ, and before any reflections about art troubled our barbarian minds.

It is about a court architect who flourished in celebrity some twenty-seven centuries ago and who answered admiring queries as to how he did such wonderful things. "There is nothing supernatural about it," he said. "I first free my mind and preserve my vitality—my dependence upon God. Then, after a few days, the question of how much money I shall make disappears; a few more days, and I forget fame and the court whose architect I am; another day or so, and I think only of THE THING ITSELF. Then I am ready to go into the forest—the architect and the carpenter were one then—whose wood must contain the form I shall seek. As you see, there is nothing supernatural about it."

Twenty-seven centuries ago the formula of all good work was the same as it has been since. This looking for "the thing itself," not for the formula to control it, enabled men who were great and men who were little, far down towards us, far down into the times of the Renaissance (until pedantry and night covered human freedom and integrity), to be painters or poets, sculptors or architects, as the occasion required, to the astonishment of our narrowed, specialized vision of the last two hundred years.

Again, if I have not put it clearly enough in this story of the far East, let me add another, which includes the meaning of the first. You will forgive it in honor of the *genius loci*, for these writings of the Chinese philosophers form a staple of conversation and discussion in social gatherings of cultivated people here. The story is of the greatest of Chinese rulers, the "Yellow Emperor" of some forty-seven centuries ago. He was in pursuit of that law

of things, that sufficient ideal which is called "Tao" ("the Way"), and he sought it in the wilds beyond the world known of China, in the fabulous mountains of Chu-tzu. He was accompanied by Ch'ang Yu and Chang Jo, and others of whom I know nothing; and Fang Ming, of whom I know nothing also, was their charioteer. When they had reached the outside wilderness these seven sages lost their way. By and by they fell in with a boy who was tending horses, and they asked him if he knew the Chu-tzu Mountains. "I do," said the boy. "And can you tell us," said the sages, "where Tao, the law, abides?" "I can," replied the boy. "This is strange," said the Yellow Emperor. "Pray tell me how would you govern the empire?"

"I should govern the empire," replied the boy, "in the same way that I tend my horses. What else should I do? When I was a little boy and lived within the points of the compass my eyes grew dim. An old man advised me to visit the wilderness outside of the world. My sight is now better, and I continue to dwell outside of the points of the compass. I should govern the empire in the same way. What else should I do?"

Said the Yellow Emperor, "Government is not your trade, but I should be glad to learn what you would do." The boy refused to answer, but being urged again, said: "What difference is there between governing the empire and looking after horses? See that no harm comes to the horses; that is all."

Thereupon the emperor prostrated himself before the boy; and calling him divine teacher, took his leave.

I am writing these vagaries by the sound of the waterfall in our garden; half of the *amadós* are closed; the paper screens near me I have left open, and the moths and insects of the night flutter around my lamp in orbits as uncertain as the direction of my thoughts. I have given up my drawing; it is too hot to work. And I have already tired myself with looking over prints and designs. Among them there is a sketch by Hokusai which reminds me of the way in which my mind bestrides stray fancies that float past. The picture is that of Tekkai (the beggar), the Sennin exhaling his spiritual essence in a shadowy form, which shadow itself often rides away upon the spirit horse that Chokwaro or Tsuga evokes occasionally from his traveling-gourd.

To-day we talked of the legends of these

Rishi or Sennin, whose pictures so often come up in the works of Japanese artists.

Rishi or Sennin are beings who enjoy rest,—that is to say, are exempt from transmigration,—often in the solitude of mountains for thousands of years, after which delay they again enter the circle of change. If they are merely human, as many of them are, they have obtained this charm of immortality, which forms an important point in the superstitious beliefs and practices of modern Taoism. These appear to have no hold in Japan, as they have in China, but these personages, evolutions of Taoist thought, live here at least in legend and in art.

The original mysticism from which they sprang is full of beauty and of power. General Tch'eng-ki-tong has recently stated it well, when he says that Lao Tzū, its great antique propounder, speaks with something of the tone of a prophet. He neither preached nor discussed, yet those who went to him empty departed full. He taught the doctrine which does not find expression in words, the doctrine of Tao, or the Way—a doctrine that becomes untrue and unprofitable when placed in set forms and bound in by pedantry, but which allows teaching by parables and side glimpses and innuendos as long as they are illuminated by that light which exists in the natural heart of man. And I too am pleased to let myself be guided by this light. After many years of wilful energy, of forced battle that I have not shunned, I like to try the freshness of the springs, to see if new impressions come as they once did in childhood. With you I am safe in stating what has come to me from outside. It has come; hence it is true: I did not make it. I can say with the Shadow, personified by my expounder of the Way,¹ that when the light of the fire or the sun appears, then I come forth; when the night comes, I lie still: I wait indeed, even as they wait. They come and I come, they go and I go too. The shade waits for the body and for the light to appear, and all things which rise and wait wait upon the Lord, who alone waits for nothing, needs nothing, and without whom things can neither rise nor set. The radiance of the landscape illuminates my room; the landscape does not come within. I have become as a blank to be filled. I employ my mind as a mirror; it grasps nothing, it refuses nothing; it receives, but does not keep. And thus I can triumph over things without injury to myself—I am safe in Tao.

John La Farge.

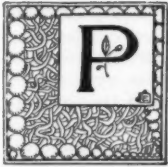
¹ Prémare's "Notitia Linguae Sinicae," "4 um exemplum. Sic inducit Tchouang-tsee umbram loquentem: Ego quidem existo, sed nescio qua ratione. Ego sum veluti cicadarum tunicae et Serpentis spolia," etc.

If what I have written is ever seen by H. B. M.'s consul at Tamsui, he will perceive my indebtedness to his most admirable translations.

PARIS.

THE TYPICAL MODERN CITY.

INTRODUCTION.



PARIS is the typical modern city. In the work of transforming the labyrinthine tangle of narrow, dark, and foul medieval alleys into broad modern thoroughfares, and of providing those

appointments and conveniences that distinguish the well-ordered city of our day from the old-time cities which had grown up formless and organless by centuries of accretion—in this brilliant nineteenth century task of reconstructing cities in their physical characters, dealing with them as organic entities, and endeavoring to give such form to the visible body as will best accommodate the expanding life within, Paris has been the unrivaled leader. Berlin and Vienna have accomplished magnificent results in city-making, and great British towns—Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and others—have in a less ambitious way wrought no less useful reforms; but Paris was the pioneer. French public authorities, architects, and engineers were the first to conceive effectually the ideas of symmetry and spaciousness, of order and convenience, of wholesomeness and cleanliness, in urban arrangements.

There has been some disposition, however slight, among English-speaking people, to undervalue French civilization and to minimize the importance of French services to the world. The attainments of German scholarship in many directions are so colossal, and German energy and prestige are now so dominant, that, in our admiration for the progress and achievements of this younger people, we are in danger, perhaps, of giving the French less than their due. All countries are under lasting obligations for the clear political philosophy that furnished the French Revolution with its principles. And is it a trivial thing that we are indebted to the refined and artistic instincts of the French people for so many of the amenities and comforts of latter-day existence? When they began to show us how to build cities we were far from appreciating the fact that the twentieth century was to dawn upon a race that had, for the majority, adopted city life; and that the difference between good and bad municipal arrangements would mean either the conservation of the race in bodily vigor, and in the education of mind

and hand, or else its rapid physical and mental deterioration. But for urban improvements of the sort that the French people instituted the death-rate would be higher than the birth-rate in all large population centers.

In the past decade or two there are other cities, outside of France, that have adopted appointments that are in some respects more scientific and effective than those of Paris; but it remains true that the French capital is the most conspicuous type of the thoroughly modernized city. Considered as such it would require at least a volume to enter with any fullness of description and analysis into the municipal history and life, the public arrangements and administrative methods, of Paris. Maxime Du Camp, a worthy Parisian author, has recently attempted to cover this subject in a work of six large volumes entitled, "Paris, its Organs, its Functions, and its Life in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century" ("Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions, et sa vie dans la seconde moitié du dix-neuvième siècle"). It is a monumental work, valuable for reference, but of course too voluminous for the ordinary reader. And now there has appeared another work, also of the highest importance, that should stand next to Du Camp's on the library shelf. It is upon the condition of Paris in 1789—"L'État de Paris en 1789; études et documents sur l'ancien régime à Paris." It is the work of a public commission of historians who have searched old records and official archives. Du Camp describes the new Paris of our time, while the other work reconstructs for our edification the Paris that existed up to the very eve of the cataclysm. The contrast is startling. It is obviously important that there should be placed on record everything that can be known about the Paris of a hundred years ago, the outlines and remains of which have so nearly disappeared.

It is marvelous to note the ceaseless operations of the transforming energy derived from the Revolution. Rather inconspicuously placed in a hallway of one of the buildings in which the municipal authorities of the capital made their extraordinary display at the recent exposition was a map that had a fascinating interest for me. It was a street map of Paris, showing by different colors the periods in which the great boulevards, avenues, squares, and other visible improvements had been constructed. No change in the higher government

had seemed to check the mighty impulse. Everything that lay in the way of the broad, straight swath of a new avenue was razed unmercifully, and the street system of the old inner metropolis was made to conform to the systems of the splendid new quarters that were springing into existence, especially towards the west.

In the days of the Revolution the site of the present Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine was then so active, was upon the very western outskirts of Paris, while the prison of the Bastille — whose destruction in July, 1789, opened most significantly that long course of wholesale Parisian demolition, in order that freedom, science, and sunlight might replace the oppression, ignorance, and gloom of the old régime — was then on the eastern limits, and beyond it lay the open country. North of the inner line of boulevards, which had been already laid out, there was practically no Paris; and south of the Hôtel des Invalides and the Luxembourg, beyond which the vast city now stretches so far, there were in those days fields and a farming population. It should not be inferred, however, that these new parts have since arisen upon a ground plan wisely provided in advance. To some extent, it is true, such has been the case, and in the newest quarters of Paris — for instance, in Passy, Neuilly, and other suburbs beyond the gates on the west — the magnificent avenues have been laid down upon the open fields, and the exercise of forethought will have saved all the cost and trouble of subsequent reconstruction. But even in Paris since the Revolution there has been some of the improvidence that prevails elsewhere; and while the inevitable municipal plow has been cutting its stupendous furrows in one direction, new quarters have been allowed to form themselves improperly somewhere else, with the result of costly reconstruction when the time comes for extending to them the main arterial system of the metropolis.

Perhaps if parts of this Parisian transformation had been delayed until a later period, certain causes would have operated to make it less thorough. At the close of the French Revolution, and for some decades thereafter, there was in Europe no sentiment for old architectural monuments, and especially none for medieval churches. This sentiment now pervades all Europe; and the most affectionate preservation, with cautious, faithful restorations, is the order everywhere.

Such a spirit of appreciation was lacking in the generations immediately preceding our own, and nowhere was its absence more complete than in the French capital. The religious orders had built their great monastic houses and their splendid churches everywhere in

Paris. They were a privileged caste and a heavy burden. The Revolution had no mercy upon them or their beautiful architecture, and the new street system plowed through their churches as relentlessly as through shabby tenement rows. Scores of examples of the most beautiful ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages were obliterated to make room for broad, straight avenues, open squares, and new, regular buildings. Nowadays such sacrilege would not be tolerated.

It is fortunate, therefore, for the Parisians that their central street reforms were chiefly accomplished before the rise of the new appreciation of church architecture. There are enough old churches remaining throughout France, if not in Paris itself, to represent adequately the beautiful art and work of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The narrow old Parisian streets of the last century wound in and out among these venerable piles in a manner that modern traffic could not have endured. To have spared them would have been to deprive Paris forever of an adequate street system. It was far better to sacrifice them and to make the city uncompromisingly modern. The population in 1789 was about 600,000, and in 1889 it was 2,500,000, including that of the immediate suburbs. And with the fourfold increase of population there has been at least a tenfold increase of traffic and of daily pressure upon the accommodations of the main street system. These facts, to my mind, fully vindicate the wisdom, redeem the "vandalism," and justify the immense cost of the modernization of Paris. It was the mission of France to teach the world a lesson of order, system, and logic, of emancipation and iconoclasm. Paris was made the visible embodiment of the revolt against the iniquities of the old régime, and of the creative vigor of the new era. We would not wish to see Rome modernized in any such spirit; and, indeed, the great reforms now progressing there, of which I shall write in a subsequent article, proceed upon the principle of preserving with the greatest veneration and care all important archæological remains and all worthy specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. But it was for Paris to sacrifice everything to the modern ideas of symmetry, spaciousness, and regularity, and to build the great opera house as a central feature, and as a suggestive symbol of the new spirit.

Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had not been without magnificent ideas for Paris, and they had left improvements — palaces, royal pleasure-grounds, boulevards, churches — that make a considerable array when put into a list; but these things, done to gratify the royal pride, had been of almost no benefit to the people, and

had not affected materially the medieval conditions. The absolutism of these monarchs could never have availed to cut the Gordian knots of a thousand claims, prescriptive rights, and intolerable immunities that the nobles, the religious orders, the old guilds, and various other corporate and private interests tenaciously held in the metropolis. Nothing but a revolution, sweeping everything away and beginning anew upon simple principles, could have effected any radical improvement.

The work of remaking Paris after the Revolution was begun upon the lines of a general plan for the cutting of new streets, prepared by a so-called "Commission des Artistes." The plan included 108 distinct projects. Although political changes interfered with the full execution of this particular plan, the work of reconstruction did not cease. Under the great Napoleon the *rues de Rivoli*, *Castiglione*, *des Pyramides*, and various other modern thoroughfares were created. To the fifteen years of the Restoration another considerable list must be credited, including, among others, the *rues de Chabrol*, *du 29 Juillet*, *Lafitte*, and those of the *Quartier de l'Europe*. And under Louis Philippe (1830-48) the *rues de Rambuteau*, *de la Bourse*, *de Lyon*, *de Havre*, and others were opened.

But it was in the period from 1852 to 1871, under Louis Napoleon, that the most comprehensive and magnificent work was done. A huge scheme was laid out, under the supervision of Baron Haussmann as prefect of the Seine, for the binding together of all the quarters of Paris by a system of grand avenues of general communication.

The plan of the new Paris is by no means so geometrical and easily understood as that of Washington, but it is none the less a philosophical and practical arrangement. Originally the narrow streets and lanes of Paris were either parallel with the Seine in general direction or were at right angles with the river. It became necessary to give the new Paris main thoroughfares broad enough and straight enough to accommodate traffic through the heart of the city along these original lines. Further, it was deemed necessary to construct a great number of diagonal avenues and boulevards directly connecting important localities. Still further, new lines of engirdling boulevards were found desirable; and finally, there were important reforms to be instituted in the suburban street systems. The net public expenditure incurred between 1852 and 1870 in carrying out the Haussmann-Napoleon project of new boulevards and avenues was in excess of 1,200,000,000 francs. The gross outlay was much greater, but large amounts of the original investment were recovered from time to time

by the sale of building sites, the municipality having, by condemnation proceedings in every case, acquired the properties through which in part a new street would pass. Since 1870 the work has gone on with less energy, the proposed reforms having been mainly effected. But a number of important new projects have been carried out since 1875, and each year sees some addition to the main street system. Private individuals have been obliged to conform strictly to the plans and regulations of the municipality in building up the new frontage, and thus there has resulted that marvelous regularity—elegant and impressive rather than monotonous—which is the characteristic of Parisian street architecture.

THE FRENCH MUNICIPAL SYSTEM.

To study the governing organs of Paris before the Revolution would be a complicated task, interesting, certainly, but no part of our present purpose. There was, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has recently said, "a chaos of competing authorities, a tangle of obsolete privileges, and a nest of scandalous abuses. Anomalous courts jostled and scrambled for jurisdiction; ancient guilds and corporations blocked every reform; atrocious injustice and inveterate corruption reigned high-handed in the name of king, noble, or church." This, indeed, does not tell us what the mechanism of the municipal government was, but it shows us well enough its spirit and its results. For our purpose it suffices to add that the city, so far as it was centrally governed, was administered by a provost, or mayor, deriving authority directly from the king, and that various old, surviving local bodies shared, in an anomalous way, in the minor affairs of the city. The communes of France, of which Paris was the chief, had in earlier centuries won a high degree of local autonomy, and played a conspicuous rôle in history; but they had now been reduced to the condition of the mere territorial administrative units of the centralized authority.

The Revolution instantly changed all this. The ancient communes, which lay as a complete network over the whole territory of France,—some of them urban entities, most of them simply small rural townships, but each of them a natural and traditional unit of government,—recovered their dignity, and obtained a system of local representative administration. The old privileges were abolished, and the modern elective principle was introduced. The people of each commune were empowered to elect a mayor and several other executive officers, who formed a "corps municipal." They also elected "notables," so-called, to the number of twice the corps municipal; and the two

groups, sitting together, formed a "council general" of the commune, while the mayor and the executive officers were in charge of active administration. It was a clear, logical system. The number of officers varied in the ratio of the population of the communes, and the arrangement was thus adapted to the large municipalities on the one hand and to the petty townships on the other. It was a masterly piece of legislation, sweeping away all the fogs and mysteries of the traditional system, and putting in its place a complete and uniform, while simple and elastic, scheme of local organization and government.

With various changes and fluctuations that system of 1789-90 has survived to this day. It drew a logical line between the functions to be intrusted to the communes and those that belonged to the higher authority, and it made the local government absolutely independent and autonomous within the range of its powers and duties. The system was in many respects similar to that now employed in some of our American States, as, for example, Illinois and Iowa. In 1795 the Directory made novel experiments and changes, consolidating the smaller communes, and forming larger divisions called "cantons." But this system was unduly arbitrary, and in 1800 the Consulate restored to each commune its individuality. Freedom, however, was wholly lost, for the communes now became parts of Napoleon's great centralized machine. Napoleon's maxim, as exemplified in his administrative laws of the year 1800, was: "*Agir est le fait d'un seul; délibérer est le fait de plusieurs*" ("To execute is the business of one; to deliberate is the business of many"). France had been divided in 1789 into departments, districts, and communes. The departments, having a sort of provincial business to do, were at that time given popularly elected representative councils, and the executive work was performed by a standing committee selected from the membership of the council. The district—a subdivision—was governed similarly; and I have already explained how the communes or municipalities were organized. All was free and popular.

But the Directory, in 1795, leaving the deliberative councils to be elected as before, chose to empower the central government of the country to name the executive commissions in the departments, and to tighten the reins of the higher authority. And in 1800 the Napoleonic idea went infinitely farther in the same direction. Each department, by the law of 1800, was to be actively administered by a prefect, named by the "premier consul," *i. e.*, by Napoleon himself; and the deliberative councils of the departments, varying in membership from sixteen to twenty-four members,

were now also to be selected by the premier consul. Then there was to be a "council of prefecture," of from three to five members, to deal judicially with disputes arising in the administration of the department or of its subdivisions, and this council was to be appointed by the premier consul. The districts, or departmental subdivisions,—called in the law of 1800 by the name of "*arrondissements*," which they still retain,—were governed by an under-prefect and a council of eleven members, all named by the premier consul. Coming down to the communes and municipalities great and small, thousands of them altogether, we find them governed by a mayor and several "adjuncts," or assistant executive officers, and by deliberative councils; and we find that all the mayors, officers, and councilors were named by the premier consul, except as in the small communes he delegated the task to his agent, the prefect of the department.

Here was centralization absolute and complete. It shocks our ideas, yet we must remember that it bore no relation to the absolutism of the old régime. The new centralization was founded upon equality, justice, and the reign of law. It was a wrong system, but it was symmetrical and logical. Possibly it was for a time a better system for the French people, just emerging from the old tyranny of local lords and church dignitaries, than the free, popular system of 1789 would have proved. We can, however, but prefer infinitely the laws of 1789, based upon trust in the people and the natural right of local autonomy, to the huge centralized machine constructed by Napoleon as the instrument of imperialism.

The system of 1800 was maintained for thirty years; but it was much liberalized in 1831 as one of the results of the revolution of 1830, which unseated the Bourbon successors of Napoleon and placed Louis Philippe upon "a throne surrounded by republican institutions." The revolution of 1848 did still more to free the municipalities and communes; but another Napoleon was destined to restore the centralized system.

The third republic, which has now weathered the storms of twenty years, at the outset adopted a less liberal policy than that of the first and second republics. It was menaced from without by foreign complications and threatened from within by powerful monarchical factions, and its leading spirits were afraid to relinquish a firm central hold upon local administration throughout the country. Their policy in this regard was a complete mistake; but the third republic has been disposed to feel its way, and its system of administration has been more monarchical than that of most monarchies—notably more so, for instance, than Belgium's, Italy's, or Austria's.

At length the smaller communes were allowed to choose, through their councils, their own mayors and executive officers; but the larger municipalities were obliged to submit to mayors chosen by the central authorities. And in all their deliberations and activities the municipal councils and officers were subject to the departmental prefect named by the central power.

Great improvements were made by the consolidated municipal government act of 1884, which remains in force. This law gives the communes universal manhood suffrage in electing their municipal councils. It gives the councils of great as well as of small communes — excepting Paris, of which we shall subsequently speak — the right to elect from their own membership the mayors and adjuncts. It prescribes a considerable range of local affairs in which the communes are competent to act finally, without waiting in every instance, as was previously necessary, for the sanction of the prefect of the department. It also puts limitations upon the power of the prefect to suspend a mayor or a whole municipal council, and upon the right of the higher authorities to order a dissolution and a new election. There is still a needless and humiliating centralization, and an altogether objectionable amount of administrative authority in the hands of the prefects and sub-prefects, who emanate from the central government, and do its bidding. But the system is otherwise a fairly good one.

In summing up, let me commend the simplicity of the organization of French municipal government. The people elect a council, varying in numbers according to population upon a scale fixed by general law. In all but the large places the council is elected upon a general ticket. The important cities are usually divided into sections, or large wards, to each of which several councilors are assigned, and the ward chooses its councilors upon a general ticket. The councilors hold office for four years, and all retire together — being, of course, eligible for re-election. The English and American system of partial renewal annually or biennially is contrary to French habits and ideas. The council names the mayor, and also his executive assistants, from its own membership. The mayor is the presiding officer of the council, as well as the executive head of the municipality. His adjuncts, or executive assistants, are designated by their fellow councilors. In large places these number ten or twelve, and they have no executive duties except such as are specifically assigned to them by the mayor. The council holds four ordinary sessions every year, each of which may last for fifteen days, while the one in which the annual budget is discussed may last for six weeks. But the mayor may call extra sessions at any time, and he is

obliged to convene the body upon request of a majority of the councilors. The council appoints consultative committees which meet *ad libitum* between sessions, with the mayor as nominal chairman of each, while one of his adjuncts is more usually the actual chairman. The mayor has the appointing power, and names the minor officials of the commune, subject in some cases, however, to the approval of the prefect of the department. With the advice of the council, and under the surveillance of the departmental authorities, the mayor executes the business of the commune. The council has a large authority in the levying of taxes, authorization of public works, provision for education, etc., but in most of these things its decisions must be approved by the higher authorities.

Such is the French system. It differs from the English in making the mayor a fully empowered executive officer, while limiting the council chiefly to deliberation. But the mayor is the creature of the council, his adjuncts are councilors, and the system is therefore logical and unified; and with all its differences, it seems to suit the French people as well as the English system suits the needs of British municipalities. The English system is that of administration by the municipal council. The French system is that of administration by a mayor and his adjuncts, forming a "corps exécutif." The American system is an absurd and futile attempt at combining the two systems. We attempt the hopeless feat of a government by the council and a government by the mayor at the same time. The result is conflict, dissipation of authority, and degradation of municipal life.

THE MECHANISM OF PARIS GOVERNMENT.

THE liberal legislation of 1789-90 gave Paris, with the other communes of France, a fully constituted, autonomous municipal government. The city was divided into forty-eight sections, each of which elected two common councilors, or notables, in addition to which a body of thirty-two councilors of higher rank, or aldermen, were elected, while the executive work was entrusted to a popularly elected mayor and sixteen administrators, so-called. The whole body of 145 governed the city, the mayor presiding over the council and directing the active administration of the city. In the fact of the popular election of the mayor this constitution resembled those of our American cities. The councilors and administrators were elected for two-year terms, and half of them were renewed annually. It was a fairly acceptable form of municipal government. But the Directory, in 1795, with its theory of cantonal

administration, consolidated the smaller communes of France and cut up the larger ones. Paris was divided into a dozen municipalities, with some sort of central administrative bureau, which the Directory constituted and managed in its own interest. The work that the Directory began Napoleon completed. He abolished absolutely the central mayoralty, and created the semblance of a central communal council, all the members of which were his own appointees. In each of the twelve sections, or *arrondissements*, as they have since that time been called, he established a so-called mayor, with assistants. But these officers were simply the local agents of the prefect, and were in no true sense municipal authorities. The real governor of Paris was the prefect of the department of the Seine—a department including Paris and some suburban communes. All administration was in his hands. In the levying of taxes and the planning of public works he had the advice of the municipal council of Paris and of the council-general of the department, all the members of which were the appointees of the central power. The revolution of 1830 improved matters to the extent of giving Parisians of certain electoral qualifications the right to choose the municipal council. But the central mayoralty was not revived, and the prefect, with his subordinates, and with the appointive officers of the *arrondissements*, governed the city still.

As in the country at large, so in Paris the brilliant revolution of 1848 restored for a brief interval the autonomy of communities. Paris again had its own municipal government, its own chosen mayor and executive staff. But the empire of Louis Napoleon took the city completely out of the hands of its inhabitants and restored the system of the first empire. The national assembly of 1871, after the downfall of the empire, gave back to Paris its elective council, but stopped there, promising that further concessions to the principle of self-government should be made at some subsequent time. Since then the suffrage, which was virtually universal, has been made entirely so. But Paris is still actively governed, as under Louis Napoleon, by the prefect of the Seine and his colleague, the prefect of police, both of whom are appointed by the general government and are amenable directly to the Minister of the Interior. In the smaller communes of France the police power is now confided to the municipal authorities, and is exercised actively by the mayors. In the larger ones a purely domestic police authority is exercised by the municipal officers, while a general control of police is vested in the prefect and his subprefects. But Paris is deemed too vast for the union of ordinary business administration and

police administration in the hands of the one prefect of the department, and the police authority, covering a wider range of functions than the simple organization of the police force and the management of the police courts and station-houses, is put in the hands of a separate chief, the prefect of police.

Paris has now for many years been subdivided into twenty *arrondissements*, and in each of them there is a central building called the "*mairie*," in which is the bureau of an officer called the "*maire*" (mayor). He is assisted by three adjuncts. These men, who are appointed officers of the general government, and are, in fact, simply the agents or delegates of the prefect of the Seine, with a staff of clerks and assistants attend to a vast amount of routine business for the higher authorities and for the city, so far as the population of their several *arrondissements* is concerned. They make the registration-lists for elections. They record births, deaths, and weddings, and perform the civil ceremony of marriage. They receive taxes, have to do with matters of elementary education, render "*assistance publique*,"—*i. e.* administer the poor laws in their respective districts,—enroll under the army-service acts those liable to military duty, and perform various other routine functions. These twenty Parisian centers of local administration are admirably organized and conducted, and under any scheme whatsoever of a reconstructed municipal government they would be allowed to remain.

The municipal council of Paris consists of eighty members, four from each of the twenty *arrondissements*. Each *arrondissement* is subdivided into four quarters, and each quarter elects a municipal councilor. They are elected for three years, and all retire together. The municipal council of Paris, plus a few representatives of the outlying communes of the department of the Seine, constitutes the council-general of the department. Since these outlying communes are, in fact, the immediate suburbs of Paris, there seems to be no good reason why the city's jurisdiction should not be made coextensive with that of the department, so that the business of the municipal council and that of the council-general might be merged. These communes outside the fortifications of Paris have their elective councils and distinct municipal organizations, but all come under the common executive control of the two prefects.

SOME PROPOSED REFORMS.

EVER since 1871 there has been a constant demand upon the part of Paris, as represented by its municipal council, for a restoration of its

central mayoralty and a release from its position of tutelage. The situation of the council is certainly humiliating and unsatisfactory. It is dominated by the prefect, who has the right to attend its sessions and to take the floor whenever he pleases, and who is absolutely unaccountable to it for his management of the city's business. The council has, it is true, large discretionary power over finances and taxation, and indirectly it controls the departments of administration and the construction of public works through its hold upon the purse-strings. But it is, at best, hampered and restricted. The prefect is in theory accountable to the Minister of the Interior: but the prefect has not only to administer the affairs of the city, but also to act as the political representative of the government of the day; and in fact it is in his character as the political agent of the government that he is held accountable. French ministries are too short-lived, and too busy with interests more vitally affecting themselves, to permit the Minister of the Interior to hold the prefect of the Seine to a frequent and careful accounting for the ordinary administration of the affairs of Paris.

There is some reason to believe that the time may not be far distant when Paris will be given back to its citizens by the general government. The question has been much considered by the municipal council. A few years ago a council committee of which Sigismund Lacroix was chairman reported an interesting scheme of municipal organization for Paris. It provided for a council consisting, as at present, of at least four members from each arrondissement, but with additional representation for the larger ones, increasing the total body from 80 to 100 members. The councillors were to be elected for three years, one-third retiring annually, as in England, and the elections were to be upon general arrondissement ticket — a great improvement upon the present plan of "uninominal" election in quarters, which necessarily tends to fill the council with obscure men. It was provided that this council should be free from the present possibilities of suspension and dissolution by the higher authorities. Paris is the only French city that is without its own mayor, Lyons having, two or three years ago, been allowed to resume a full-fledged municipal government after years of tutelage similar to that of Paris. The proposition to which I refer authorized the council to elect from its own membership a mayor and eight adjuncts, forming an executive corps. Each of the adjuncts was to be assigned to the headship of a municipal department, for which he should be responsible to the council, while the mayor was made accountable in a general way as chairman of the executive corps. The mayor and the

adjuncts were to keep their seats in the municipal council with power to speak and to vote. In all the other French cities the mayor is also the presiding officer of the council; but Lacroix's committee held that in the case of Paris it would be advisable for the council to relieve that functionary of the routine duty of the presidency, and to name another member of the council for the task of the speakership of the municipal parliament. The executive corps, *i. e.* the mayor and his eight adjuncts, were invested with the appointing and removing power for all employees and agents of the municipal administration, upon the initiative of the adjunct at the head of any particular department. To do the routine work now done in the mairie buildings of the arrondissements, it was provided that four or five officials should be appointed by the mayor's corps as "delegates of the mairie" to render the services now performed by the agents of the prefect. The council was to have full control of taxation and finance, but could not borrow money without the direct ratification of the voters at a popular election. The municipal authorities were to have entire management of the education system, primary, secondary, and higher.

These propositions, as it seems to me, embodied a most excellent municipal constitution. Its harmony and simplicity are not the least of its merits. Although it was an unrealized project, it is worthy of notice as an indication of what current European judgment and experience would pronounce a good framework of municipal organization.

It must not be supposed that all elements in Paris are clamorous for a larger degree of municipal autonomy. The educated and propertied classes, as a rule, prefer that the general government should keep its strong hand upon Parisian administration. They are somewhat distrustful of the municipal council, which they regard as radical and socialistic in its tendencies. There is very much to be said upon both sides. Paris has always, except for the brief intervals of the first and second republics, been administered by the central authorities. The change of prefects has at times been very frequent as ministries have risen and fallen; but the skilled administrative heads of the various municipal services, together with their corps of trained civil servants, have been practically permanent. It has been possible to carry out great policies of public improvement, and there has been a high and well-ordered efficiency in the execution of all kinds of municipal functions. If the municipal council had been all-powerful, it is possible that public business would have been less effectively prosecuted, and also that public works would have been upon a less

magnificent scale. Upon the other hand, it is possible that the real welfare of the masses of the Parisian people would have been more carefully guarded, and that the burdens of taxation would have been lighter.

The municipal council certainly contains a number of able and honest men; but as a whole it is open to the charge of being a body of men mediocre and unknown, and the primary reason for this is plain enough. Each member is elected in a separate district, eighty in all. The opportunity for what we in America call "ward politics" is altogether too favorable. It is not, of course, legally requisite that the councilor should be a resident of the quarter he represents, but in practice he is likely to be. Candidate A placards the quarter with gaudy posters declaring that as a resident he can represent the people far more satisfactorily than candidate B, who lives in an *arrondissement* at the opposite end of the city. Whereupon candidate B issues a manifesto in which he promises to obviate the difficulty by moving into the quarter if he is elected.

Such a system does not tend to fill the council with men known to Paris at large. Election upon a general *arrondissement* ticket, as proposed in the Lacroix draft, would result in greatly improving the average quality of the council. I am inclined to the opinion that it would be still better to elect a portion of the council upon a general ticket for the whole city, with the idea of securing men of acknowledged note and standing for candidates. While, then, I must confess my sympathy with the idea of greater municipal autonomy for Paris, I can also appreciate the reasons which actuate conservative Parisians, remembering the horrors of the commune of 1871, in clinging to the strong arm of France. Yet Paris will never have the government that is best for all its people until it intrusts itself to the people.

I would not for a moment have it inferred that the present council of Paris is not a far more intelligent, upright, and efficient body of men than the average council of a large American city. If it had full control over the executive administration, and if it were elected upon a less minutely local plan, I believe that it would soon become a magnificent body, to which it would be a great honor to belong, superior, possibly, in distinction to the councils of Berlin and Vienna, and equal to the new council of metropolitan London. Such positions should have no emoluments, or else should have large ones. A Paris councilor is not supposed to draw a salary, but he has been accustomed to allow himself 4000 francs a year for expenses. In view of exceptional demands, he increased this allowance for

the recent exposition year to 6000 francs (\$1200), and he has since neglected to reduce it. This transaction has an unpleasant savor about it, and seems to indicate a rather petty type of man. The movement for greater municipal autonomy is at present led with much vigor by M. Richard, president of the council, who, on December 15, 1890, issued the first number of his new daily newspaper, "*La Cité*," which is devoted to the advocacy of the claims and municipal interests of the commune of Paris.¹

THE POLICE ADMINISTRATION.

BUT more important than anything else in the scheme of Lacroix and his colleagues, it was proposed that the odious prefecture of police should be abolished and that the police authority should be invested in the municipal government, as was the case in the law of 1790. The prefecture of police for the department of the Seine was the masterpiece of Bonaparte's administrative system. This police prefect was reconstituted in 1853 by Louis Napoleon as an indispensable part of his centralized government, and it was characteristic of the third republic, with its centralizing and monarchical instincts, that it chose for its own ends to retain the police prefect.

He is to-day the most unaccountable and the most powerful man in France. His functions are highly varied. He controls not only the ordinary police that patrol the streets and keep order, but also the detectives and officers who constitute the "police judiciaire," and who work up criminal cases. Besides these, he is master of the political police,—the government's secret agents,—and he has in his hands a secret-service fund to spend unaccountably except as regards his immediate superior, the Minister of the Interior. His department covers the maintenance of order everywhere in streets and public places, the punishment of misdemeanors, the inspection of weights and measures, the organization of important life-saving and sanitary services, authority to permit or to forbid public spectacles, licenses of numerous sorts,—such as omnibuses and cabs and river steamers,—the regulation of certain trades and callings, and, in general, the control of a great number of services that affect the security of life and property, the public health, and the convenience of a great community.

In all this varied array of business the prefect of police has practically nobody to please but himself. His budget goes to the municipal council, and it is obligatory upon that body to

¹ M. Richard died suddenly in January, just after the references above were written.

allow it and to appropriate the funds demanded. He is accountable nowhere for the expenditure of the vast sum that he draws from the municipal treasury every year. Thus his function seems to be one of darkness and mystery. He was a fit creation of such rulers as the Napoleons, but he has no proper place in a republican form of government. Engaged as he must be in the secret service of politics, he is not the suitable person to administer the ordinary police government of a great city. It would certainly seem feasible and reasonable that the central authorities, retaining the control of the "police judiciaire" and of such other police agents for the general service of the state as might be deemed desirable, should confer upon the people of the city, to be exercised by their responsible elective servants, the ordinary municipal police authority.

But it would be a great mistake to jump at the conclusion that the existing police administration is not orderly and efficient. The real protection that the people have against the theoretical absolutism of the prefect of police lies in the magnificent organization of the great machine that the prefect superintends. Every one of the numerous bureaux is manned with permanent officials, who have entered the service upon examination and who are promoted for merit. The ten or twelve thousand officials who are upon the pay-rolls of the prefecture of police constitute a body of men who are as methodically organized as an army; and nothing could be much farther from the truth than to assume that the excessive power vested in the prefect means looseness or corruption in the ordinary administration of the police system.

"THE BEST-LIGHTED CITY IN THE
WORLD."

LIKE American cities, and in this respect wholly unlike those of England and Germany, French cities have been in the past, and still are, wholly disposed to leave the manufacture and sale of illuminants to private companies. But the resemblance between French and American cities as regards their management of this important service ends abruptly with the simple fact that they have chosen to employ private instead of public initiative. Municipal Paris has always fully protected public and private interests in its dealing with lighting companies. Even yet American cities have not thoroughly learned the simple lesson that there can be no real competition between gas companies in the same area, and that it is the height of foolish stupidity to attempt to regulate by competition a business that is monopolistic in its very nature. Paris, forty

or fifty years ago, in the experimental period of public gas-lighting, had seven or eight different gas companies. But each was restricted to its own district; each was chartered upon terms that gave the city authorities large control; each furnished its quota of gas for street lights and public buildings at a price fixed by charter contract and approximating actual cost of manufacture; each paid a moderate street rental for the privilege of laying pipes under the sidewalks; each submitted to a scale of prices for private consumers, arranged by agreement with the city upon the basis of reports made by commissions composed of scientific authorities and experts; each submitted to a daily official examination of the quality of its gas and to penalties for failure to reach the standard, and each laid its pipes in its respective territory under strict regulations respecting injury to the pavement and the disturbance of traffic. All these matters involved very much discussion and no small difference of opinion, but all were from time to time adjusted in an equitable and enlightened way. I might easily write a small book upon the history of the Paris gas-supply; but simply to have known and appreciated the main facts in that history, accessible as they have been, might have saved our American municipalities many millions of dollars in the aggregate. But our municipalities have contemptuously refused to learn anything from foreign experience.

The six companies which for some years had been engaged in the distribution of gas to Paris were fused into one great company in 1855. Some of our American cities have in recent years been well-nigh convulsed with excitement and indignation because their local gas companies had been consolidated or brought under a unitary management. And yet it ought to be perfectly obvious that a consolidated-gas supply can be more economically produced and sold. The fusion of the Paris companies in 1855 was effected only after several years of negotiations between the companies and the government, and it rested upon a basis carefully prescribed. The results were highly beneficial to all parties concerned. In 1861 a fusion was accomplished between the Parisian gas company and the smaller companies that had supplied the suburban districts, Paris having meanwhile annexed the outer belt of arrondissements and given the city its present area, with the engirdling fortifications as the municipal limits.

In 1870 the charter of the gas company was renewed and revised, and was placed upon a basis that still exists, and that will hold good until 1910. The contract might have been studied with great advantage in this country; and even now, after the lapse of twenty years, it is a more

enlightened and satisfactory arrangement than any that has been made by large American cities. The capitalization of the company was fixed at 84,000,000 francs. The quality of the gas and the method of testing are prescribed. Pipes must be laid each year wherever the public authorities determine, and their removal, alteration, replacement, etc. are all subject to the order of the authorities at the expense of the gas company. There must be two lines of piping along each street that is fourteen meters or more in width, and along each street that is paved with asphalt, no matter how narrow. It is arranged that the company shall pay the city 200,000 francs each year for the right to lay its pipes under the sidewalks. In lieu of an octroi tax upon the coal consumed in making gas, the city receives .02 francs for every cubic meter of gas consumed in Paris. The price of gas per cubic meter to private consumers is fixed by agreement, and the price to the city for public purposes is fixed at about half that which private consumers pay. The company is allowed, after paying fixed charges and placing a certain lawful sum in its reserve fund, to devote 11,200,000 francs of net profits to paying dividends and interest upon its 84,000,000 francs of capital stock. All surplus dividends must be equally divided between the company and the municipal treasury.

The financial aspects of this charter can be briefly summed up. The company must furnish gas to individuals at a price not exceeding a fixed maximum. It must supply gas for public uses at what is practically the cost of manufacture. It must pay the city 200,000 (ultimately 250,000) francs a year for the right to pipe the streets. It must pay a tax of .02 francs on each cubic meter of gas supplied to Paris. Finally, it must not "water" its stock, but must keep its capitalization at 84,000,000 francs, and after paying 13 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. out of net profits as dividends to the shareholders it must divide the surplus profits with the city. Finally, at the expiration of the charter, all rights revert to the city, which becomes also the owner of all the subways, piping, etc. that pertain to the plant. The city's share in the profits has steadily increased until the receipts from the gas company have become a large item of revenue. In 1870 about 5,000,000 francs were received from the company. For the year 1875 the amount exceeded 8,000,000 francs. In 1880, 12,400,000 francs were received, and in 1882 more than 15,000,000. For several years past the annual payment of the gas company to the city has been approximately 20,000,000 francs. As compared with American cities, this large sum is clear profit; for we do not in this country ordinarily obtain any public revenue from gas companies. On the other hand, moreover, it is

to be noted that Paris enjoys the further advantage of obtaining gas for public lighting at rates approximating the lowest actual cost of manufacture. Most American cities would congratulate themselves that they had made an extraordinary bargain if, in return for the privileges they accord to the gas companies, they should have the streets and public buildings lighted at cost. But Paris obtains that concession, and 20,000,000 francs a year in addition to it. Inasmuch as street lamps and various public establishments consume nearly one-fifth of the total supply of gas in Paris, it is obvious that there is very substantial advantage in obtaining the public supply at cost. I would suggest that American municipal authorities might profitably take to heart the fact that in the past ten years the Paris gas company has paid into the city treasury 200,000,000 francs, or \$40,000,000.

The inspection of gas manufacture, the testing of the quality of gas, the supervision of gas fittings in all kinds of buildings, and the management of the public lighting, belong to one of the bureaus of the department of public works, and come under general charge of an engineer-in-chief, who has under him a staff of nearly one hundred ordinary and assistant engineers. It is needless to say that this, like all other bureaus of the executive municipal government, is a model of efficiency. Paris, under its intelligent operations, has been, and remains, the most beautifully illumined of all large cities. Every detail of the service is brought under strict regulation, and there is the least possible ground for complaint against the gas company as a private monopoly. The question naturally arises whether the Paris plan is a wiser one than that of many great cities elsewhere in Europe which have assumed the gas manufacture as a public monopoly. Frenchmen decidedly prefer their own system. But I am inclined to the opinion that the largest possible use of gas, like that of water, is to be obtained under a system of public ownership, and that this large use is so eminently desirable in a city as to justify direct municipal administration. That the poor people of Paris could be provided with gas, both for light and for fuel, at a lower rate than they are now obliged to pay, if the municipal government were to supersede the existing company, seems to me to be indisputable. However, the present system is so good that there is comparatively little reason to desire a radical change.

But, satisfactory as are these arrangements, Paris is now on the eve of a revolution in her lighting system. Gas-lighting was first introduced in England, but Paris followed in good time and with a splendor unequaled elsewhere. In like manner America, Germany, and some

other countries have been earlier in the use of electric-lighting; but the Parisians, with their superior taste and skill in all matters of municipal arrangements and appointments, are destined to make by far the most brilliant use of the new illuminant. Within one year, or within two years at the farthest, it is confidently claimed that Paris will be incomparably the best-lighted city in the world and that electricity will have superseded gas in public use. In 1878, at the time of the universal exposition, the municipal government ordered the experimental illumination of the Avenue de l'Opera and several open spaces with electricity; but the new system was not ripe for large use, and the experiment was soon abandoned. Its principal effect was the stimulus it gave to the gas company, which invented and put into use certain large compound burners using 1400 liters per hour, and giving a most brilliant light. The great electrical improvements of the past decade were exhibited in the French exposition of 1889, and were studied with the utmost care by the Parisian authorities and municipal engineers. Undoubtedly the displays at the exposition had the most pronounced effect in stimulating the new zeal Paris is showing for the appliances of the electric age.

The manner in which Paris is now proceeding to introduce electricity in every portion of the municipal area is of the utmost importance to all other cities that have to do with similar problems. There has been no undue haste. On the contrary, the subject has been treated in a patient, scientific, systematic way. To begin with, the municipality has spent 2,000,000 francs or more in making a central electrical installation of its own in the basement of "Les Halles Centrales," the great central market of Paris. This plant is conveniently situated for the illumination of a number of public buildings and establishments, and it can be enlarged indefinitely. But it has never been intended to use this or any other municipal installation for the general work of lighting the city. It is for experimental purposes, and also for the purpose of acting as a regulator of charges. It enables the municipality to command the situation, and gives it a corps of men who understand the practical details of an electrical establishment. For the purposes of general illumination the city has been divided into seven "secteurs électriques." Paris is approximately a circle; and the secteurs are segments, the dividing lines of which radiate from the vicinity of the Halles as a center and extend to the circumference. Each of these secteurs has been granted exclusively for a short term of years to a responsible electric company. Thus Edison has been accorded one, the great Paris contractor, Victor Popp (using the Thom-

son-Houston system), has two, and the others are conceded respectively to the Messrs. Rothschild, the Société Alsacienne, the Ferranti Company of London, and Naze & Co. (representing the Westinghouse system). Several of the secteurs were granted in the latter part of 1890, completing the distribution. As one of the conditions, it has been required that the companies proceed at once to make their installations and that within two years their districts shall be completely served with main cables. Thus, before the end of 1892, such provision will have been made that, if desired, every street in Paris, as well as every house, can be illumined with electricity. It is required that the companies shall supply street-lighting upon terms that are as favorable as possible,—at cost or even less,—and a maximum rate of charge to private users is prescribed. Each company has been required to give a guaranty fund of several hundred thousand francs to insure the fulfilment of all the conditions imposed in the concession. No payment has been required for the charters, the terms being short, and permanent arrangements being deferred until use can be made of the results of five or ten years' experience. Meanwhile the city has its own central plant, and it is not debarred from laying its cables into any or all of the secteurs, with a view to regulating prices by competition. Thus Paris is on the point of being more completely supplied with electric-lighting facilities than any other large city in the world.

It should be noted that the question how to dispose of wires,—a question that makes so vast and so continually recurring an agitation in all American cities,—never comes up at all in Paris, and is seldom mentioned in any European city. There are absolutely no obstructive wires in Paris. The government has purchased the telephone as well as the telegraph system, and all the wires for these services are placed in the subways or sewers. The wires of the electric companies are buried under the sidewalks. Armored cables are laid in simple conduits, or even in the bare soil, without the slightest difficulty from any point of view. In crossing streets it is forbidden to break the paving, and underground connection is made from the manholes of the sewers. The whole city of Paris will have been laid with a network of electric-lighting cables a few months hence, and traffic on the sidewalks and in the streets will have suffered a minimum of obstruction, while no injury whatsoever will have been done to pavements. All these minor questions of practical municipal engineering that we in our cities are attacking in a fumbling, rude, original way, heedless even of the experience of our nearest neighbors, while densely and contentedly ignorant of the expe-

rience of foreign cities, have been thoroughly solved in Europe. Instead of leading the van, we are from ten to fifteen years behind Europe in all these matters. Even in our own field of electrical methods, as a prominent American electrician assured me in Paris last December, we are now five years behind the Continent. He declared that the difficulties our American corporations still complain about, when asked to bury their telegraph, telephone, and lighting wires, were all met and vanquished in Europe several years ago, and that our fellow countrymen insist upon remaining in a state of invincible ignorance rather than learn anything from the technical and scientific achievements of Europe. But perhaps he stated the case too strongly. Doubtless we shall in time learn to be ashamed when we come to a realizing sense of the fact that the one city of Paris has at its command a larger and more brilliant array of engineering and architectural talent than all the important cities of the United States taken together can show, and that many a small European town is better supplied in this respect than many a large American city.

POPULATION, HOUSING, AND TRANSIT PROBLEMS.

UNQUESTIONABLY the immediate problem *par excellence* of all great cities is the transit problem. Possibly some municipal economist of experience and repute may reply that the proper housing of the people is a more imminent problem. But in point of fact the two go hand in hand; and it is my profound conviction that more can be done to relieve the congestion of overcrowded urban districts by improved facilities for cheap and rapid transit than by direct treatment of the housing question, although I do not for a moment deny the imperative necessity of a clearing out of insanitary tenement property and a police regulation of house occupancy. It is but just to acknowledge that American cities have led the world in the development of the means of cheap public transit, and that one of the most important consequences has been the distribution of our urban populations over comparatively large areas, with the great advantage to health and morals of abundant air and light. Speaking in general, American cities cover several times as large an area for a given population as do European cities, and convey several times as great a number of people annually in street cars and suburban trains. European cities have a traditional compactness that has given direction even to their more recent growth and construction, and it is obvious that the more compact is the population the less business there is likely to be for transit systems.

Before giving an account of the transit arrangements of Paris it may be well to make some observations upon the growth and distribution of the population that is to be transported. Paris has from time to time made a number of concentric accretions. Its street and boulevard system and the division lines of the arrondissements, as indicated upon a map of the city, show some of its more important successive lines of cincture. Originally the "Ile de la Cité" in the Seine was the sum total of the municipality. Through the centuries it has annexed widening zones of territory. Henry IV. increased its area to 567 hectares (a hectare contains 2.4711 acres); under Louis XIV. it grew to 1103 hectares; Louis XV. revised the limits and made them include 1337 hectares, and finally, just before the Revolution, a hundred years ago, Louis XVI. more than doubled the area, and made it include 3370 hectares. The Paris of the Bourbons was nearly round, and was almost equally divided by the river one way and by the boulevards St. Michel and de Sébastopol at right angles with the river, being encircled by what is now known as the inner line of boulevards, with the Bastille at the extreme east, the Madeleine, Place de la Concorde, and Hôtel des Invalides at the extreme west, and the Mont Parnasse and Port-Royal boulevards marking the southern curve. Louis XVI.'s great annexation included chiefly the districts lying on the north side of the river, between the inner and outer lines of boulevards, an accretion very distinctly indicated on the map. This area remained without change until January 1, 1860. The government had constructed within the preceding two decades the great outer girle of fortifications, and it was inevitable that this should sooner or later become the boundary line of the city. For more than thirty years, then, the limits have remained as established by the law of 1859. At that time the existing limits of the arrondissements were fixed, the old area being divided into what are known as the ten inner arrondissements, and the annexed districts, or "faubourgs," with adjacent parts of the inner city being divided into the ten outer arrondissements, each one being given a name and a number. At the same time each arrondissement was divided into four quarters, each of which was named.

The Paris of one hundred years ago contained a population of 600,000, the area now comprised in the outer ten arrondissements being rural, with only ten or fifteen thousand people. At the time of the annexation in 1860, as shown by the census of 1861, the inner ten divisions had more than 900,000 people, and the outer ten more than 700,000, a total exceeding 1,600,000. It is extremely interesting to

follow the subsequent development of population. The inner ten divisions actually lost more than 30,000 people in the decade from 1861 to 1871, a period in which great demolitions and street improvements were made; and in the same decade the outer ten divisions gained more than 200,000 people. From 1871 to 1881 the inner ten gained 116,000 while the outer ten gained 300,000. From 1881 to 1886 the inner ten lost 18,000 and the outer ten gained 94,000. The net result of the twenty-five years from 1861 to 1886 was a gain of 64,845 for the inner ten arrondissements and of 611,850 for the outer ten, the one half having 1,010,970 people, and the other 1,330,580, a grand total of 2,344,550. Obviously the inner divisions have reached their maximum inhabitaney, and the census of 1891 will doubtless have shown a slight further decrease. What we may call the old Paris has for fifty years had a population averaging about 1,000,000; and there have been added, up to date, nearly 1,500,000 more people, occupying the new belt of arrondissements inside the fortifications, the Paris of to-day having nearly 2,500,000 inhabitants.

Meanwhile the suburban population outside the fortifications has been growing rapidly. The little communes of the department of the Seine outside of Paris are grouped in the two arrondissements of Saint Denis and Sceaux. Altogether this exterior belt had a population of about 255,000 in 1861, which had grown to 617,000 in 1886, and will doubtless be shown in the present year to have attained a population of fully 725,000.

The existing Paris covers 19,275 acres, or about 30 square miles, while metropolitan London with 4,000,000 population contains 118 square miles, and Chicago, as recently enlarged, provides an area about as extensive for 1,100,000. The average distance from the center of Paris to the circumference is only three miles. Minneapolis, with only 165,000 people, has a municipal area more than twice as large as that of Paris. Almost the entire population of Paris is housed in the flats of tenement structures averaging from four to five stories in height. According to the revised figures of the census of 1886 there were nearly 75,000 houses in Paris, and the average number of people in a house was about 30. In the old arrondissements of the inner Paris there are probably about 30,000 houses, accommodating about 1,000,000 people. For a total contrast in the plan of house-construction we have only to cross the channel and to examine London, where we find an average of about eight persons to a house for the whole metropolis. But the people of Paris are better housed, all things considered, than those of London. A popula-

tion of 2,500,000 within a circle whose radius is only three miles is certainly very dense, but it must be remembered that Paris is a many-storied city.

All these considerations bear most vitally upon the question of transit. The people of inner Paris have not, as a rule, far to be transported from their work. They live on the *étages* above their shops and business places. Instead of taking street cars or omnibuses to go home, they simply walk up-stairs. And the same thing is true of the major part of the population of the outer arrondissements. Every quarter of the city is at once a business quarter and a residence quarter. Nevertheless, as the city grows in its outer districts, and as population rapidly increases in the suburbs beyond the gates, there is a vastly enhanced regular daily movement to and from the central portions where the principal business operations are massed. Thus the transit question assumes constantly increasing importance in Paris, as in the other large cities of the world.

There are two kinds of municipal transit that must be recognized, just as there are two kinds of streets in the great European cities. These cities have (1) their network of minor streets, and (2) their system of great thoroughfares and boulevards pertaining to the metropolis as a whole. Similarly, they have their systems of merely local street transit, by cabs, street railways, and omnibuses, and their more rapid system of what may be called metropolitan transit. It is this latter system that great cities are now earnestly discussing. In London it takes the form of the underground railway connecting the great passenger stations, and of innumerable suburban trains on all the railway lines. In New York and Brooklyn it has its beginning in the elevated railway system, and it is to have great extensions in the early future. In Boston it is the topic of the day. In our western cities surface, cable, and electric lines are made to answer temporarily the double purpose of local and metropolitan lines. The Berlin system I shall describe in another paper. But Paris, thus far, has developed no metropolitan system at all except the belt line, the "*Chemin de Fer de Ceinture*." The density of its population and the prevalence of high houses, as I have shown, sufficiently explain the tardiness of this great capital in such matters. The merely local system of transit, by cabs, omnibuses, and tram-cars, has had a steady development in Paris, however, and for a number of years the public authorities and skilled engineers have been anticipating the necessity of a metropolitan rapid transit system and have given the subject a vast amount of study and discussion. The consequence is that an important beginning is about to be made, and

after an account of the existing transit arrangements I shall explain the new proposals.

All kinds of passenger transportation in Paris have always been strictly supervised by the authorities. The omnibus system of the metropolis became important about sixty years ago. In 1854, by arrangement with the administration, fifteen existing omnibus lines became absorbed in the "Compagnie Générale des Omnibus," to which an exclusive franchise was given for thirty years upon condition of large annual payments to the city — a franchise that was renewed after the enlargement of the city in 1860, and was then extended to the year 1910. Under the plan of 1854 the company was required to pay the city 640,000 francs a year, with additional sums for each vehicle exceeding 350. By the arrangement of 1860, which is still in force, the company agreed to pay 1,000,000 francs a year, and to pay in addition for every omnibus used beyond the number of 500 an annual fee of 1000 francs until 1871, to be increased to 1500 francs from 1871 to 1886, and thereafter to be fixed at 2000 francs. Thus the present payment is 2000 francs each for every omnibus in use, and the number actually in use in 1889 was 639. After 1873, street railways came into considerable use, and those of inner Paris were constructed and operated by the Compagnie Générale des Omnibus as an added part of its business, its street railway franchises also extending to the year 1910. The company pays into the city treasury 1500 francs per year for each tram-car on its lines, and in 1889 there were 300 in operation. There are also two other street-railway companies operating in the newer and suburban parts of Paris, one system being on the north side and the other on the south; the southern system paying the city 1500 francs a year for each car and the northern system paying 750 francs per car.

The omnibuses and street cars of Paris are very large, ponderous, and slow, but they are operated upon the most methodical system in the world. The routes are precisely defined, and along each route is a series of neat stations built upon the sidewalk. Everything pertaining to the size and construction of the cars and busses and of the station-houses; to the style of rails and placing of tracks; to the arrangement, change, and addition of routes; to the prices charged and the transfers given; and to almost every other imaginable detail affecting the business, is prescribed by the public authorities. Upon the principle employed in dealing with the gas company as a chartered monopoly, the city has a right, after dividends and all public charges and private expenses are paid, to one-half of the surplus profits of the "Compagnie des Omnibus et

des Tramways"; but thus far little has been realized from residuary profits. The Compagnie Générale transported in its omnibuses in 1889 more than 121,000,000 passengers and in its tram-cars more than 80,000,000. Its business had grown from 108,754,560 passengers in 1872 to 201,945,280 in 1889. The other two tramway companies transported some 25,000,000 passengers each in 1889, making a grand total for Paris of 121,000,000 passengers carried by omnibus and 130,000,000 carried by street railway. These are not large figures when compared with corresponding ones for American cities; but it is worth while to remind American readers that the Parisian transit companies pay more than 2,000,000 francs a year to the city treasury as a rental for the privileges they enjoy on the streets.

Nearly all the cabs and public carriages of Paris belong to one great company, — the "Compagnie Générale des Voitures de Paris," which has about 8000 vehicles in use. For the use of the public cab-stands, and their license to do business, each carriage must pay an annual license fee of 365 francs — a franc per diem. In 1855, following the Compagnie Générale des Omnibus and the fusion of the gas companies, monopolies being the fashion, special privileges were accorded to a great cab company that was formed to absorb numerous small proprietorships; and in 1862 this company obtained an exclusive franchise for the use of cabs and public carriages throughout the enlarged municipality, upon the basis of a payment to the city of one franc per day for each vehicle and of a division with the city of the surplus profits, as in the case of the gas and omnibus companies, the patrons being protected by a fixed scale of charges and a minute code of regulations. But this monopoly was not deemed advantageous, and the exclusive privilege was revoked in 1866. To the surprise and indignation of the city government, the cab company obtained a judicial award of damages to the amount of 300,000 francs per year for each of the remaining 47 years of the original 50-year grant. That excessive award has of course given the company an advantage over all competitors, and it has steadily grown. Since 1866 the cab business has been free to all applicants, subject to the laws regulating the details of the service, and the fee has remained at 365 francs a year. There are probably about 10,000 public carriages in Paris, of which four-fifths belong to the general company. The annual receipts of the city from cab licenses exceed 3,600,000 francs; and the total receipts under the head of "voitures publiques" exceed 5,600,000 francs. In the past ten years, therefore, Paris has received between 50,000,000

and 60,000,000 francs as rentals from companies and individuals using the streets for passenger transportation. Undoubtedly for a number of years past the city council has not been especially friendly to the great monopoly companies of Paris, and it would be more than willing to have them superseded by a system of direct municipal operation. But conservative public opinion prefers the existing arrangements, and assuredly they are not seriously disadvantageous. What is especially needed in transportation facilities is a very great extension of the street railways and omnibus lines, with the introduction of small, frequent, and rapid vehicles, and a modification of the system of licenses that puts a penalty upon an increase in the number of tram-cars and omnibuses.

But in addition to these facilities for local transit, Paris needs a metropolitan system. I have referred to the belt railway. It follows the perimeter of the city just inside the fortifications. It is primarily a line for the connection of the great railways entering Paris. Only one of these roads has its passenger station conveniently near the center of the city, and the transfer of goods and passengers has been extremely inconvenient. The girdle line also serves, however, for a considerable amount of ordinary local transportation of passengers, and may be deemed part of a system of metropolitan rapid transit. For the completion of such a system several elaborate plans have at different times been worked out under the auspices of government and municipal engineers. Some have been plans for underground and others for elevated lines. But all have involved great expenditures and heavy subsidies or guaranties. Now, however, one of the great railway companies, the "Compagnie du Nord," and a well-known engineering and contracting firm, that of the famous M. Eiffel, have come forward with a joint plan requiring no public contributions or guaranties, and asking simply the right to proceed. The Compagnie du Nord proposes to build underground lines connecting its central station and the girdle line with the Halles Centrales on the one hand and with the Madeleine Quarter on the other; and M. Eiffel proposes, in continuation, to construct an inner circle of underground lines that shall follow in general the grand boulevards and shall pass under the Seine. The lines will be below the sewers and conduits, will be operated by electricity, brightly lighted, of course, with electric lights, and reached from the frequent stations on the streets by large passenger elevators. It is altogether probable, at the moment when this sketch is written, that the proposals will be adopted and the work taken in hand soon. The total cost is estimated at somewhat more

than 100,000,000 francs. The system thus begun can at any time be extended. The underground electric road is, in my judgment, to be the permanent rapid-transit system of the world's greatest cities; and Paris seems now to be destined to resume her place in the forefront of progressive municipalities by securing the *Nord-Eiffel réseau* of underground lines. The fact that the abolition of the fortifications is now seriously contemplated, and that Paris is sure to expand rapidly in all the suburban directions, adds much to the timeliness of these new transportation projects.

WATER SUPPLY AND DRAINAGE.

Two kindred functions of the modern city that are now deemed primary and vital are the supply of water and the provision of drainage facilities. In a general way it may be said that the amount of pure water that is daily distributed to the people of a great city, and that is safely drained off with its accumulation of impurities, measures the progress of material civilization. In the first decade of this century the average daily water supply of Paris was 14 liters per inhabitant. At present there are important works in progress, begun in 1890, that will bring the supply up to 250 liters per head of population. Until 1855 the supply was decidedly insufficient; but at that time great projects for improving it were set on foot. It was then determined to make use of a double system of pipes, so that pure water for domestic purposes could be supplied to houses, and common river water, unfit for drinking and household uses, could be supplied for street sprinkling, for sewer-flushing, and for other purposes. It was also decided that the pipes should, wherever possible, be placed in the sewers, and that new aqueducts and reservoirs should be constructed to bring the supply up to an average of 200 liters per day. These projects were in part carried out; but the annexation of the suburbs in 1860 made important changes in the program. By this extension of the municipal limits 500,000 persons were brought into the city who were being supplied with a wretched quality of water in painfully insufficient quantities at exorbitant prices by a private monopoly, the "Compagnie Générale des Eaux." The city of Paris had always dealt directly with the users of water, and the question arose how to solve the problem of the suburban supply. It was finally decided that the city should own and control the entire plant and supply, and should in every way regulate the water system; but that it should charter the Compagnie Générale to conduct the business of dealing with householders and private users throughout Paris,

accounting from week to week to the city treasury. The company was allowed to earn a dividend upon 20,000,000 francs (\$4,000,000), and all profits accruing above such dividend were to be divided between the city and the company. The municipality is in absolute control of the entire supply, public and private, and the water company is simply the city's agent for collecting rentals, making house connections, and transacting all business with private users. Meanwhile the company has nothing whatever to do with the second set of main pipes that carry water for street and public uses. As income from its share in the surplus profits of the business transacted by the company the city receives more than 12,000,000 francs a year. The company's charter will expire at the end of the year 1910, after which its services will doubtless be found superfluous. Meanwhile the arrangement works very well, and the whole management of the water question in Paris, whether from the administrative or the engineering standpoint, is in most favorable contrast with that of metropolitan London. The sources of supply are various springs and streams in the Seine valley within a hundred miles of Paris, as well as the Seine itself; and the system of canals, aqueducts, pumping-stations, reservoirs, filtration works, and other engineering appliances for collecting and distributing 500,000 cubic meters or more of water each day is extremely elaborate, and in most respects very scientific and admirable. There will have been spent between 1856 and 1892 upon the construction of water-works by the municipality of Paris a sum reaching nearly or quite 200,000,000 francs.

The development of the famous sewer system of Paris has been most intimately associated with that of the water supply. No city in the world possessed forty years ago what would to-day be called a tolerably respectable or complete system of underground drains. It was not until 1830 that the sewers of Paris began to have any considerable extension; and only in 1856, the date of so many of the huge reforms of Paris, did the present system, along with the enlargement of the water supply, have its beginning. It was in that year that M. Belgrand, *Directeur des Eaux et Égouts* (Director of Water Supply and Sewers), laid out the existing system of main sewer tunnels, or "collecteurs," as the French well call them. Of the collecteurs of the first class there are three: one on the right bank of the Seine, which is nine kilometers long and empties into the river at the Asnières bridge; one on the left bank, which is a little longer, and which passes under the Seine at the Pont de l'Alma, and joins the first collecteur at Clichy; and a third, which begins in north Paris at the Cemetery Père-Lachaise, fol-

lows the outer boulevards, and empties into the Seine at St. Denis. It is nearly twelve kilometers long. Besides these three great ones, there are several secondary collecteurs. As for the regular street sewers, it is the Paris principle that every street, however narrow, must have at least one sewer, and that every street of twenty meters or greater width must have two, one running under each sidewalk. The collecteurs and the principal street sewers are of enormous size, and accommodate large boats and wagons specially constructed. With reference to drainage, the Paris streets are divided into two categories, those of the "grande circulation" and those of the "petite circulation." The former, of course, have much the larger sewers. The average size in the ordinary streets is a sewer of elliptical shape about seven feet high and five feet wide. Small as is the area of Paris, it has not far from six hundred miles of good sewers, in all of which tall men can stand erect. These capacious tunnels have been costly, but Paris is finding them an excellent investment. All the water-pipes of the double water system are carried in the sewers and are easily cared for, replaced, or mended. The government is now the proprietor of telephone as well as telegraph lines, and the Paris municipality has various electric wires of its own; and all are readily accommodated in the sewers. Pneumatic tubes, for one purpose or another, are also distributed in these convenient subways.

Although carrying off all surface water, and a large amount of liquid refuse from houses and various establishments, the Paris sewer system was not originally constructed to receive solid waste. Under each house is a water-tight "vidange" or cesspool, constructed with strict reference to sanitary conditions, which is periodically emptied, under a scavenger system carefully regulated by law. But what the French people call the system of *tout à l'égout* (everything into the sewer), which prevails in the English and American cities, is being gradually introduced. The main difficulty to be met is the lack of sufficient fall in the sewers. Means are, however, being found to overcome all obstacles; and the highly objectionable system of cesspools will in the early future be totally abolished.

Paris, like all other great cities, has been much concerned with the question how to dispose of sewage. At present most of the outflow of the collecteurs pours into the Seine, to its serious pollution. But some years ago the municipality purchased several thousands of acres of land in the plain of Gennevilliers, a few miles down the river, and began the experiment of a sewage farm. The project has been an unqualified success. An extension from the Père-Lachaise-St. Denis collecteur carries a

large quantity of sewage to the farm, where it is used by irrigation as a fertilizer, with the best of results in every way. At present one-fifth or more of the total sewage effluent of Paris is used on the land at Gennevilliers; and in due time the whole quantity can be diverted from the river to this and other tracts of land which have been selected as suitable for the purpose.

WHAT PARIS DOES FOR ITS CITIZENS, AND
WHAT IT ALL COSTS.

As the most highly organized of modern communities, a detailed study of Paris in all its municipal activities would easily fill a thousand pages. I can only hope to present the general characteristics and aims of the Parisian system, with a few salient facts and statistics. Paris, within its present limits, covers thirty square miles, ten of which are occupied by streets, waterways, and parks. Two and a half million people dwell upon the remaining twenty square miles. They live in a remarkable condition of order and apparent thrift and comfort. But, of necessity, their existence under such circumstances requires an exceptional development of social organization. In French parlance and law Paris is a "commune"; and, in fact, the Parisians are a community. An intelligent study of the municipal budget shows in the briefest possible way how much they have in common. It requires an ordinary expenditure of from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 francs every year to defray the expenses of the city government—\$25 for each man, woman, and child. This sum is more than twice as great as the average corresponding figure for the other great cities of Europe, such as Berlin and Vienna. The great public improvements and transformations of Paris have imposed a debt upon the municipality of nearly \$400,000,000, upon which the annual interest charge is about \$20,000,000. This is a vastly greater debt than any other city carries; but it is steadily shrinking under a system of terminable annuities by which the yearly interest payments gradually extinguish the principal. Assuming the annual cost of the city government per inhabitant to be 125 francs, it may be instructive to show where the money is expended. Twelve francs go to the maintenance of the police department with all its various services; three are paid for the cleansing and sprinkling of the streets; three and a half are paid for public lighting; half a franc goes for protection against fire; ten francs are expended for the maintenance of the schools; ten more go for the support of hospitals and the relief of the poor; from eight to ten are spent in maintaining the ways of communication; a sum that varies greatly from year to year, but

which we may assume to call five francs, is paid out on new construction of streets and means of communication; and forty francs are required to meet interest and other payments on account of the municipal debt. The expenses of the general offices and city council, with a large salary list, and of various minor departments and services that need not be specified, easily account for the remainder of the 125 francs.

Most of these items seem enormous when compared with corresponding figures for other European cities. But it does not follow that taxation is ruining the Parisian people, or that the heavy municipal expenditures are a hardship. Thus the cost of maintaining, cleaning, and sprinkling the public highways is vastly greater per capita than that of almost any other European community; but the work is done in the most thorough and scientific manner, and the money is honestly and skilfully applied. The Parisians live in such a way that clean, smooth streets are from every point of view a wise investment. Health and private property alike require freedom from dust.

Public lighting is so generous in amount that it is of necessity expensive, but it would be easy to demonstrate the soundness of such an investment in Paris. The paving of streets is as perfect as possible, regardless of expense, and is in the hands of the most expert government engineers. Such paving for Paris, if not for other cities, is a measure of true economy.

The expense of public education in Paris will not be seriously criticised in any quarter. Probably no other city in the world secures equally advantageous results from the outlay upon schools. Under the compulsory education act the attendance of children in elementary schools has actually been made almost universal. But Paris does not stop with elementary education in reading, writing, and numbers. It maintains a marvelous system of industrial and trade schools for both sexes, in which almost everything that pertains to the production and traffic of Paris is taught and encouraged. American and English visitors at the exposition of 1889 will remember the remarkable display of the Paris industrial schools, especially in lines of decorative manufacture and art. It is in these schools that Parisian dressmakers, milliners, artificial-flower makers, furniture designers, house decorators, skilled workers in metals, and handicraftsmen in scores of lines of industry are educated to do the things that keep Paris prosperous and rich. It is public money wisely spent that maintains such an educational system. I need not refer to the higher schools of science, of classics and literature, of engineering, and of fine art. All the flowers of civilization are encouraged by the Paris mu-

nicipality. The yearly expenditure of a moderate but regular sum for the promotion of fine arts, by means of the purchase, under a competitive system, of designs for public statues, of pictures and mural designs for schools and various public buildings, and of other artistic works, not only educates the popular taste and adds to the adornment and beauty of the city but helps to keep Paris the art center of the world, and thus to maintain what, from the economic point of view, is one of the chief and most profitable industries of Paris. The mercantile schools that train so many thousands of women as well as men in bookkeeping and penmanship are also an admirable investment.

The city's care for its poorer population, as shown in the famous Mont de Piété and in the great system of savings banks, as well as in the various kinds of hospitals and retreats, seems fully justified by the facts of Paris life. The Mont de Piété, now venerable, but thoroughly active, has been imitated in various other European cities. It is a great public pawnshop with several central establishments and with twenty or thirty branches in the different parts of Paris. It receives money on deposit from the thrifty savers, and it loans on chattel security at fair rates to everybody who needs to borrow in that way. Undoubtedly it has saved hundreds of millions of francs for the poor of Paris. It handles in a year some 4,000,000 pieces of property, and does a business exceeding 100,000,000 francs. On any given day its books would show nearly 2,000,000 articles loaned upon, and nearly 50,000,000 francs outstanding in the hands of borrowers. It is successful in the highest degree. The municipal savings bank is another great establishment that represents the thrifty side, just as the Mont de Piété suggests the unfortunate side, of the life of the common people of Paris. The savings bank receives no money except from Parisians, and on the 1st of January, 1890, its actual depositors numbered 582,043, to whom was due the sum of 139,804,413 francs. The number of patrons increases steadily each year. In addition it should be said that the Paris offices of the national postal-savings-bank system have a still larger number of depositors, although they receive a smaller aggregate sum of money. In the two systems there are not far from a million individual accounts running, with deposits probably reaching 240,000,000 francs. The savings bank of Paris has a branch in each one of the twenty arrondissements of Paris except the first and second, which are readily accessible to the central establishment.

It has seemed to me well to pass with only general mention the relation of Paris to what

the French expressively call "approvisionnement." The great markets belong to the city, and the whole supply of food and drink comes under well-organized official cognizance. Paris was the first great city to abolish all private slaughter-houses and to concentrate the business in well-appointed municipal abattoirs. The municipal laboratory of chemistry is constantly testing foods and drinks, and the sanitary inspection of every kind of food supply is scientific and elaborately organized.

Having given the cost of Paris government, I must not omit in a summary way to explain how the 250,000,000 francs or more a year come into the treasury. More than 140,000,000 francs accrue from the octroi taxes—levied as local customs dues upon foods, wines, fuel, building-materials, and certain other articles brought into the city—and are therefore indirect taxation. Some 35,000,000 francs are obtained by direct forms of taxation, chiefly upon rental values and house occupancy. From 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 francs are gained by the profits of the city's various enterprises such as markets and abattoirs, and from its relations with the gas, water, street-railway, cab, and other profitable monopolies. The rest comes in large part from the national treasury, which pays its considerable proportion towards the cost of police, of paving, and of some other services in which the country as a whole is concerned. The octroi system, which prevails throughout the French towns and cities, tempts a digression. The chief arguments in its favor are its long-time existence, the fact that the people are accustomed to it, and the great practical difficulties that would be encountered in attempting to secure as large a municipal revenue by any other means, the national government having appropriated and applied almost to the limit of endurance nearly all the other usual sources and methods of taxation. In practice the Parisian octroi system is less objectionable than it is in pure theory, and there is no prospect of its abandonment in the early future. The large income that Paris derives as profits from special enterprises is a noteworthy topic. A critical discussion of the Paris budget is not in order in a descriptive article, and I may only say that my earlier unfavorable impressions, due to figures so large in comparison with other European cities as to seem indicative of extravagance, have been in the main removed by more careful study. If Paris spends vast sums in her municipal housekeeping, she has diverse, magnificent, and permanent results to show, and her people are, as I believe, enriched rather than impoverished by their common investments as a municipality.

Albert Shaw.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Nation for a Mortgage.

WE have in previous numbers of *THE CENTURY* set forth the details of two notable historical efforts to lighten the burdens of the people and to increase their wealth by making money cheap and plenty. In *THE CENTURY* for April the Land Bank experiment in England in 1696 was considered, and in that for May the Rhode Island Paper Bank experiment of 1786. In the June number we turned aside for a moment from the historical record to consider some of the modern cheap money plans, in order to enforce upon our readers, while the English and the Rhode Island failures were fresh in their minds, the fact that these modern plans sought to repeat in our own times the disastrous experiments of one and two centuries ago. From that list of modern plans we purposely omitted one which may be said to have been the inspiring cause of nearly all those which we named. We refer to the Land Loan scheme of Senator Stanford of California. This in brief is, that the Government shall lend an unlimited amount of money for twenty years at two per cent. interest on land pledged as security at half its value; that the value of the land shall be fixed by appraisers appointed by a land loan bureau in every county in which a loan is applied for, their services to be paid by the mortgagees; that there shall be no limit to the amount of the money issued as loans, except the needs of landowners, and their ability to pledge the land; and that the bills so issued shall be receivable for all taxes and all debts.

This is in substance the Rhode Island experiment over again, but lest some one shall say that that experiment was made in a State only, and not in a nation, and hence had not the wealth of the whole country to guarantee its success, we shall not rely upon it as constituting a complete demonstration of the fallacy of Mr. Stanford's ideas. What was attempted in Rhode Island in 1786 was merely an imitation, on a small scale, of what was done in France in 1718-20 under the inspiration of the notorious adventurer and gambler, John Law. The history of his famous performances constitutes so perfect an answer to the economists of Mr. Stanford's school that we shall make it the subject of the present article in our series.

John Law was the son of an Edinburgh jeweler and money-changer. After a career of gambling, dueling, and reckless adventure in every capital in Europe, he turned his ingenuity to the invention of schemes of finance and banking, and went about from capital to capital seeking acceptance for them. Having had no success anywhere else, he appeared in Paris in 1716, just after the death of Louis XIV., when the regent, the Duke of Orleans, was confronted with a national debt of more than three billions, which made national bankruptcy imminent. He listened earnestly to Law when the latter assured him that the prosperity of a nation depended entirely upon the size of its circulating medium; that Holland with its wretched soil and dangerous shores was the richest country in the world simply

because of its immense circulating medium; and that France by doubling its capital would enormously increase its wealth and resources, pay off its debts, and become the richest nation in the world. How could France double its capital? Why, easily enough, All it had to do was to establish a bank on the basis of all the actual property of the State.

A private bank which Law established succeeded very well, its bills being accepted by the Government. It really laid the foundation of credit in France, since it was the first bank of circulation and discount. Its success turned the heads both of Law and the regent. If with a small capital they could by means of credit circulate a volume of notes several times the size of the capital, what might they not do with the whole of France for capital? The private bank was dissolved in 1718, and the Government established the Royal Bank with Law as its director-general. He at once began to put into practice his idea of uniting all the wealth of France into one great mass, and using it as a basis upon which to issue an illimitable volume of notes. "He had conceived the idea," says Blanqui in his "History of Political Economy," "of combining into one common association all the capitalists of France, and putting under their control, as a loan, all the elements of public wealth, from landed property to the uncertain ventures of colonial trade. What could be a finer mortgage than France!"

As a part of his great "Company of the West" he included his famous Mississippi scheme. The Chevalier La Salle, in his travels down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico, had taken possession of all the territory through which it flowed in the name of the French king, calling it, in honor of Louis XIV., Louisiana. Law obtained a concession of this district, gave dazzling accounts of its unlimited mineral and agricultural wealth, and founded a commercial company upon it with a capital of one hundred millions, divided into two hundred thousand shares of five hundred francs each. Other trading companies, the Canadian, Senegal, East Indian, and China were also taken into the bank, and each made a "basis" for the issue of notes. Then one after another the royal mint, the business of collecting the government taxes, and the receipts of the royal income were included. Law's idea was to get all the receipts and all the issues of the nation into the same hands, and then upon this vast basis, this fine mortgage of France, to issue notes at will.

The shares of his company were eagerly bought. He began the issue of paper money guaranteed by the Government, and based upon the value of all national property. "Bills issued on land," he said, "are in effect coined land. Any goods that have the qualities necessary in money may be made money equal to their value. Five ounces of gold is equal in value to £20, and may be made money to that value; an acre of land is equal to £20, and may be made money equal to that value, for it has all the qualities necessary in money."

As a beginning, Law had notes to the amount of one hundred and ten millions of pounds sterling struck off and circulated. They were receivable in taxes, nominally redeemable in coin, and made a legal tender. A great wave of instantaneous prosperity seemed to rush over France. The parliament of Paris, alarmed by the furor which seized the whole people, tried to check it by legislation, but was overborne at once. Law even threatened to abolish it for presuming to stand in his way. This bank lent the king twelve hundred billions of francs to pay off the debt. An eye-witness of the scenes in Paris, writing at the time, says: "All the town is in convulsion over the shares; the capital is thrown into a kind of state fever; we see the debt diminish before our eyes; private fortunes are made out of nothing." From all parts of France men poured into Paris to speculate. The street in which the bank was situated was crammed day and night. The shares rose to forty times their value in specie at the time of their issue. Everybody seemed to be getting richer, nobody poorer. The bank continued to pour forth paper money till its issue reached 3,071,000,000 francs, 833,000,000 more than it was legally authorized to emit. Its issue of shares at the extreme market value when the craze was at its height was twelve billion francs, which had been built up on an original issue of less than two millions.

M. Thiers, in his account of the situation at this time, says: "The variations of fortune were so rapid that stockjobbers, receiving shares to sell, by keeping them one single day had time to make enormous profits. A story is told of one who, charged with selling some shares, did not appear for two days. It was thought the shares were stolen: not at all; he faithfully returned their value, but he had taken time to win a million for himself. This power which capital had of producing so rapidly had brought about a traffic; people lent the funds by the hour, and exacted unprecedented rates of interest. The stockjobbers found, moreover, a way to pay the interest demanded and to reap a profit themselves. One could even gain a million a day." Law himself reaped a colossal fortune in paper, which he turned into land as fast as he could. He bought no less than fourteen titled estates in France, a fact which is cited as evidence that he had faith in his own schemes, for had he been a swindler he would have invested his profits in some other country.

Of course such a condition of affairs could not last. Scarcely had the whole system been made complete before the inevitable collapse began to threaten. People began to sell their shares for land, houses, coin, or anything that had stable value. Prices rose enormously, and gold began to be hoarded. The shares began to fall and the paper money to depreciate. Then Law, like his imitators a half-century later in Rhode Island, began to try to save his paper money from destruction by edicts or forcing acts. It was forbidden to convert the notes into gold or silver, and decreed that they should bear a premium over specie. It was decreed that coin should be used only in small payments, and that only a small amount of it should be kept in the possession of private persons. Any one keeping more than 400 or 500 francs in specie was to be fined 10,000 francs. The wearing of gems and diamonds was prohibited. Nothing made of gold was to weigh over one ounce. Old specie was confiscated, and domiciliary vis-

its were ordered to discover it. Of course these signs of desperation only hastened the end. The shares, which had been fluctuating wildly, began to go down steadily. This was in February, 1720, less than two years after the founding of the bank. When all the violent edicts failed to stop the decline, the Government decreed in May that the value of the shares and notes should be reduced one-half. This was the end. The great bubble collapsed, for credit had been completely destroyed. The bank stopped payment, and the whole nation gave itself over to rage and despair. Law's life was in danger, and that of the regent was threatened. The bank was abolished; its notes were reconverted into the public debt, leaving it as it was when the bank was established; Law's estates were confiscated, and by November of 1720 not a trace of the bank or its various companies remained. Law himself remained in France till the end of the year, when he became a wanderer on the face of the earth, dying at Venice in 1729 almost a pauper. "Of all the industrial values produced under the hot atmosphere of Law's system," says Blanqui, "nothing remained but ruin, desolation, and bankruptcy. Landed property alone had not perished in the tempest."

This is the experiment which Senator Stafford proposes should be repeated in the United States. It is the same experiment which Rhode Island tried with similar results in 1786. It is the same experiment also which the Argentine Republic has been trying within the past five years, and the results which that unhappy country is now reaping from it we shall make the subject of our next article in this series.

The New York of the Future.

THE first formal statement of the proposition to consolidate New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and other adjacent territory into one great city was made over twenty years ago. In 1868 Mr. Andrew H. Green, in an official communication, called attention to the "important subject of bringing the city of New York, and Kings County, a part of Westchester County, and a part of Queens and Richmond, including the various suburbs of the city, within a certain radial distance from the center, under one common municipal government, to be arranged in departments, under a single executive head." In that communication Mr. Green placed the number of people comprehended within the area of the city and its immediate neighborhood at "more than one and a half million, all drawing sustenance from the commerce of New York, and many of them contributing but little to the support of its government." In a very valuable bulletin issued from the Census Bureau at Washington under date of April 17, 1891, entitled "Urban Population in 1890," the Superintendent of the Census, Mr. Robert P. Porter, puts down the number of people living "within a radius of fifteen miles of the city hall on Manhattan Island" as being "considerably in excess of 3,000,000, or two-thirds that of London." His estimate includes, of course, parts of New Jersey, which are excluded from the consolidation scheme; but a fair estimate of the total population within the proposed consolidated limits places it at about 2,750,000. Thus it appears that during the twenty-three years in which the consolidation project has been under discussion the population of the communities concerned has nearly doubled.

It cannot be said that the discussion attracted much attention till within the last few months. In 1890 the State legislature passed a bill creating a commission "to inquire into the expediency of consolidating the various municipalities in the State of New York occupying the several islands in the harbor of New York." This commission organized with Mr. Andrew H. Green as president, but little interest was taken in its proceedings till in April last it sent a report to the legislature, favoring consolidation, defining the limits of the greater city, and recommending the passage of a bill empowering the commission to frame a charter for the city's incorporation, government, and administration, to be submitted to the legislature for approval at some future date. This formal action commanded the attention of the press, with the result of arousing more public interest in the subject than had previously been felt. The passage of the bill by the upper branch of the legislature added to this interest perceptibly, so that it could for the first time since the discussion began be said that the matter had really become a public question.

The one point upon which all commentators are agreed is that the consolidation is inevitable at some time or other. This being the case, the date of the consolidation will be hastened or retarded by the strength or weakness of the arguments which are brought forward in its behalf. It is conceded that all the localities concerned owe their existence to their nearness to New York and draw their sustenance mainly from it. They have been built up by the overflow from the narrow confines of Manhattan Island. Whether union would result in good or evil, to one or all, whether there would be wiser, more intelligent, more economic government in the united city than there has been in the separate municipalities, are questions upon which there is the widest difference of opinion. Probably it would be more accurate to say that there is as yet very little real opinion to be found, for few persons have given any except the most superficial thought to the matter.

The magnitude of the subject is likely to stagger even the most thoughtful examiners. The total land area of the future New York, as defined by the commission, would contain nearly 318 square miles, or over 203,000 acres. The present city contains about 39 square miles, so that the new city would cover more than eight times the space of the old. New York would thus, both in population and area, be larger than any other city in the world with the exception of London. In order that its size may be fully comprehended let us compare it with the leading cities of the world, both as to population and acreage, and also as to number of inhabitants per acre:

	<i>Acres.</i>	<i>Population.</i>	<i>Persons per acre.</i>
New York (now).....	24,760	1,515,301	60
New York (future).....	203,000	2,750,000	13
London.....	448,587	4,784,312	11
Paris.....	19,200	2,269,093	117
Berlin.....	15,500	1,315,287	85
Chicago.....	96,200	1,099,890	11
Philadelphia.....	83,300	1,046,964	12
St. Louis.....	49,000	451,770	11
Boston.....	23,661	448,477	19

It thus appears that New York at present is the most crowded city in the world with the exceptions of Paris and Berlin, and that even if its limits were to be extended as proposed it would still have more persons to each acre than London has at present, with nearly

double the population which the enlarged New York would have. If the past ratio of increase in New York be maintained, as there is every reason for believing that it will be, the population of the greater city will reach 10,000,000 by the middle of the twentieth century, or an average of forty-nine persons per acre.

It is not strange that the student of municipal government should find it difficult to form any opinion as to the kind of rule to be expected from a municipality of such colossal proportions. What reason is there for thinking that the union of New York and Brooklyn would result in giving us any better government for the two together than each is able to get separately now? Would union induce the intelligence and morality of the community to take any more active part in political matters than they have taken heretofore? We can make up our minds upon one point, and that is that the activity of the professional politicians would not be diminished. It is urged in favor of consolidation that we should be able to get a better system of wharves and docks, should be able, in fact, to construct a water-front worthy the foremost city of America, if we were to bring all the various municipalities at present owning parts of that water-front together and give them a common interest in its improvement. New York has had the sole interest in the greater part of it for many years, but she has shown little desire to make it worthy of her position as one of the greatest commercial ports of the world. If consolidation would arouse civic pride in her citizens in this or any other direction, it would be an unspeakable blessing.

If, however, there be no assurance of better things in government in the greater New York, it is perhaps equally true that neither is there assurance of worse things. The new territory would, by greatly enlarging the number of voters, make it very difficult for any central political organization like Tammany Hall to maintain control of a majority. The danger of internal dissensions among the political bosses in the various parts of the municipality would be increased as the size of the masses each was expected to control increased, and in such dissensions there is always opportunity for reform movements; but the amount of patronage and the opportunities for jobbery would at the same time be greatly increased, so that the greater possible good is counterbalanced by the greater possible evil. The limits of New York and other American cities have been extended many times within the past few years, but we have yet to hear that the enlargement of area has in a single instance led to a diminution in the evils of misgovernment.

It is, in fact, misleading to expect that consolidation, which is certain to be effected within a few years, will do much to solve the problem of municipal misgovernment, which is becoming more and more every year the most serious problem that confronts American sagacity. The Census Bulletin to which we have referred, gives very striking evidence of the rapidly increasing tendency of our population, in imitation of that in older countries, to congregate in the cities. It shows by the figures of the new census that nearly one-third of the entire population of the country is now living in cities, against about one-fifth in 1870; that while there was only one city which had over a million inhabitants in 1880, there are now three; that while there were only fourteen cities which had over 100,000

inhabitants in 1870, there are now twenty-eight; and that while the total city population has increased nearly sixty per cent. since 1880, the total population of the country has increased only twenty-five per cent. This increase in city population has been accompanied by a steady increase in municipal misrule, if the amount of attention and anxiety devoted by all thoughtful minds to that subject affords satisfactory evidence, and we believe it does. Surely, therefore, this tendency to make not only New York but all our cities larger ought to give all patriotic Americans a fresh and powerful incentive to grapple with the problem of municipal government and to solve it in the only way in which it can be solved; that is, by separating municipal affairs completely from State and national politics, and conducting them, as the citizens of Berlin, Glasgow, Birmingham, and Manchester conduct theirs, upon a thoroughgoing, non-partisan, business basis.

"Journalists and Newsmongers" Again.

A YEAR ago we printed a suggestive array of facts under the title "What's the News?" which revealed the vast importance in a commercial sense of the expenses and revenues of a great modern newspaper. As the author, keeping within his purpose, had no call to discuss the moral side of the business of gathering and selling news, we thought his paper made a fit occasion for commenting editorially on the distinction which ought to be drawn between "Journalists and Newsmongers."

In effect we described a Journalist to be a responsible editor or publisher who seeks public support for a medium of important news, of trained judgment on public questions, and of unselfish criticism of persons and things that are prejudicial to the public welfare. Whatever he offers under those heads is an appeal to healthy intelligence and not to depraved taste; he measures these things by his own judgment and not alone by what he imagines to be a public craving. He recognizes that news is a force and not a commodity; a force that brings happiness and injury or punishment to thousands of fellow beings every time he sends it broadcast over his community; and that his license to lend this force is his moral acceptance of the duty of seeing that it is true and that it does not wantonly invade the rights of private persons. In so far as he is a purveyor of useful information and a wise and helpful censor of public affairs, his newspaper gains in influence, circulation, and business prosperity. He is a self-constituted public servant who is herald, soldier, statesman, and judge; his work, even with honest purpose, is colored by human qualities; but the evils of his faults are trifling compared with his enormous services to society. The Journalist of this pattern is numerous and honorable among us.

On the other hand the Newsmonger was described as an editor, or publisher, who looks upon the public functions of a journalist as the opportunity and cover of making merchandise of other people's affairs to satisfy the curiosity of those who will buy. He recognizes in the public a depraved taste as well as a healthy intelligence, and caters to both; he measures the influence of his journal by the number of copies he can sell and not by the effect of his teachings; his public, so far as "news" should satisfy it, is any class, vile or

innocent, whose interests may be cultivated. He lashes law-breakers on one page, and on another (maybe in his advertising pages) supplies them with the information that is a part of the tools of their lawlessness. While a doctor of divinity, perhaps, is assisting him with moral views in one department of his newspaper, a companion of ruffians is entertaining dog-fighters, pugilists, pool-sellers, and other law-breakers in the column alongside. And why? Because his self-constituted mission is to print whatever will sell, and because the news of vice is interesting, not alone to its professors, but also to thousands who are ashamed to practise it. He excuses his traffic in heartless gossip of weak or unfortunate persons, and in records of immorality and unlawful amusements, by saying that the public wants such news or it would not buy, and therefore if he did not take the profits of the sale himself somebody else, less scrupulous, would do so. He likes to wield the power of the press as much as does the Journalist, and is oftener tempted to abuse his facilities for dealing out private as well as public vengeance. Modern expansion of the means and ends of journalism gives him a power over the reputations of private individuals and public officers and law-makers that is the greatest tyranny of the time, and provides him with a capacity for self-defense which laughs at the few and superannuated restraints of the law. The Newsmonger of this pattern is also known among us, and the worst of his influence is the temptation to shade off into his methods which he offers to Journalists, by dint of his material success.

These views drew from the author of "What's the News" an explanation on behalf of certain prominent publishers, which is printed in "Open Letters" and is called by the writer "Conscience in Journalism." It is valuable for its candor, for the proof which sensitiveness gives of good intentions, and for the illustration it affords of the ascendancy of the business idea among American conductors of newspapers. For it is clear that by the word "publisher" the author means the man who gets the profits of the newspaper, or who represents those who do, and who is therefore first of all responsible for its business success; it is equally clear that it is this business thinker (who may or may not be, also, the writing thinker) who is the maker of the tone and policy of the newspaper. He is represented as the employer of paid and unpaid scouts whose purpose is not alone to inform him as to the kind of news his public are prepared to buy, but also in part to help him determine how much idle gossip and prurency must be supplied if he would not alienate some part of his daily patrons.

The men who revolt at this idea of the responsibility of a conductor of a newspaper are referred to as critics who are ignorant of the internal workings of a newspaper office. On the contrary most of the censors of the Newsmonger are men who are familiar with every sort of work on a newspaper, from setting type to writing editorials, except the sharing in the division of the net profits of the counting house. They know how salaries are earned; they realize the value of accuracy even in handling the details of a shop-girl's love affair, that otherwise might involve the owner in damages for libel; when they are sent to ask impertinent questions as to the private affairs of a man or woman, they are aware of the fact that their mission is infamous, and that

their employer, who is interested in having the "news" that he may sell it, would readily forego the profits if he were obliged to be his own inquisitor. We state an extreme case within which all shades of minor and proper inquisition adjust themselves. For it is well known that in general the part played by the reporter in the modern newspaper is alike most honorable to him and most useful to the public. When he is laboring heart and hand with a Journalist his task is elevating; it is only when he answers the behest of the Newsmonger that his work is degrading.

We are frankly told that "newspapers are run as the miller runs his mill, the miner his mine, the farmer his farm." But the Newsmonger counts as grist all that can be brought to his hopper; he dumps on the market the unrefined ore, and he sows tares with the grain; while the Journalist knows that he is working under a sacred trust to grind only what is wholesome, to bring to light only that which has the true ring, and to separate the chaff from the wheat. We are informed that in journalism "sentiment does not pay," which has a family resemblance to the remark of the Western editor, when he named a sum that would secure a reversal of his political policy, that "he was not running a newspaper for his health." But neither does the Journalist try to make Sentiment pay. With him Sentiment is a luxury that for his own manhood he may to some extent afford; while it is Sense that he relies upon to pay.

Because "newspapers are rapidly coming under the control of corporations," and "require vast sums of money for their conduct," we are told that "they are worked as other money-making corporations are worked — for all the profit they can be made to yield," and that "there is no other way to work them." This condition of modern journalism, which may be a positive strength and need not be a weakness, is nevertheless the Journalist's temptation and the Newsmonger's necessity. Through a certain rivalry for readers these types have been known to approach each other, and even to become merged in the "money-making corporation." Some of the greatest Journalists of this power-press age have been servants of newspaper corporations, and yet have held their masters to their own high standards, whether the business might have been made to yield larger revenues or not. But as a rule the master-mind in a newspaper corporation is a single person owning a majority of the stock. He it is who determines whether the influence of his journal shall tend upward, or downward. In our view he is *not* carrying "the standard" of "public taste" "forward as fast and as far as the public permits" him. He is pursuing honor or gain, or both, according to his tastes and his lights. His newspaper is as much an expression of his mental and moral personality as the atmosphere of the *mephitic* or the clover-breathing kine is of its distinctive habits and nature.

OPEN LETTERS.

Conscience in Journalism.

THE publication of my article "What's the News?" in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for June, 1890, brought me, in substance, the following request from upwards of a score of publishers, no less than seven of whom bear national reputations: "Many say the newspaper press is sensational; some declare journalism to be below the mean of the public taste; a few charge journalists with this, and only this, aim: 'To raise hell and sell newspapers.' Will you, through *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* if possible, set forth the true position of the journalist."

The chief points of newspaper management that have been attacked are: The subject selected to be printed as news; the style in which the news is written; the head-lines with which the news is labeled. In what follows I endeavor to define the journalist's position, employing in my language the material furnished me for this purpose by the publishers referred to, who, to begin with, lay down these propositions:

1. We publish the misdeeds of mankind, not as examples, but as warnings; not for imitation, but for correction.

2. We aim at attractiveness in the presentation of news, not at sensationalism, and we give, not as many sensational details as we often might, but as few as the public will be satisfied with.

3. We know the public taste, and, while we cater to it, we likewise undertake, by the only practicable means we know of, to elevate it. Our critics neither know the public taste, nor take any practicable means to improve it.

The usual argument of those who speak for the publisher is the declaration that the newspaper is a business enterprise, dependent upon public support for its existence, and therefore bound to give the public that which the public will pay for. I shall not argue by this declaration, because, while business of most other kinds is conducted upon this level, the newspaper, with all its faults, is not. For example, the manufacturer makes and the merchant sells the machine, the fabric, the pattern, the style that the public will buy. The machine may be poor, the fabric shoddy, the pattern homely, the style old; but if the public, being warned only so much as by a reduction in the price, do but buy, the manufacturer and the merchant count their duty done.

Not so the publisher. His goods must be neither stale nor shoddy, no matter how cheaply he offers to sell them. It is not claimed, however, that newspapers even approach perfection. Some, it is frankly admitted, go farther in forbidden directions than they ought, but with this admission can be pointed out the rapidly diminishing number of journals of this class — not because the public refuses to support them, but because honest journalism has made them disreputable by comparison.

Publishers have to depend upon employees to whom the temptation to exaggerate, to pry into private affairs, to invent sensations, is peculiarly great. This lightning age demands that the news of the world be collected and printed between the hours of eight o'clock in the evening and three o'clock the next morning. Errors creep in; mistakes of judgment are made; but woe to him who errs or misjudges purposely. The re-

porter who begins by bringing in unfounded sensations, gross exaggerations, and false interviews soon ends in disgrace, and were the critic to enter the ranks of the newspaper makers and follow the rules which he appears to think govern there, he would see the back-door before he would reach the second floor of journalism.

Publishers have not failed to recognize the public obligation imposed by the character of their wares. They do not follow the rule unhesitatingly followed by the manufacturer and the merchant—to give the public that which the public will pay for. Whatever the critic may demand, the public demands sensation. Every such demand must be carefully examined. The publisher must consider its legal aspects, its moral bearings; the rights of those involved, as well as the rights of the public to be served.

If he decide upon publication—and he many times decides not to publish, although he knows the public would read the story with zest—the publisher must give the facts, and only the facts. To do so uniformly is not easy, for be it remembered that few men and women, however high their standing, hesitate to make false statements to reporters, if it be strongly to their interest to do so. Publishers invariably go to first hands for news, verify it to every extent that money, training, and limited time admit, and publish it with a freedom from opinion, from personal animus, and from sensational discolor, possible only to experienced chroniclers of events; and with a freedom from exaggeration that not one person in a hundred, having occasion verbally to repeat it, is able to command.

In party journalism it is true that political opponents are often charged with serious, sometimes criminal, frequently absurd, offenses, but these are excusable, in a measure, through the stress of party strife. Besides, these charges never hurt—mark that I say they never hurt—unless they are true. Party and personal journalism, in an offensive sense, will before long be things of the past. The journal of the future, almost of the present, is independent of the party whip.

In the case of crimes, of scandals, of political charges, the corrective principle is never lost sight of. Mere wrong, because it is wrong, is never retailed. Just as nations endure war that they may have peace, so newspapers expose wrongs against the public, that the public may correct them, and right prevail.

The demagogue in politics, the knave in office, the trickster in business, the wreckers of families, the beaters of wives, the charlatans in the professions, the upstarts in orders, the daubers in art—this vast horde are ruined by publicity. In their eyes the sin lies not in the sin itself, but in the public's discovery of it. Hence the newspaper, which discovers the sin to the public, comes in for abuse that is loud and prolonged. Sympathy is aroused, and even good people are often found lending their ears and their influence to this denunciatory harangue. In the midst of the muss a reputation is lost. How? Certainly not through the acts of the newspapers, for they never professed and never possessed such power. It was the truth that killed.

Do not understand me to say that newspapers are conducted solely upon sentiment. They are not. Why should they be? What obligation rests upon the dealer in news that does not likewise rest upon the dealer in flour, in meat, in iron, in real estate, to un-

dertake the elevation of the standard of public morals? Newspapers are run as the miller runs his mill, the miner his mine, the farmer his farm. Sentiment does not pay. Newspapers are rapidly coming under the control of corporations, like railways and financial institutions, and they require vast sums of money for their conduct. Hence, they are worked as other money-making corporations are worked—for all the profit they can be made to yield. There is no other way to work them.

The newspaper critic demands flesh of one business man, fish of another, and fowl of a third. Without any obligation resting upon them above that resting upon other men of equal ability and opportunity, the men who make their money at publishing news are daily, weekly, monthly bringing wrong-doers, both private and public, to justice; serving their political party and their country by making it impossible for bad men to remain long in power; battling for better laws, better schools, better streets, better morals, better government; while the men who make their money at selling dry goods, groceries, clothing, coal—what are they doing in these desirable directions? Speaking for the majority, nothing. If they be wealthy, and therefore able to exert more than the average influence, they generally neglect to attend primaries, go abroad in the heat of the campaign, and steadily refuse to serve on school, reform, and similar committees because of an alleged press of business cares. It is the very excellence of the newspaper that has made the newspaper critic possible.

While newspapers are not conducted upon sentiment, their conductors, following a precedent that is as old as the newspaper itself, give part of their time and much of their energy to the battle for public and private improvements. Did the first American hotel-keeper lament the lack of general intelligence, and set about extending it? Did the importers of Benjamin Franklin's day, any more than the importers of our day, regularly give part of their time and money to the public good? Did the theatrical managers of Hezekiah Niles's time undertake to see that government officials were honest, not dishonest? Did even the lawyers of Thurlow Weed's period, any more than now, go out of their way that we may have better schools, better charities, and fewer Tweeds?

The publisher's time is as precious and his business as exacting as those of the landlord, the importer, the theatrical manager, or the lawyer; and yet, since the days of William Bradford, the publisher has led, and that in two senses: He has worked for the public taste while other men have worked chiefly for themselves, and he has slowly raised that taste, while other men, speaking as a class and barring the clergy, have been dead weights in the scales.

Conductors of great newspapers do not "go it blind." They leave that course to the critics. Men responsible for the conduct of properties worth millions, and compelled to earn dividends upon the sixty-fourth part of a cent profit, are required to have rules of action, and to follow them. They have a reason covering every item they publish. It is not a general reason. It is a particular reason. It dictates, not alone the length, the tone, the form, but every phrase and sentence. Other items are not in their papers—a circumstance for which specific reasons likewise exist.

Upon what basis do publishers act? Upon the same basis that a general directs the movements of his army—his knowledge of the "lay of the land." And he gets this knowledge by the same method that a general does—from "scouts." Every publisher has about him persons whose duty it is to ascertain the drift of public opinion, and report it to him. These persons are not reporters. They are not known as employees. Sometimes they do not themselves know the functions they fulfil. Hardly ever do they number less than a score; oftentimes, if the publisher be a live one, they number several hundreds. Some are paid in money, some get a free copy of the newspaper, and some are not paid at all.

Thousands of persons do not know news when they see it—unless, of course, they see it in the newspaper, properly labeled. Hence, when you seek news experts you must take them where you find them. Thus it happens that newspaper scouts are likely to be either the apple-woman at the street corner or the society belle; either the policeman or the railway president. In short, they are anybody and everybody who can and will undertake the work.

These publishers' outposts ask persons in all walks of life and in all sorts of business, their opinions of this and that newspaper; whether they like political news; are they fond of sports; why, if they express a liking for a certain journal, they hold the opinion they do; what they read first, and what last; do they enjoy details of murders; do they read religious news, society gossip, and editorials?

Publishers try the plan of hiring persons acquainted in the town or neighborhood to ask these questions, that they may get opinions of value. Then they send strangers into the same locality—and compare results. Occasionally persons are found with novel ideas, for originality, like the law, is no respecter of persons. A farmer who had never been beyond the limits of his county, and knew no more about conducting a newspaper than about commanding a ship, gave a bit of advice to a newspaper that saved it from bankruptcy—every one of you would know the journal were I to mention its name—and so completely changed its character that almost every journal in the country observed and commented upon it.

A newsboy furnished the suggestion that the large four-page sheets in general use a few years ago be changed to the eight-page form, on the score of convenience, and the newsboy's suggestion, having been acted upon, altered in the course of about five years the form of nearly every leading daily in America.

Every letter bearing upon the newspaper's contents is sent directly to the publisher's desk. And the critics, by the by, should read these letters. There are hundreds of them. Just such letters as you would expect? Not a bit. The leading lawyer wants more particulars about the church congress; a clergyman complains of the meagreness of the report of the murder trial; the politician criticizes, not the political news, but the account of the lawn fête; the banker wants to know the cause of the error in the report of the number of "put outs" in yesterday's ball game; and the up-town woman asks that a certain stock be quoted in the financial news. There they are, scarcely one containing the query or the criticism you would expect, if you looked first at the signature.

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The publisher who constantly receives reports from two or three hundred "scouts," and daily peruses as many letters setting forth, as they set them forth to no one else, the wants, the vanities, the craving for puffs, the thirst for notoriety, the ambitions, the love for scandal, the threats, the idiosyncrasies, of people in all walks of life, including the very highest, has a knowledge of the public taste that is at once certain and positive.

Hundreds of publishers, sitting at the focus of these multifarious public demands, struggle year after year, sacrificing money, time, and peace of mind, with the knowledge that they can at any moment increase their circulation and their profits by lowering the moral and literary standards of their publications. Why do they not lower them? There are many reasons. The publisher finds in his hands a powerful lever. It is a lever of better private and public morals; of better laws; of better public service; of detection for the wrong-doer; of wider education; of purer literature; of better chances for the weak; and the publisher bears all the weight upon this lever that a not-high public taste will let him. He does so because he is conscientious, because he is patriotic, because he is ambitious, because he seeks an honorable name, and because the traditions, the precedents, the contemporaneous newspaper comparisons demand that he shall do so.

The newspaper of to-day—I speak of the ninety and not of the ten—is above the mean of the public taste which it serves. And this is true, whether the journal be published in the new communities of the West or in the old communities of the East, in the mining towns of Colorado and Idaho or in the college towns of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

Publishers have acted with singular wisdom, rare public spirit, and remarkable unanimity. They ascertained the public taste, and then placed their standard as near the front of the column as possible. They do not go on ahead of the column, as their critics would have them do. Instead, they remain a part of the public demand, while leading it. In doing so they accomplish two things, impossible of accomplishment in any other way: they educate the public taste to their standard, and they carry that standard forward as fast and as far as the public permits them.

Eugene M. Camp.

The Disputed Boundary between Alaska and British Columbia.

THE boundary line between the United States and the British possessions in North America once more threatens to become the subject of international dispute, conference, and arbitration. A half century ago "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was a campaign cry, and the coming controversy begins at that line, from which President Polk retreated, the once northern boundary of Oregon Territory being the southern boundary of our territory of Alaska. The discussion of the ownership of Revillagigedo, Pearse, and Wales Islands, and of the line of the Portland Canal, will rival the contest over San Juan Island and San Rosario or De Haro Straits, decided in favor of the United States by the Emperor of Germany as arbitrator, in 1872.

Each year that the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia remains in question increases the difficulty of determining it. Each year settlements are

Survey, and Dr. G. M. Dawson of the Dominion Geological Survey were chosen as conferees, both being personally acquainted with the region in dispute. Dr. Dall is the most eminent authority on Alaskan matters, his close connection with the territory dating from his camping on the Upper Yukon in 1866-68. Dr. Dawson has for almost the same time devoted himself to surveys and scientific work in British Columbia.

By the Canadian interpretation in 1887 of the treaty's phrases, a considerable portion of the "thirty mile strip" which Russia had declined to sell to Great Britain, and which had always been mapped as Russian or United States possessions, is now claimed as British territory. Dr. Dawson's arguments were reinforced by a report and map made by Major-General R. D. Cameron of the British army, and parliamentary instructions had been given him to insist upon General Cameron's lines and yield nothing. Dr. Dall's report and memoranda of the discussion, including the papers and charts pertaining thereto, were published as "Extra Senate Document No. 146, 50th Congress—2d Session," and there the subject was dropped.

The official Canadian map of 1887 shows General Cameron's lines, which disregard the old acceptance of the meaning of the treaties' clauses, previous maps, and even British admiralty charts. Dr. Dawson claims that "the crest (or summit) of the mountains situated parallel to the coast" means the summit of the first range of precipitous foot-hills, "everywhere rising immediately from the coast and which borders upon the sea . . . and probably at an average distance of considerably less than five miles from it." The phrase "Ten marine leagues from the coast" is never considered, and as the coast presents no windings nor indentations to General Cameron's eye, he draws his line from Mount St. Elias southward without regard to such irregularities, or to the explicit instructions that the boundary line should run parallel to those windings. The Cameron line leaps bays and inlets, and breaks that portion of the Alaska coast into alternating patches of British and United States territory. This line does not even follow "along the channel known as Portland Channel" (to quote the treaty), but along Clarence Strait, Boehm Canal, and Burroughs Bay, thus including within British limits Revillagigedo and many smaller Alaskan islands, and a great peninsula as well.

By this picturesque method of partitioning Alaska, the boundary line would cross almost at the mouth of Glacier Bay, of Lynn Canal, and Taku Inlet; and on the Stikine River the boundary line would slip fifty miles down stream. Were it accepted, many canneries and settlements, the mining camps of Berners Bay and Seward City, the rich Silver Bow and Dix Bow basins back of Juneau would pass under the British flag, and the Muir, Taku, and other great tide-water glaciers—our most unique scenic possessions on this continent—would be taken from us.

On the first of July, 1891, the citizens of Alaska may, for the first time, enter town sites, purchase and obtain titles to their holdings, other than mineral claims, and legally cut timber; and this recent extension of the general land laws will rapidly attract settlers and investors into the region claimed as part of British Columbia. The completion of the Nowell tunnel and other costly pieces of mining engineering,

opening basins back of Juneau, the erection of new stamp mills in remote cañons, and further discoveries of gold placers and silver leads must invite the attention of the Canadian authorities to all this unlicensed mining, if the Dominion is to contest its claim. No one knowing the American miner, prospector, and frontiersman doubts that there will be forcible resistance to British officers, if necessary.

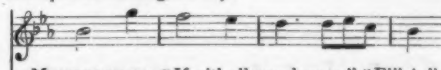
In any appeal to arms, the United States would be at every disadvantage in protecting Alaska, the impossibility of defending that possession being the chief reason for Russia's sale of it. There is no military force in Alaska, and no telegraphic communication beyond Nanaimo, British Columbia; there are no complete charts of its intricate water-ways, no lighthouses, and only one small man-of-war at Sitka. The British Asiatic squadron of twenty-four modern ships can reach Bering Sea in five days from its summer rendezvous at Hakodate, and Sitka but a few days later; and their naval force at Esquimaux is sufficient to close Puget Sound and the inside passage northward.

To illustrate the importance which British and Canadian officials attach to an early settlement of this boundary dispute, it will be remembered that Sir Charles Tupper and his colleagues were instructed to discuss this matter with Secretary Blaine at the informal conference concerning a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States, which these commissioners had hoped to hold in Washington in April, 1891.

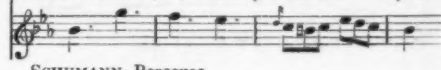
Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

Similar Musical Phrases in Great Composers.

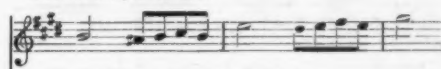
I HAVE thought it interesting to note some curious instances of the same musical phrase being conceived by different great composers. Those, that to the best of my knowledge I imagine to have been the first, I have put in the original key:



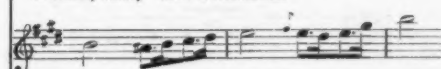
MENDELSSOHN, "If with all your hearts." "Elijah."



SCHUMANN, Berceuse.



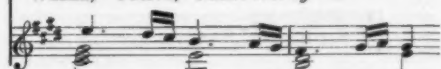
WEBER, Aria, "Der Freischütz."



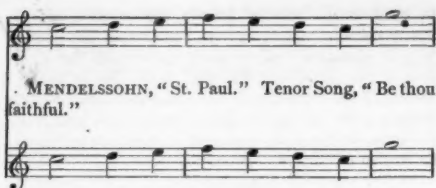
WAGNER, "Tannhäuser" March.



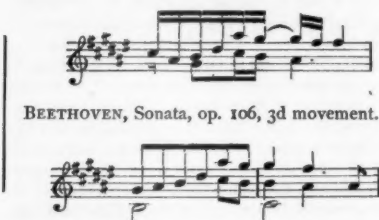
WEBER, "Oberon," Finale No. 15.



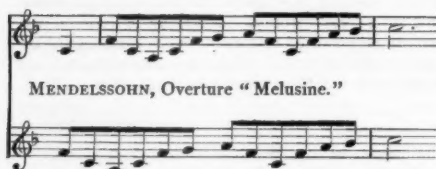
MENDELSSOHN, "Midsummer Night's Dream."
In this instance, the harmony differs somewhat.



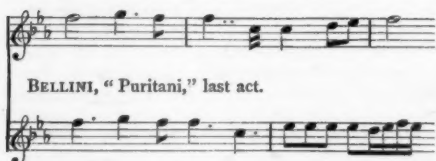
GOUNOD, "Redemption." Part 3, No. 1.



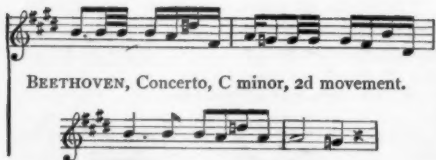
GOUNOD, "Faust," duo, Garden Scene.



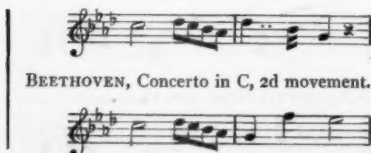
WAGNER, Music Drama, "Rheingold."



CHOPIN, Nocturne in E flat, 2d part.



GOUNOD, "Faust," Cavatina, No. 8.

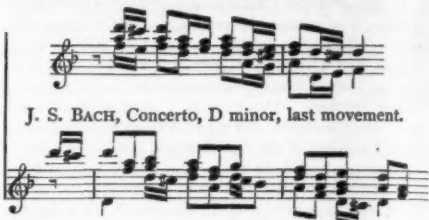


CHOPIN, Funeral March (Trio).

The next two examples at least have a family likeness.



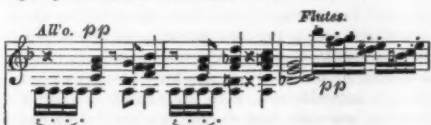
WAGNER, "Die Walküre," Tenor Song.



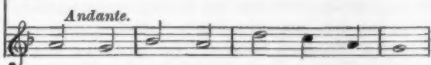
MENDELSSOHN, Rondo Capriccioso.

The peculiar part of all this is, that the sentiment expressed in both cases is very much the same, whether the case be "Elijah" or the "Redemption," "Melusine" or the "Rhine Maidens," the "Midsummer Night's Dream" or the "Oberon" fairies. Of course we must exonerate Beethoven from participating in the "Faust" scena, but *his* phrase is taken from what is generally known as the Devil's Sonata, probably on account of its difficulty.

Here is a remarkable case of the same music being equally beautiful in both instances:

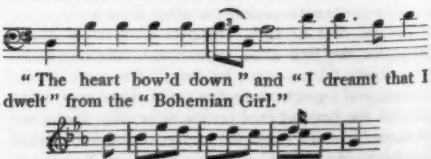


act.



This was adapted from the above chorus, and is universally admired as a hymn tune. The rest of the tune can be found by tracing the chorus, the same harmonies being retained.

Perhaps the story of Balfe's method of making melodies when his inspiration failed him may be new to some readers of this article. He put the letters of the musical alphabet on separate bits of paper, duplicating each letter several times, and then drew them one by one, from a hat, and noted them down, having previously decided on the key, time, and value of the notes; and certainly the reiterated notes of some of his melodies warrant the truth of the story.



Richard Hoffman.

Talleyrand.

THE paragraphs from the Memoirs which did not reach us in time to follow the passage given in the *JUNE CENTURY* simply threw out the idea that Maubreuil, who accused Talleyrand of the desire to bribe him to assassinate the fallen Emperor, in 1814, probably obtained his passports for a "secret mission" merely as one of the numerous emissaries sent out by the royalists to all points in France to proclaim the "legitimate" government. Talleyrand again denies the attempted accusation, and shows, moreover, how absurd and useless it would have been, as well as infamous.

An Incident of "General Miles's Indian Campaigns."

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, after seeing the proofs of Major G. W. Baird's article in this number of *THE CENTURY*, wrote to the editor as follows:

Referring to the desperate fight with the Nez Percés in September, 1877 [see pages 363-364], in which Major G. W. Baird states that a staff officer went from me to give certain orders to Captain Hale and found that officer dead, Major Baird very modestly omits his own name, which should be inserted, as he was adjutant at that time, and in carrying the order he found Captain Hale and Lieutenant Biddle dead, and received two desperate wounds himself, one shattering his left arm and the other cutting the side of his head.

CALIFORNIANA.

Arrival of Overland Trains in California in '49.

WITH the fall of '49 came to California the vanguard of the immense immigration that braved the hardships of weather, Indian perils, cholera, fevers and starvation, in that long march across a continent in pursuit of gold. Not only men, but delicate women and children shut their eyes to every comfort and association of home, and faithfully shared these dangers and perils, or were buried in nameless graves on prairie, mountain, or desert.

In every subsequent year the State of California, with liberal appropriation and abundant supplies, sent out her citizens with open hand to welcome and aid the feeble and exhausted with every necessary assistance at the latter end of their long journey. But in 1849 there was no organized effort for systematic succor. The emigrants of that year were numbered by thousands, and circumstances made it impossible, except to a very limited extent, to meet and greet them even with words of good cheer. It was only through individual effort that aid could be extended them, and almost every individual was in some respects as hard pressed as they.

I can find only one instance upon the official records where Government protection was thrown around them, and that is in General Riley's report to the War Department, under date of August 30, 1849, in which he says, in reference to his need of soldiers in place of those who had deserted: "The detachment of dragoons on their march to the Department with the collector of this district and the *Arkansas emigrants*, have not yet arrived."

Among those who contributed individual effort in going out to meet the trains I can name only a few—first of all General Sutter; Sam Brannan of Sacramento, who was identified with the so-called "Mormon battalion"; Colonel Gillespie, formerly United States consul for Lower California, then a merchant in Sacramento; General Morehouse, Dr. Semple, and, I may safely say, the business men of Sacramento generally. There were others, but at this late day it is impossible to name them. Even the name of the comrade who accompanied the writer is forgotten.

Among those who came to Auburn in May, 1849, was Dr. Deal of Baltimore, a physician and a Methodist preacher. He was very enthusiastic in stating his purpose to become one of the "honest miners," and calling a gathering together with a long tin dinner-horn,

he expressed his intention to dig with them, and to institute divine worship the next Sunday, and he closed by making the hills echo with a cheery hymn. Monday morning's sunrise saw the doctor in the mines with tin pan, pick, and shovel. Eleven o'clock saw him with his shovel battered, his pick broken, his hands bruised and blistered, and his clothes muddy, placing his tools and tin horn in a wagon bound for Sutter's Fort. It was well he did, for together with another good Samaritan he leased a part of Sutter's Fort for a hospital, and when the forlorn bands of immigrants reached the Fort they found medical attention and care, which in many cases saved life or eased the passage to the grave.

The "Long Bar" mining claim on Bear Creek, where I was located, lay in the route of arriving immigrants, on the Sutter's Fort trail, a hundred miles from the fort. I shall never forget the sight presented by the tired, starved, sick, and discouraged travelers, with their bony and foot-sore cattle and teams. Men, women, and children, and animals were in every state of distress and emaciation. Some had left everything along the way, abandoning wagons and worn-out cattle to the wolves—leaving even supplies of clothing, flour, and food—and in utter desperation and extremity had packed their own backs with flour and bacon; some had utilized the backs of surviving oxen for the same purpose; and a few of the immigrants had thus made the last 600 miles on foot, exhausted, foot-sore, and starving.

Such as we could we relieved from our simple camp stores of flour, bacon, and coffee. Our blankets were spread on the ground for our nightly rest, always after an evening bath in the cooling snow-waters of Bear Creek, and our sleep was sweet and sound. But there was no comfort or relief for those worn-out men, women, and children. The few of us in that lonely river bed in the mountains did what we could, and then urged them on to Sutter's Fort and Sacramento.

I remember well the arrival of a once stalwart man, reduced almost to a skeleton. His comrades had perished on the way with cholera, his cattle had given out, and, selecting what he could carry that was most essential, he had finished the journey on foot. Reaching the place where we were digging and washing out the gold, he threw himself upon the ground, and said:

"And now I've reached at last where you dig out the gold. For this I have sacrificed everything. I had a comfortable home, but I got 'the fever.' Everything is gone, my comrades are dead, and this is all there is left of me. I thought I would be glad to get here, but I am not. I don't feel the least desire to dig gold now. All I ask for is rest—rest—rest. It seems to me as if I never could get rested again. I want to find home—home—and there is no home here."

He inquired how far it was to Sutter's Fort, and refusing proffered food or a look at the gold, he staggered feebly on again to look for "rest" and "home."

In September the swarm of immigrants became so continuous and their condition was so wretched, that I obtained one of their mules that seemed able to carry me, and giving up my business of gold-digging for a time started with a comrade up the Truckee River route to advise and encourage the new-comers. Here I witnessed many sorrowful scenes among sick and hungry women and children just ready to die, and dead and dying cattle. The cattle were usually reduced to skeletons. There was no grass, and they were fed solely by cutting down trees for them to browse on. But the cattle were too many for this supply of food along the trail. I once counted as many as thirty yoke hitched together to pull an almost empty wagon up a hillside, while to descend an incline it was necessary to chain a large tree to the back of the wagon, with all its limbs attached that they might impede the descent of the wagon, for the cattle were entirely too weak to offer the necessary resistance. One after another the wagons would follow, and thus slowly work their way up and down the mountain sides of the Sierra pass, while the women and children wearily plodded along in the deep, dry, and exceedingly dusty trail. Some fared better, but I apprehend few would ever care to pass twice through the hardships of the overland journey of '49.

As an instance of courage and suffering: A preacher, of the Methodist Church in Indiana, accompanied by his wife (a delicate little woman) and three children, started overland with ox teams. On the journey he was suddenly attacked with dysentery and had to lie helpless in the bottom of his wagon, vibrat-

ing between life and death. His brave little wife took his place, walked by the side of the team and guided them; but she lost her way, and for two weeks, with husband and children to care for, trudged along alone until by good fortune or a good Providence she found the trail again. I afterward made their acquaintance in Columbia, where he was pastor of the Methodist church. Wishing his church sealed inside, he took off his clerical coat, chopped wood, broke up limestone boulders, burned them into lime, and with his own hands plastered the interior of the church in good style.

At first we tried to give the new-comers employment on our mining claims, but in every case but one their strength was not equal to the labor of digging gold, and on they swept, all eager to reach a "settlement." Some in their enthusiasm had, at great sacrifice, dragged along strange, heavy, and wonderful patent devices to work out the gold. Often they had thrown away their flour and bacon, thus reducing themselves to starvation, to make room for their pet machine, which on trial was found utterly worthless, and was left to rust or rot in the mines.

Special relief parties were also sent up the trail with supplies of food, medicine, and other necessities, as well as with fresh animals, and many immigrants were safely brought in, before the snows fell in the mountains, who otherwise might have perished in the storms of early fall.

A. C. Ferris.

A Fourth Survivor of the Gold Discovery Party.

REV. JAMES GILLILAN, of Nephi, Utah, informs us that in addition to the three survivors of the party at Sutter's Mill at the time of the discovery of gold in California—namely, Messrs. Bigler, Smith, and Wimmer, as stated by Mr. Hittell in our February number—there is a fourth survivor, Mr. Wilford Hudson (not "Willis" as printed on page 530 of that number). Mr. Hudson is living at Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah, and his description of the circumstances of the gold discovery, says our informant, "substantially accords with Mr. Hittell's account."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Ballad of Paper Fans.

LET others rave o'er Raphael,
And dim and ancient canvas scan;
Give me in this so tropic spell
The simple art of paper fan:
The long-legged stork of far Japan,
A-flying through its straggling trees,
Does all for me that painting can—
I bless the gentle Japanese.

Give me such dragons fierce and fell
As earth saw when its life began;
Sweet views of frog and lily-bell,
Of moon-faced maid, and slant-eyed man;
Of flow'ry boughs athwart the wan
Full-orbed moon; of azure seas;

And roseate landscapes on a plan
Peculiar to the Japanese.

Give me the hills that sink and swell,
Faint green and purple, pink and tan.
Joy would it ever be to dwell
Where streams that little bridges span,
Ignored, may flow 'twixt maid's sedan
And lover's whispered flatteries;
For happy hearts are dearer than
Perspective to the Japanese.

L'Envoi.

O Love, how lightly, sweetly ran
Life's sands for us in climes like these!
Long leagues would lose their power to ban
Were you and I but Japanese!

Annie Steger Winston.

Spanish Songs.

GIVE THE KISS I GAVE TO THEE.

'T is my mother's step I hear;
Quick, oh, quickly give to me—
Haste, it is her step I hear—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
She doth fret me night and day;
"Kisses, prithce," she doth say,
"Never maid should give away,
Never maid her love betray!"
Give, oh, quickly give to me—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.
"Have you kissed a man?" she 'll say,
And I 'll answer nay and nay;
Give, oh, quickly give to me—
Give the kiss I gave to thee.

IN THE MIRADOR.

ALL the night I am weeping;
But with the dawn's bright beauty,
I deck myself with blossoms.
All the night I am weeping.

All the night I am weeping.
I lean far out my balcony;
Below there 's one that passes.
All the night I am weeping.

All the night I am weeping.
Beside me, in her beauty,
Fair Zaide sits a-singing.
All the night I am weeping.

All the night I am weeping.
The rose from out my bosom
I lightly fling unto him.
All the night I am weeping.

All the night I am weeping.
Fair Zaide casts him lilies;
He loves the white flower best.
All the night I am weeping.

"PRAY FOR ME, SWEETHEARTS!"

WRAPPED in a mantle black as night,
Sweet Doña Inés passed me by;
My heart was wounded till it bled,
With passion's dart from out her eye:
"I am dead; pray for me, sweethearts!"

Upon the Prado, 'midst the crowd,
Sweet Inés passed me once again;
She sighed, I hid myself away
Far from the prying eyes of men:
"I am dead; pray for me, sweethearts!"

Beside the rose hedge twice and thrice—
The nightingales with song aflame—
I brushed her perfumed, purple robe,
But dared not even breathe her name:
"I am dead; pray for me, sweethearts!"

She sits behind her lattice close;
I pass below, I dare not stay,
Yet like a prisoner on his rounds
I come again without delay:
"I am dead; pray for me, sweethearts!"

A WEEK, A YEAR, I 'LL LOVE—A DAY.

I 'LL love for a week, I 'll love for a day,
I 'll love for a year, but not alway.
Alphonse my love he doth bespeak;
Dear heart, in vain he shall not seek;
I 'll love him for a week.

Base man, he turns from me away,
For a week's love he will not stay;
I 'll love him for a day.

He sighs once more. It doth appear
'T will break his heart, I surely fear;
I 'll love him for a year.

Not satisfied with this! Go 'way!
A week, a year, I 'll love—a day,
But not alway.

MY FIRST LOVE IT SHALL BE MY LAST.

I WAS so young and—oh, believed;
All hope within my breast has past.
I did not dream to be deceived—
My first love it shall be my last.

How can I bear the coming years,
The coming years of grief and gloom!
My only comfort in my tears,
My sole relief the silent tomb.
They say that I shall love again,
That grief like mine will hasten fast;
To comfort them I feign a smile—
My first love it shall be my last.

I seek the vale where last we met.
The roses were in bloom that day;
The roses they are blooming yet,
But love has stole itself away.
If one could only die at will,
I 'd die before the roses past;
But death it seeks a happy heart—
My first love it shall be my last.

Jennie E. T. Dove.

Ye Guilelesse Barde

I wiste he was a Guileles Barde,
Fere ore to please hys Spouse
He wrought a velle of poesie
Alle daye within ye house.

He fletcherd ye sennet unto ye dame,
And when she chad ye ode.
She dealt hys lord a buffetinge
Whereat hys blue blade flied.

Ye Lynes were pretyge lous yough,
And thalle whyche caused ye stryfe
Was ~~some~~ ^{butte} ye fytte that he chused:
"Ye Barde to hys firste wyfe!"



Terry McHayd'n's Wooing.

"ARRAH! jewel, sure Eileen, I swear by me troth
That the sun has been stealin' bright sparks from yer
eye,
And the pure soul that peeps through that iligant spot,
— There are two of thim spots on yer face,— faith, I'd
die
To be j'ined to for life; for I'm sure 't is meself
Would be peepin' at heaven whin gazin' far down
In the glorified depths of yer eyes. Yet a pelf
I'd commit sure — I'm selfish to seek such a crown.

"Ah! thin, Eileen, don't turn 'way yer iligant face.
Sure I don't praise yer eyes an' their beauty alone,
For yer soul plays in glory all over the space
Of yer nate, rounded cheeks. Thin yer mouth — och!
I moan

For the want of a word to describe the quare charm
That comes into me heart whin its glory I scan;
An' och! Eily, yer hair an' yer taperin' arm,
Sure they ne'er were excelled since the world began.

"An' yer figure an' form — thin begor! one should peep
At the art works in Rome to behold thim surpassed.
Thin yer bosom — och! murder! what language can
leap

To the call of me tongue for to paint it? 'T was cast
In mistake for a goddess above, so I think.
And yer — murder! me lips are now dumb for to say
What I think of yer foot. Oh! don't blush so like
pink,

Eileen Conner — yet you look so much purtier that
way."

"Och! thin, Terence McHayd'n, yer blarnified tongue,
Like the bard of Dunloe as he sings to th' past,
Would deludher the birds from the bushes that sung
Round the old fairy moat all the summer. Sure fast
Is me heart set ag'inst honeyed words, for no girl
Could live on swate, ranterin' praises alone,
An' no doubt you 've been wanderin' round in a whirl
Sayin' iligant things to the girls of Athlone."

Here fair Eileen made motion to hasten away
In mock anger that made her look ten times as sweet,
But her hand Terry seized, on his lips passion's say,
As he flung himself ardently down at her feet.
"Oh! thin, Eileen, be mine, darling Eily! I've love
Sure for you, an' an iligant farm in me mind,
An'—" Here Eileen fell into his arms like a dove.
"Och! Terry, you should come long ago to the p'int."

Daniel Spillane.

Cupid Rearmed.

PAINTERS, dip the brush anew,
Retouch the ancient masters!
Ring new jingles in your lays,
O choir of poetasters!

Cupid, merry little god
(His love-lore then was narrow),
Roamed the world in days of eld
With treacherous bow and arrow.

Many a heart he wounded sore,
And many a dart went flying
Far beyond the throbbing mark
And left a lone soul sighing.

Until, in dire disgrace, he found,
By youths and maidens banished,
From east to west, from north to south,
His occupation vanished.

Despair had seized the merry soul
Where erst reigned love's elation,
When on a fateful summer day
Joy flashed an inspiration.

Straightway a trusty net arose
Across a lawn of satin,
And then two "courts" wherein to court
And casually bat in.

"Love" points were scored at every "serve,"
"Love" points upon "receiving,"
And in the meshes spread between
Love's fingers had been weaving.

Again in triumph Cupid roved,
Each heart he stormed to sack it;
His arrows hung in quivered sleep,
He bore a tennis racket.

John Jerome Rooney.

"Not Suited to the Purpose."

"This pencil is too strong for me."—Lewis Carroll.

THE editor struggled in vain with his pen,
In only one way would it willingly move;
He made a beginning again and again,
And then said abruptly, "I must be in love!"

Yes; this must be why one fair face of all faces
Between him and his "copy" continually crept,
Presented itself in the smallest of spaces,
And smiled at him out of the clouds when he slept.

"The remedy's surely before me — I'll write!"
He muttered, and seized his recalcitrant pen.
"If I speak, I may possibly illustrate fright,
And girls, as a rule, adore courage in men."

Now this editor had a clear title to use
The letters "B. A." as attached to his name,
And why should so simple a matter confuse
A mind so long trained to directness of aim?

The printers were calling for copy — no time
Was his to debate, he must do it at once.
"Perhaps she would fancy it more done in rhyme,"
He murmured. "Oh, *why* do I feel like a dunce?"

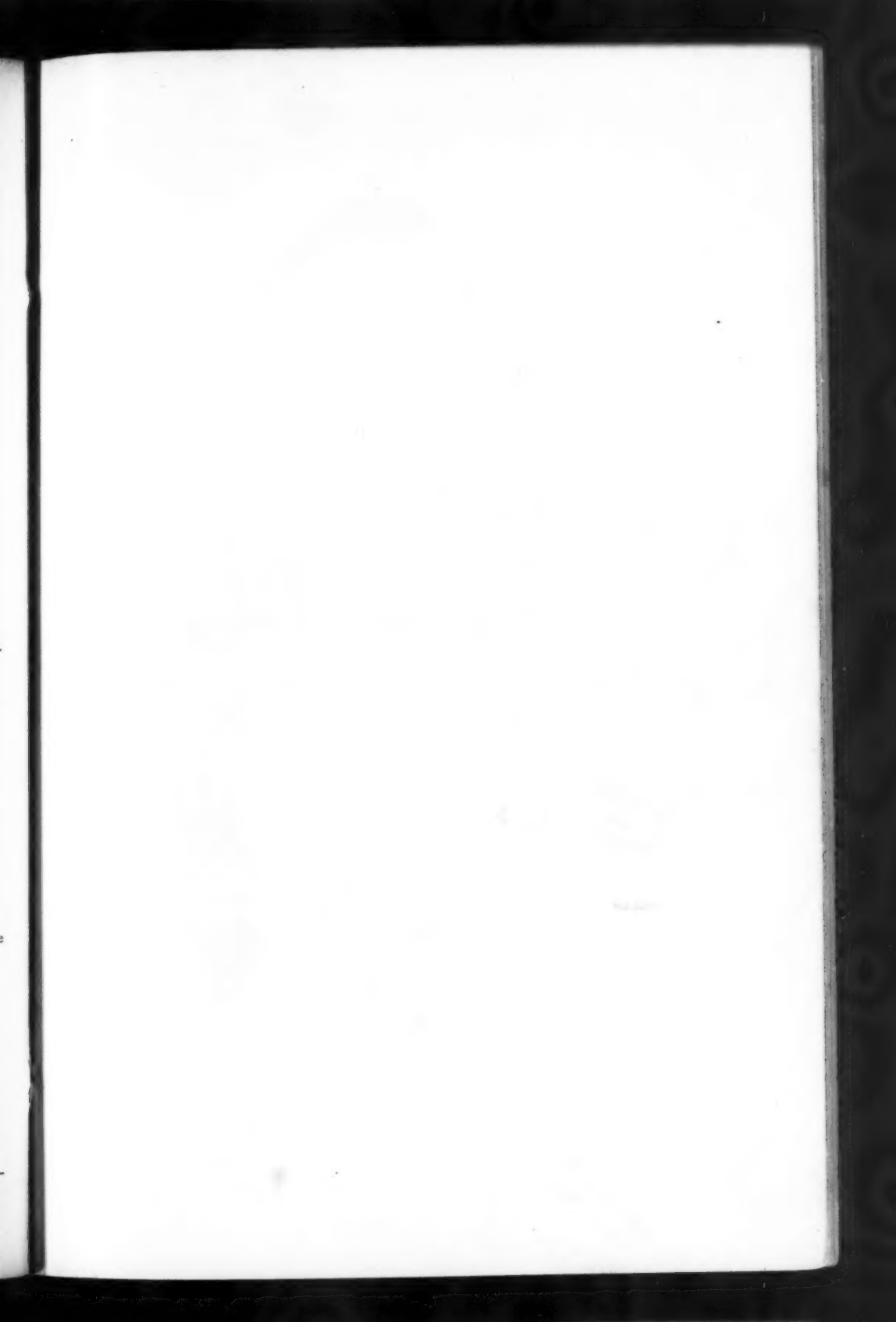
"Well, simple directness, it may be, is best;
It might be ornate should I call her 'divine.'
If she loves me, her own heart will furnish the rest."
"I love you," he wrote; "dearest, will you be
mine?"

"I have analyzed carefully that which I feel,
And I give it substantially in the above;
Reply by the messenger to my appeal,
And state, if you can, a return of my love."

He mused, and then dreamily added: "P. S.
Write plainly on one side of paper, and give —
It need not be published — your name and address.
It is merely a form, for I know where you live."

The answer came swiftly; he read it between
Two paragraphs of a discourse upon banks;
And he stole to the shade of a Japanese screen.
"It's concluded," he said; "she's declined me —
with thanks!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

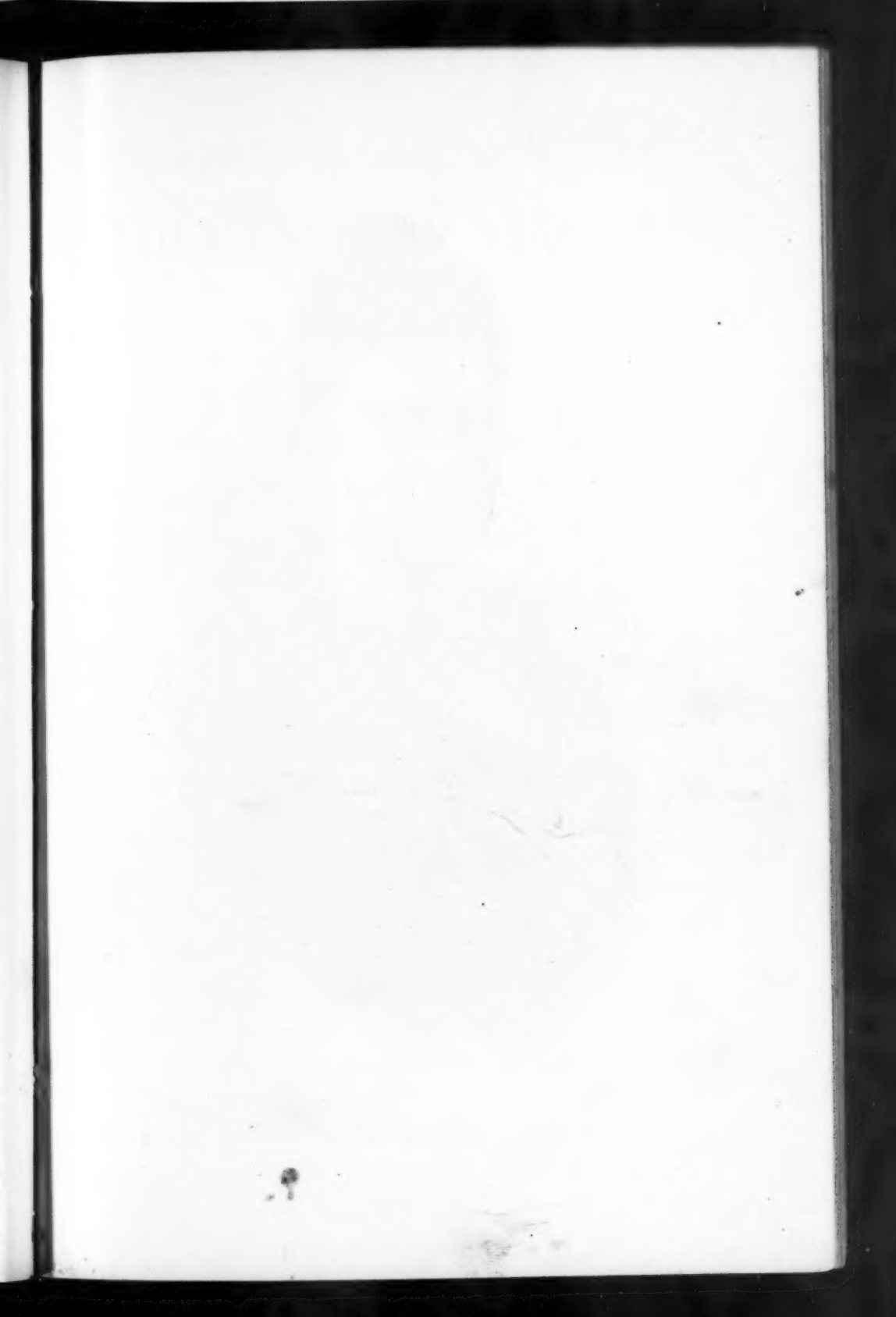




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WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.





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VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY.